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THE WONDERFUL CITY OF TOKIO

By EDWARD GREEY.

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Jan. 1. 1883

Emma from Mama -

Happy New Year. -

Betty Cole

From

Grandma Brooks.

1907

Elizabeth Cole

from Grandma

CONCERT BY JAPANESE LADIES.

THE

WONDERFUL CITY OF TŌKIO

OR

Further Adventures of the Jewett Family And their Friend Oto Nambo

By EDWARD GREEY

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG AMERICANS IN JAPAN" "THE GOLDEN LOTUS" ETC. AND ONE OF THE TRANSLATORS OF THE JAPANESE ROMANCE "THE LOYAL RONINS"

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

COVER DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM
1883

Jun 1883.10

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PREFACE.

The kind manner in which the "Young Americans in Japan" was received by the press and public, has induced me to write a sequel to the story, and to give my friends some further insight into the thoughts, manners, and customs of the people of the Land of the Rising Sun.

A year ago I revisited the Wonderful City of Tokio, witnessed the scenes I have described in this book, renewed my acquaintance with some old friends, and made many new ones. Everywhere I found earnest students, anxious to be more thoroughly understood by my countrymen, and to adopt the better portion of our civilization.

The Japanese have a quaint superstition that on New Year's Eve the *Takara-bune* (treasure-ship), manned by the Seven Gods of Luck, and laden with all good things, enters every harbor. That this fortunate craft may come to each of you, is the earnest wish of

EDWARD GREEY.

江戸和留度偶利君

20 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK,
1882.

NOTES.

LAST year, when I was in Tokio, I commissioned a Japanese artist to make a number of sketches for this book, which I desired should be entirely illustrated by him. He, like many of his countrymen, not knowing the value of time, delayed his work until it was too late, and I was compelled to obtain some of the pictures from other sources, among the latter being a few from a charming book entitled "Our Neighborhood," by T. A. P. of Yokohama, and "Japan," by Sir E. J. Reed. In making this acknowledgment, I wish it to be understood that, while using the cuts, I have, in no instance, drawn upon the text of either of the volumes.

The design on the cover of this book represents Fitz's dream, as told in Chapter VII. The Japanese characters on the turned-down page, translate thus: "Boston, Lee and Shepard, Publishers, 1882," with my own name as the artist, and my Japanese *kaki-han* (written seal). The large characters in the corner read *Cho* (Wonderful) *Fu* (city) Tokio (Eastern capital).

EDWARD GREEY.

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TOKIO RESTAURANT.

THE FRONT GATE OF THE JEWETTS' RESIDENCE.

THE WONDERFUL CITY OF TOKIO.

CHAPTER I.

THE JEWETTS' NEW HOME.

"Every thing has its hour of honor. In January we bow respectfully to the *hibachi* (fire-bowl, used by the Japanese as a stove); in August we ignore its existence."

THE old *mom-ban* (gate-keeper) in charge of the main entrance to the Kaga Yashiki, in Tokio, was leaning over the gate, conversing with a *jin-riki-sha* man who had summoned him as though upon important business.

"Great Yebis! what do you want?" demanded the *mom-ban*. "Are you aware that it is only six o'clock? Is your honorable mother sick, or are you crazy? Nobody pays visits at this hour in the morning."

The man bowed and replied — "Honorable *mom-ban*, I know very well that you are speaking the truth, but when a

Japanese has to do with foreigners he must rise very early. A few days before the New Year's holiday, I received a letter from the honorable Professor Jewett who lives in your *yashiki*. He informed me that one of his sons requires a strong *jin-riki-sha* man, and ordered me to call on him as soon as the festival was over. This is the eleventh day of the first month, and I am here."

Thus speaking he looked up at the heavy tiled roof of the ancient gateway, and said in a sort of aside:

"Ah! there was a time when this *yashiki* contained something better than a lot of foreigners."

The *mom-ban* twitched his mouth and said — "You are a nice sort of fellow to talk thus about your prospective employers. I can tell you one thing, the Americans are good people. They are exceedingly polite, give many presents, and do not cause me any trouble. Professor Jewett is a very learned man, and his wife is a most charitable lady. As to his boys, Johnnie and Fitz, they are amiable enough to be Japanese, and their sister is a perfect angel."

The *jin-riki-sha* man chuckled, and nodding, said, — "Now, honorable Mr. *Mom-ban*, after that, perhaps, you will let me in."

The keeper unfastened a bolt, swung open the heavy gate and admitted the man, who, glancing at some horses, feeding under a shed, demanded, — "To whom do those beautiful creatures belong?"

"To the chief foreign doctor and his assistants," answered the *mom-ban*. "I suppose you know that the government hospital is in this *yashiki?* The great doctor sends his animals here while he makes his first tour of inspection."

The visitor smiled and said, — "These foreign doctors

are teaching our people wonderful things. Is it true they can cut a man's head off and replace it without injuring him?"

The *mom-ban* scratched his ear, looked puzzled, and replied, — "Well, I do not believe they can quite do that. I think when a man's head is once off, not even a foreign doctor can put it on again. Now go into the *yashiki*, take the road to the left, and stop at the first house — that is the residence of Professor Jewett."

The coolie passed through the little side doorway of the great gate, and found himself in the *yashiki* (park-like enclosure in which formerly stood the residences of the lord of Kaga and his retainers). The ground was frozen hard and the air was cool and bracing. Upon reaching the professor's house, a large, one-storied dwelling surrounded with a neat bamboo fence, he went to the rear entrance, and peeped into the servants' quarters, where he saw five Japanese men and two women squatting on the floor, partaking of their *asa-meshi* (first meal) which consisted of rice, tea and fish.

He stood for several moments watching them, being too polite to interrupt the party, who were busily engaged in emptying their bowls with their *hashi* (chopsticks).

"For my part," said the *kashi-ra* (steward), taking his chopsticks and picking some salted salmon from a dish, "I think our young masters are just like nobles. I would do anything to serve them."

"*Hai! hai!*" (yes, yes) said the others. "You are right."

"A thousand pardons," murmured the *jin-riki-sha* man, coughing in order to attract attention. "Is this the honorable house of His Excellency the Professor Jewett?"

On seeing him the servants put down their bowls and chopsticks, and bowed until their heads touched the matted

THE MORNING MEAL.

floor, then the steward said, — "You are correct. This is the place. Honorable Mr. Choso, I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you in the possession of good health."

The new arrival bowed and answered, — "Your solicitude for my welfare affords me the greatest happiness. I hope your health is of the very best."

"Will you condescend to come in, and partake of our miserable fare?" said the chief servant. "If we had known you were coming, we would have prepared something more worthy of you."

O-CHO (MISS BUTTERFLY).

After many fine speeches on both sides, the *jin-riki-sha* man slipped off his sandals, and, joining the group, was assisted to the food.

While they were enjoying themselves, a maid servant entered and said to the steward, — "Master Fitz wishes to know whether the *jin-riki-sha* man has come yet?"

"Yes, O-Cho San, (Miss Butterfly) he is here," replied

the steward, pointing to the man, who was thrusting lumps of cold boiled rice down his throat with his chopsticks. "When he has refreshed himself he will pay his respects to the honorable *O-bosan* (master-boys)."

The girl waited until the coolie had several times emptied his bowl, after which she led the way into the portion of the house occupied by her employers, and bidding the man stay in the library, retired.

Although there were chairs in the apartment, the coolie squatted on his heels and remained thus until Johnnie and Fitz Jewett entered the room, when he bowed his head to the ground and waited for them to speak.

CHOSO, THE JIN-RIKI-SHA MAN.

"Hullo!" cried Fitz in English, "here is one of the old timers! He will not be so polite after he has been in my service a month."

"Hush!" said Johnnie, then, speaking to the man in Japanese, he demanded,— "Are you the person to whom my father wrote?"

The fellow bowed again and, smiling, said,—

"I am Choso. Your honorable father wrote me that you wished a strong, active, vigorous, honest person to draw your *jin-riki-sha*. I can heartily recommend myself."

"I should think so," said Fitz. "I imagine that you do not require any references. Well, how much wages do you ask? I want to be taken about the city quickly."

The man stated that his pay was ten paper *yen* (about five dollars a month), for which sum he would agree to be at the boys' service from six in the morning until eight at night. Fitz engaged Choso, and told him to go into the stable and clean his *jin-riki-sha*, which had not been used for several days.

As the coolie departed, Sallie came out of her room, saying, —

"Boys, the *yu-bin hai-tatsu jin* (postman) is coming up the avenue. I hope he has a letter for me from Yokohama."

In another moment they saw the object of her remark trotting up the pathway. He was dressed in a sort of uniform-jacket, a bamboo hat covered with black oiled paper, white trowsers, and straw sandals, and carried a leathern bag slung over his shoulders.

POSTMAN.

Sallie waited until the man had entered the veranda, then, opening the front door, inquired in Japanese, "Anything for me, Postman?"

The carrier squatted on the door-mat, unlocked his bag, produced several letters, and handing them to the girl, replied, "One is registered; please sign the receipt wrapped about it."

She did as he requested, and in a few moments he was up and away again, running like a deer to the next house in the *yashiki*.

As Sallie sorted the letters, Fitz opened a sliding window, and glancing out, said, —

"Look, there is *Fuji-yama*. It is the first time I have seen it for several days."

A VIEW OF FUJI-YAMA THROUGH A WINDOW, PAINTED BY HOKUSAI.

"I never behold the mountain thus, without thinking of Hokusai's picture," gravely observed Johnnie.

"Yes, I remember," answered Sallie. "The one where the servant with the duster in his girdle, is represented as raising the paper window and revealing the sacred mountain to the gaze of his astonished master, who is so amazed that he upsets his tobacco-box, and drops his pipe. Some Japanese say that the *kakémono* (hanging picture) was invented by the person depicted in Hokusai's painting."

"Oh, you little goose, Sallie Jewett!" shouted Fitz. "The *kakémono* was invented by the Chinese, long before the Japanese ever thought of it. Come, tell us from whom your letter is."

"It is from Miss Sherman," answered the girl, rapidly scanning the note. "She wishes us to go down to Yokohama to witness the amateur theatricals. What do you say, boys? Shall we ask father and mother?"

"Yes, yes," said Fitz. "It will be good fun, particularly as Miss Sherman is to take a part in the performance."

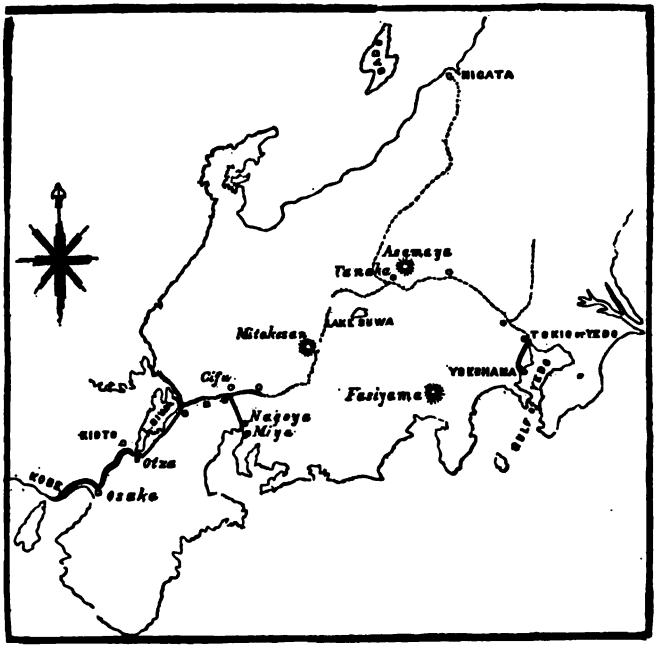
The professor and his wife readily gave their consent, and that afternoon Fitz, Sallie, and Johnnie went down to the Shin-bashi railway station and started for the settlement.

On board the cars they met the chief inspector of the line, a very gentlemanly Japanese, who chatted with them about the railways of his country, saying, —

"This road has been a great success, and the one from Kobe to Kioto is paying well. We have other railways projected. Here is a map that will show you what we intend to do. The heavy strokes denote the lines already in existence, the light ones those in progress of construction, and the dotted tracks the ones we propose to build as soon as we can afford to make the outlay."

"Your government is very poor, is it not?" coolly inquired Fitz.

"Yes," replied the official. "The foreigners drained our country of nearly all its gold, and made treaties that have prevented us from taxing our imports. These reasons, and the expenses of a prolonged civil war, have forced us to use paper currency, the value of which has become greatly depreciated."



RAILWAYS OF JAPAN.

"Don't you be down-hearted," said Fitz. "We had the same experience in the States. Your silver dollar has never been worth above one hundred and eighty cents paper. During the war our currency was very much more depreciated than yours has ever been."

"Yes," sadly replied the gentleman; "I know that, but

you had all the resources of the finest country in the world to back your promise to pay." Producing a one *yen kinsatsu* (paper dollar) he continued: "I do not see how we shall ever redeem this in sterling."

Johnnie glanced at the bank note, then inquired, — "Why do you have these emblems on your greenbacks?"

TATSU (DRAGON), HUO-WO (HEAVENLY BIRD), AND IMPERIAL MON (CRESTS).

"For the same reason that you use the American eagle on your money," answered the gentleman. "The round *mon* is the official crest of the mikado, and represents the imperial chrysanthemum; the one below it is the *kiri-mon*, his majesty's

private crest. The *tatsu* (dragon) and the *huo-wo* (heavenly bird) are always used as imperial insignia."

"My goodness!" ejaculated Fitz. "What a queer-looking bird the *huo-wo* is?"

"It is not half so comical as the eagle on our new dollar," quietly remarked Sallie. "I think the *huo-wo* is quite too utterly beautiful, and, though it may be an imaginary creature, it is very decorative."

The Japanese gentleman smiled good-humoredly, and replied, —

"Yes, both of our national birds are too, too inexpressibly precious;" adding, as the train stopped, "Here we are at Yokohama."

In another moment they were on the platform of the depot. The second-class Japanese passengers made a terrible clatter with their clogs as they disembarked from the cars and moved over the pavement, so the young Americans, who dreaded having their toes trodden on by the wooden-shod feet, hurried ahead and gave up their tickets at the turnstile before the crowd came. Two minutes afterwards they were in *jin-riki-sha* on the way to their friend's house upon the Bluff.

Miss Sherman gave the Jewetts a cordial welcome, and made them feel thoroughly at home.

"What part do you take in the performance?" inquired Fitz. "Cannot I help you?"

The young lady laughed and replied, — "I am much obliged, but I hope I shall not require any assistance. All I want is your kind encouragement."

Soon afterwards her father arrived from his office, and when he had shaken hands with the visitors, told them that every ticket for the entertainment had been sold.

About seven o'clock they summoned their *jin-riki-sha*

and were trundled down to the theatre, a dismal-looking stone building that had once been a tea-warehouse.

Precisely at eight the curtain rose upon Byron's comedy of "Young Men and Old Acres," and Johnnie, Fitz and Sallie, for the first time in their lives witnessed a theatrical performance.

The acting was most excellent, the ladies being particularly well up in their parts, and as much at home on the stage as professionals.

Johnnie looked on with a grave, interested face, Sallie sympathized with all the actors in turn, and Fitz uttered his opinions in very loud asides that greatly amused both audience and performers.

Miss Sherman took the part of the servant maid, and had to deliver a speech ending with, —

"Oh dear! I'm afraid I have failed in my efforts to please you!"

Fitz, who had watched her with open-mouthed admiration, rose, smiled at her encouragingly, nodded, and said, — "Don't you worry, Miss Sherman. Keep right on and speak your piece; you have done as well as any of them."

This caused every one in the house to laugh, and the young lady to bow her thanks. Before their merriment had subsided they heard shouts outside, and the Japanese crying, — "*Kaji! Kaji! Kaji!* (Fire! Fire! Fire!").

The audience rose *en masse*, and the actors quitted the stage in their costumes; everybody imagining that the neighboring buildings were in flames. On reaching the street they saw a brilliant light in the direction of Tokio and learned that the conflagration was in that city.

"Let us go down on the Bund," said Mr. Sherman, wrapping a cloak round his daughter. "If the fire is of any importance, we shall get a good view of it from there."

They found their *jin-riki-sha* among a mass of those vehicles and were soon on their way to the stone sea-wall that protects the front of the settlement of Yokohama. Looking up the Bay of Yeddo, they beheld a line of fire which appeared to extend along the entire water front of the city of Tokio.

"Oh! poor papa and mamma!" ejaculated Sallie. "I am afraid they will be burnt. We must go to their rescue."

"Yes," said Fitz, whose face betrayed his anxiety. "Come,

FIRE IN TOKIO, AS SEEN FROM THE BUND, YOKOHAMA.

Johnnie, what are you looking at? We have not a moment to lose."

John, who always took a practical view of things, calmly regarded the lurid line, and said, —

"I do not think our parents are in any danger, still, on such a night as this, I reckon they would like to have us with them. The next train does not start for nearly an hour, so it is no use hurrying ourselves."

"Do let us go at once," urged Sallie. "I cannot bear to remain here."

"The fire is crossing the river," said an English merchant

who wore a pith helmet, and who had been attentively watching the blaze through an opera glass. "It began near the Eitai-bashi and is now burning the shipping lying near the bridge. In a few moments it will reach a district where it will not stop for want of old houses to feed on."

The spectators, among whom were many Chinese, regarded the scene with the greatest interest, most of them having friends or business connections in the capital.

"Oh, boys, do let us go home," said Sallie, in an agonized tone. "Supposing the wind changes, and the fire goes towards our *yashiki*. You will excuse us for not staying at your house all night, won't you, Miss Sherman?"

"Certainly," replied the young lady. "I think you are quite right to return to your parents."

The crowd was so dense that the *jin-riki-sha* men with difficulty forced a way for their vehicles; however, by dint of shouting and pushing, they contrived to effect a passage and to reach the railway depot in time for their fares to catch a special train, which was densely packed with people anxious to visit the fire.

"This way, this way, boys," cried their friend the superintendent of the line, coming to their rescue. "I have an empty carriage which will be attached to the outgoing train. Come across the track with me and I will give you a compartment all to yourselves. I am going to Tokio with you."

In a few minutes they were off, travelling as fast as steam could carry them, and within half an hour they arrived at the Shin-bashi station.

Upon emerging on the street they beheld a young Japanese dressed in foreign costume, minus his shoes, his feet being shod with one sandal and one wooden clog, and his shoulders burdened with packages secured with cord. In his right hand

he carried a Japanese paper parasol and his boots, and in his left an American umbrella, a Japanese sword, and a pith helmet, while on his head, was perched a tall silk hat. Upon seeing the boys, he shouted in English, — "I just managed to save my household gods! I have been burnt out twice to-night. A pretty big fire, was it not? Half the city is gone."

MR. ASADA, SAVING HIS HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

"Pooh!" said Fitz. "It is nothing to what we have in the States. Come, Sallie, here's a *'riki-sha* for you, get in."

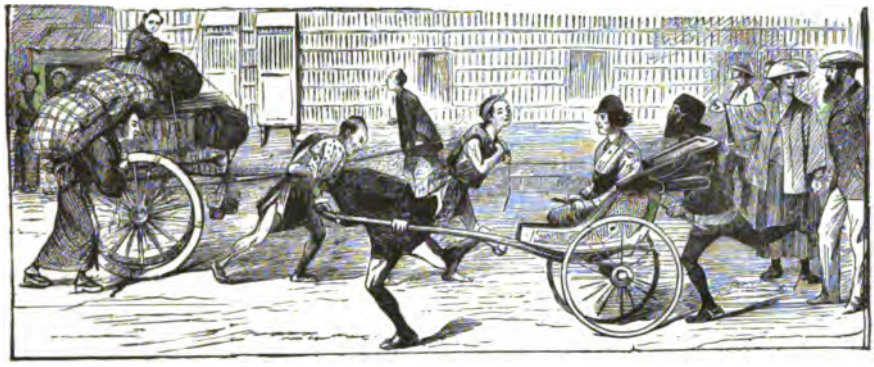
The young Japanese, who had been educated at Harvard, and had known the boys at home, bowed as politely as his load would allow him, and entered the depot.

"Who is that gentleman?" inquired Sallie, as Johnnie adjusted the rug round her feet.

"That is Mr. Asada," replied her brother. "When he was at college, the boys used to make fun of him about his silk hat, and say that he wore it in bed."

"He has saved it anyhow," said his sister. "Come, brother, I feel terribly anxious. Do let us hurry home."

As they passed through the streets, they met people fleeing from the conflagration, some of them having their entire household goods packed on a *kuruma* (hand-cart), with the baby perched on top of the pile, and others, like Mr. Asada, laden with their worldly effects. Officials wearing Derby hats and Japanese clothes were rushing along at a rapid pace, their bearers shouting, *Hai! hai! hai!* (look out).



FLEEING FROM THE FIRE.

The Jewetts, after traversing several streets, were stopped by a crowd of vehicles, and compelled to halt for a few moments. On the sidewalk on their right, was a Japanese

A SCENE ON THE SIDEWALK, TOKIO, DURING A FIRE.

family, who had fled from the burnt district, and camped for the night under the shelter of a wooden fence.

The unfortunate people had saved a folding screen, a

couple of wadded quilts, a paper umbrella, and a few household utensils, and were squatting on the spread out bed-furniture, nursing two children, who were laughing and chatting as though they were in a house.

"Here comes honorable husband," said one of the women to the other. "Thank the gods, he has found honorable mother!"

As she spoke, a coolie appeared, staggering under the weight of an old woman, whose head was tied up with a handkerchief. He deposited her gently upon the quilt, and Sallie and the boys saw him and the women carefully tend the dame, who evidently had been more frightened than hurt.

PROFITING BY THE FIRE.

"What are those fellows carrying in their little tubs?" asked Sallie, pointing to a number of men running hither and thither as though conveying something of great importance.

"Those are wet-mud men," said Johnnie. "When a conflagration breaks out, the Japanese always close their fire-proof houses and fill the crevices with clay obtained from the canals. Those coolies are reaping a harvest."

The whole city was in confusion, the fire having swept back towards the north, and caused a scare in a new quarter. It was past midnight before the young folks arrived at the *Kaga Yashiki*. As the old *mom-ban* admitted them, he said,—

"Honorable master boys, it is good you have returned. When a fire starts in this city there is no knowing where it will run to."

Mr. and Mrs. Jewett welcomed their children, and they all retired to bed. Within half an hour silence reigned in the house, while in the distant part of the city, the flames leaped from dwelling to dwelling, and before morning, had rendered over five thousand people homeless.

When the boys rose, they saw that the ground was covered with snow, and that the laborers employed in the *yashiki* were wearing *mino* (waterproof cloaks made of straw) and storm hats.

"There is old Sokichi," said Johnnie; pointing to a coolie, who carried a *tem-bin-bo* (bearing-pole) over his shoulder, and who, on seeing them, smiled a recognition.

"Hullo, Sokichi," cried Fitz. "Is the fire out yet?"

The man nodded, and replied good humoredly, — "The cold-rain god and the fire god had a wrestling bout last night but the former conquered." Laughing merrily, —"Oh! he is worth all the fire-companies in Tokio."

"Is the snow very deep?" asked Johnnie.

"Yes, there has been quite a fall," answered the man. Then pointing to an artificial mountain in the centre of the *yashiki*, he added, — "Now you can get out your *sori* (sleds) and amuse yourselves by sliding down the *yama*. Make the most of the beautiful snow, master-boys, for it will not last very long. Before the end of the week everybody will be going to see the *Ume yashiki* (plum garden) of Kamedo."

CHAPTER II.

ONE OF THE GLORIES OF TOKIO.

When I look upon the red and white clusters of the plum blossoms,
I think of the brave Tokiwa, wife of Yoshetomo, fleeing before the soldiers of the Taira.

THIS was sung in Japanese, by Dr. Oto Nambo, one morning in February, as he stood with his friends, the Jewetts, admiring a plum-tree that was blossoming in their garden.

"What do you mean, Oto?" asked Sallie. "I cannot see the connection between the flight of Tokiwa and the red and white plum blossoms."

The young doctor smiled and said, — "I thought every one knew that. When Tokiwa fled from Utsumi, the snow was deep upon the ground. She had one child, Yositsune, in the bosom of her robe, and she held the hand of another, while the third followed, bearing his father's sword. As she walked, she left crimsoned imprints of her wounded feet in the snow. The poem I have just sung, refers to that incident, and indirectly to the name of the war. — 'The struggle of the Red and White.'"

"How is it that you have both colored blossoms on one tree?" demanded Fitz. "I have never seen them in the States."

Oto chuckled quietly and said, — "I am glad you allow that we have something you do not. The red plum blossom is a very beautiful object, and is grafted on the stock of the white flowered tree, so as to produce a contrast. Would you like to go out to the Ume-yashiki, and see the blossoms in all their glory?"

"I think we could walk there," said the professor; "the snow has all gone, and I love to see the sights of this wonderful city."

They set out together, the boys going first with Oto, and Sallie following with her parents.

Just outside the *yashiki*, they saw an *omo-cha-ya* (toy maker) and his son working in a store, which, notwithstanding the coolness of the weather, was open to the street.

"Why do you not invent something new?" asked Fitz of the man, who was putting the finishing touches to a rattle representing the god Daruma.

OLD SOKICHI, IN HIS STORM-PROOF DRESS

The operator smiled good-temperedly, and said, — "Invent something, *O bo-san?* Oh, that would be useless! I have a beautiful *neko* (cat) with a red collar round its neck, lovely doves with peas in their insides, fish, irises, and these handsome Daruma."

TOY MAKER.

"Yes, yes," added the man's son, who was busily engaged varnishing the figures; "that is so. Nobody in Tokio makes better toys than my honorable father."

As he spoke he inserted the handle of the figure in the straw-filled tub, and taking up another of the toys, fitted a stick in its base and continued his occupation.

"Let us go on," said Sallie. "I am afraid we shall be poisoned by the lacquer."

A little further down the street they stopped before the workshop of a *toké-shi* (clock-maker), who was engaged in repairing a native time-piece. This was a very simple affair, consisting of a few cogged wheels and a leaden weight enclosed in an oblong box. He squatted behind a piece of

CLOCKMAKER.

iron, that served him as an anvil, and was examining a wheel through a magnifying glass.

"Good morning," said Fitz. "You seem to be puzzled, Mr. Clockmaker."

"Yes, I am," replied the mechanic. "I have bought some ready-made works in Yokohama, and I do believe they were cut out by machinery. Will you kindly translate the inscription on this?"

The boy took the wheel, and after looking at it, said, —

"It is stamped 'American Clock Company, New York.'"

"Well! well!" murmured the man, receiving back the piece and bowing. "After this I am going to give up my business, and intend to peddle foreign time-pieces. It would take me a week to make such a wheel as this. I suppose your machines would manufacture one in a day."

"In a day!" cried the boy. "Why, our machines would turn out a thousand such things in an hour."

The artisan looked incredulous, picked up his pipe, lighted it, and said, —

"I like to hear wonderful stories! Of course I am only an ignorant man, still you need not make fun of me."

"That is true," said the clockmaker's daughter, who was kneeling before a metal mirror at the far end of the store. "It is very easy to tell my honorable father such things, but we cannot comprehend them."

She took a brush, dipped it in a pot containing *beni* (carmine), and applied it to her lower lips.

"Why do you paint yourself there?" inquired Sallie.

"Because all our ladies do so," merrily replied the girl. "We put the *beni* on our lower lip and you put it on your cheeks. If I did not do this, nobody would think anything of me."

She was very bright and intelligent, so they chatted with her for a while, then quitted the spot and walked on until they reached a bridge, where they saw a tall coolie pulling a little *jin-riki-sha*, containing a young lady.

"That is one of my cousins, O-Taki," said Oto. "She is blind. Wait a moment, I will speak to her."

The coolie stopped, and Oto introduced his friends to the girl, who said, —

"I have been to Kamedo to see the plum-blossoms. The flowers are very fine this year. I am sure you will greatly enjoy the sight."

JAPANESE GIRL PAINTING HER LIPS.

She bade them *saionara* (farewell), and opening her paper parasol, told her man to go on.

"Poor cousin," said Oto. "Hers is indeed an affliction. She was born blind, yet talks as though she could see. That is the way with many persons who are deprived of their sight.

OTO'S BLIND COUSIN, MISS TAKI.

She touches and smells the flowers, and enjoys that almost as much as seeing them."

After they had passed the bridge, they heard the noise of music, and noticed a little crowd gathered before a house in which a girl was practising dancing, and two women were playing an accompaniment.

"Let us stop a moment, mamma," begged Sallie.

AMATEUR PERFORMERS.

The elder of the musicians had two instruments called *tsudzumi*, one of which she held over her right shoulder, and the other under her left arm. The younger played the *samisen* (guitar) with a piece of ivory, shaped like a fan. The dancer performed some graceful evolutions that quite pleased the spectators, then suddenly, the trio began to sing.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Jewett. "Let us move on. I knew they were going to do it! Their dancing is pretty enough, but why do they not learn our music?"

"I am sure we are endeavoring to do so," smilingly replied Oto. "Have we not a musical college in the *Kaga yashiki*, and good Professor Luther W. Mason to teach our rising generation what you call music. We are doing our level best to civilize ourselves after the American fashion."

"Just listen to them," said the Professor, who was regarding the performance with profound attention. "There is a world of meaning in their songs. Fitz, you have a quick ear, what does the sound convey to you?"

The boy laughed and bluntly responded, —

"Well, sir, they are saying that the mist vanishes swiftly before the glory of the rising sun, but, if I did not know the language, I should imagine they had eaten some unripe fruit and were describing their symptoms."

"Fitz," sternly replied his father; "do not indulge in levity. The music of the Japanese is a study well worthy of your attention."

The boy looked very penitent, and as he quitted the place, said, —

"I did not intend to be disrespectful, sir. I only said what I thought."

"He is quite right," remarked Mrs. Jewett. "Their songs sound more like the wail of an agonized spirit than anything I ever heard."

A little further on they beheld a *Tsu kuri-banauri* (artificial flower-seller) who was perched on a cane-seated stool near a stand containing his wares. He was a very waggish fellow, and had something to say to every one who went by.

"Will you purchase these beautiful hair-pins?" he said to a young lady, extending a bunch of artificial plum-blossoms from which depended a silken tassel. "This is the month of the flower, Miss, and you ought to have it for your beautiful hair."

"How much do you ask for it?" she said.

"Only ten *sen*," he replied. "When you wear this *ume*, nobody can tell but what it is real. I believe if you were to put it in the ground, after you have finished with it, this spray would grow."

The girl bought the pin, then the dealer turned to Sallie and remarked, —

"I have decorations for the hair, especially made for foreign ladies."

He arose, offered Mrs. Jewett a seat, and on her declining his attention, said, —

"I have an assortment of nice *kushi* for the hair," pointing to some semi-circular articles on his stall. "My combs are made of the best Tsuge (box-wood). The teeth will not break out like those of foreign ones."

They left him shouting to the passers by: "Oh, these are the beautiful artificial flowers! They are the best in Tokio."

After a brisk walk they arrived near the temple, and entering a tea-house proceeded to a private room and ordered refreshments.

Upon the wall was an oil painting, quite an unusual decoration in such a place. It was intended to represent a group of Japanese ladies and children, but the costumes and figures

were not quite correct. When the landlady entered, the Professor inquired where she had obtained the picture.

"Ah!" she said, "that is a very valuable thing. A foreign gentleman once came out here to stay. His remittances did not arrive in time, so he gave me that picture in lieu of a month's rent."

"What does it mean?" asked Oto. "Our countrywomen never dressed in that fashion."

"Certainly not," was the smiling response. "Those are honorable foreign ladies going to a *matsuri* (festival)."

"It is signed Emile Bayard, and was painted by quite a celebrated French artist," said the Professor. "I wonder where he got his models?"

"I should think out of his own head," said Fitz. "No one ever saw Japanese children rigged up in that style."

They entered the grounds of the temple of Temmangu and passing the outer gate, saw a pond around which were many wistaria trees, trained upon trellises and covered with straw to protect the young branches.

After walking over a bridge they came to a gate that faced the temple.

In the garden, before the main edifice, stood a beautiful tree which was one mass of red and white blossoms.

"That," said Oto, "was grown from a seed of the celebrated Flying Plum-tree."

"Flying?" queried Johnnie. "Surely you must be joking."

"Oh, no!" gravely replied the young doctor. "There have been several books written about the tree. Sugawara-no-Michizane, who is worshipped in this temple under the title of Tem-man Dai-ji-zai Ten-jin, was one of our national heroes."

"Did he kill himself?" inquired Fitz.

"No," laughingly answered Oto. "He was a great scholar

A FRENCHMAN'S IDEA OF JAPANESE COSTUME.

and is worshipped by persons who wish to write a beautiful hand. For some reason or other he was banished to the island of Kiushiu. One day, in spring, he was lamenting that he would never again see the blossoms of a lovely *ume* tree that grew near his residence in Kioto. While he was sighing, a plum pit struck his cheek and dropped at his feet."

"Pooh," said Fitz. "Some boy must have shot it through a bean-blower."

"I wish you would not pull the roof off our beautiful legend in that way," merrily retorted Oto. "Our people believe that the plum seed flew from Kioto to Kiushiu. Yonder tree sprang from a pit of the original *tobi-ume* planted by Michizane."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Sallie. "So that white marble elephant, over there, is one of the old gods?"

"No," replied their friend, "it is intended to represent the cow on which Michizane used to ride when he was in exile."

"I wonder he did not prefer a horse," said Fitz. "Japanese cows were of a queer shape in his time."

After inspecting the sacred animal, they visited a well, covered with a stone-tortoise, the name of which, *kame*, gives the title to the palace, Kamedo.

"We can go from these grounds into the Ume *yashiki*," said Oto. "It is about four *cho* (streets) from here. I suppose we can walk that distance."

"Why is the place called Ga-rio-bai (crouching-dragon plum trees)?" inquired the Professor.

"Because the trunks creep along the ground," said Oto. "There are over five hundred trees in the garden."

In a few moments they arrived at an enclosed place which was perfectly white with the beautiful blossoms, and was studied with upright slabs of stone, inscribed with poems in praise of the flowers.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed the Jewetts in chorus; "this is a sight worth seeing."

The *yashiki* was filled with well-dressed people, who evidently enjoyed the scene, and chatted with each other like happy children.

All of the trees were very old, and their gnarled stems were supported on short bamboo stakes, to prevent the flowers from coming in contact with the earth.

"Why are those papers tied to the branches?" asked Sallie.

"Those are poems," said Oto. "When my countrymen feel very much delighted with anything, they write a verse and attach it to the object of their admiration."

"Do you ever fasten them to your young ladies?" asked Fitz.

"Oh, no!" said Oto. "We only affix them to trees."

"It is not solely a Japanese idea," remarked the Professor. "Shakespeare mentions such a custom in 'As you like it.' We Americans are too prosaic to do such things."

"Yes, sir," said Fitz. "The only inscriptions we put upon our trees are 'Keep off the grass.' "

When the party had thoroughly enjoyed the glorious sight they made their exit through the main gate, where one of the attendants was peddling boxes of the dried plums called *ume-boshi*.

Upon quitting the place Fitz began to partake of his purchase, when he made a very wry face, and, turning to his sister, said:

"Do not eat any of these, Sallie, they are salted."

"Yes," observed Oto, "that is done to preserve them. The fruit is really very good and is considered excellent for sick people."

Fitz gave his box to a beggar, and, nodding at his friend, said, in a grumbling tone:

"I think I should be sick if I ate many of them. I like my plums sugar-cured."

Near the gateway was a bronze statue of a priest, carrying in one hand a bamboo staff, and in the other a pilgrim's hammer.

KUYA-SHONIN, A FAMOUS PRIEST.

"Why has that figure a branch in its mouth?" asked Fitz.

"Oh, don't you know?" quickly replied his sister. "Old Deacon Brown always chews a straw when he is thinking what he will say at the next prayer-meeting. It assists his mental digestion. I believe the good *bozu* carried a branch of bamboo for the same reason."

Oto's eyes twinkled, and he remarked:

"You are right, Sallie. The statue represents one of our famous priests named Kuya-shonin. When he made his pilgrimages, he affixed a metal bell to his girdle, and, after he had repeated a certain number of prayers, he struck the *kane* with his hammer. He travelled all over the country, and made many converts."

"Yes, but why does he hold that twig in his mouth?" persisted Fitz.

"Oto has told you that Sallie guessed the reason," said Johnnie.

"I wish they would put the particulars on the pedestals," grumbled Fitz. "These sort of things worry a poor little fellow, who wants to know as badly as I do."

They walked leisurely homeward, and passed through a very busy quarter occupied by artisans, who worked in the front rooms of their dwellings.

"Wait a moment," said Johnnie, stopping before the store of a *tatami-ya* (floor-mat maker). "Why do they keep that rooster in a cage?"

The artisan turned, and, smilingly regarding the speaker, said:

"The bird is a very great pet. It has a most beautiful song."

"Song?" interposed Fitz. "Does it sing?"

"Oh, yes," said the man. "You know the rooster is a favorite bird of the gods. When Amaterasu came out of the cave, the *ondori* sang a song of welcome, so we esteem the amiable bird."

"Yes," said his mother, an aged dame, who wore a towel about her head, and, like the man, had a pad fixed to her right elbow, "we pay great respect to that bird. Would you like to buy some nice mats for your house?"

"Let us go inside," said the Professor. "I want to see how the *tatami* are made."

The man and woman bowed as the visitors entered, and the dame, who was very smart, explained the process, then said:

"We make our mats of the very best rice straw; they are six feet long, three feet wide and two inches thick, and the edges are bound with strong blue cotton cloth."

"Why do you wear those pads on your elbows?" asked Johnnie.

"We have to beat the mats smooth as we work it," she replied, "and, if we did not protect our elbows, we should soon wear them out."

"Then, why not buy a mallet?" suggested Sallie.

The woman took a piece of paper string from a holder lying upon her left, placed it upon her tongue, dexterously threaded a packing-needle, and complacently replied:

"Buy a mallet, honorable young lady? Why should we waste our money on such luxuries, when we can use our elbows? Besides these shields prevent the sharp pieces of the straw from running into our flesh."

She then thrust the needle into the mat, and began to stitch with great rapidity, while her son fetched the visitors some tea and brought Oto a light for his pipe.

An old lady was in the back room, enjoying the luxury of being shampooed by a blind boy, who knelt behind her and alternately thumped and kneaded her back.

"That is honorable grandmother," said the mat-maker. "She is over ninety years old, and is a most pious person. She counts her beads all day long, and has attained a perfect composure of mind."

The aged woman chuckled at this remark, and said to the shampooer:

"Don't hit me too hard, my bones are not as strong as they used to be;" adding, in an undertone: "I think those honorable foreigners ought to make me a present. They do not often have the happiness of seeing any one as old as I am."

The Professor gave the dame's grandson ten *sen* for her, whereupon she chuckled like an overjoyed child, and, bowing, said:

"*Iro, iro, arigato!* (thanks, many thanks). Now I will buy myself some very good tobacco."

Soon after they had left the mat-maker's, they heard a tooting noise, and presently beheld a man standing by a portable stall on which were arranged an assortment of flutes and whistles.

"That is a *yoko-buye uri* (flute seller)" said Oto.

"Jemmy!" cried Fitz. "Just look at him; why he is playing a flute with his nose."

BLIND SHAMPOOER AT WORK.

The party halted and watched the performance, which was truly a comical one; the man being employed as Fitz had said.

He was a shrewd-looking old fellow and the way he quavered and shook out his notes was most astonishing.

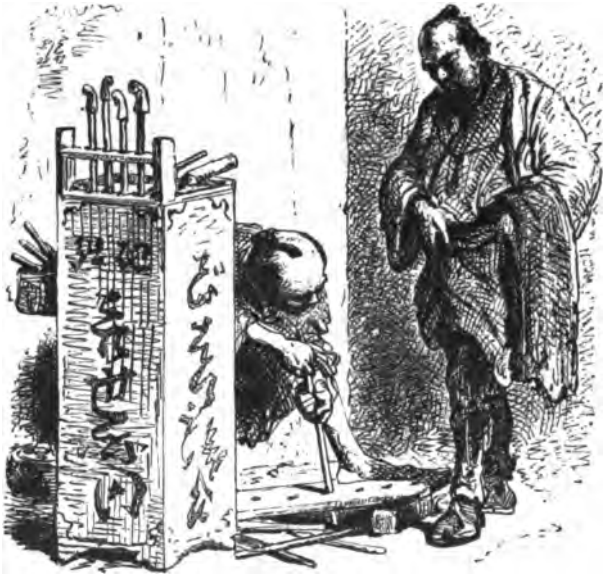
On noticing the foreigners he indulged in some very gro-

FLUTE-SELLER.

tesque gestures, and, while continuing to produce a tune from the instrument, put out his tongue derisively, pursed up his mouth, and made such extraordinary grimaces that a small boy, who was watching him, doubled up with laughter.

Fitz bought one of the flutes, and, in spite of Sallie's earnest protest, endeavored to perform on it; however, he soon discovered that he did not possess the ability of the *yoko-buye* and gave up the attempt.

As they neared home they saw a *na-oshi* (pipe mender) engaged in the occupation of straightening bamboo sticks for pipe-stems.



PIPE-MENDER.

"He carries his shop with him, does he not?" remarked Johnnie. "He must mend a great many pipes before he can earn a day's rice."

The man glanced up, regarded them sourly, and said in a low tone, to a friend that stood near him:

"Foreigners! — I never take any notice of them — they have no pipes to be mended. It makes me sad to see people smoking rolled up tobcaco leaves as they do. It is an exceedingly barbarous and wasteful habit. I suppose they have not any pipes in their benighted country."

The boys laughed at his insinuation, then walking quickly, soon rejoined the Professor and his wife.

When they reached home they found that the steward, cook, and several of the servants had gone to a wedding.

"I am so sorry," said Mrs. Jewett. "What shall we do for supper? Sallie and I can manage to find something to eat, but I am at a loss what to give you."

"We will go to a Japanese restaurant," said her husband. "Oto, do you know of a good one hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, there is a famous *rio-ria* in Uyeno."

They walked through the grounds, and, in a few moments, were seated on the floor of a restaurant, called the "Golden cherry blossom."

Around them were groups of Japanese, singing, joking and eating, the combined noises being almost deafening.

After ordering their supper they watched the other guests, and Fitz said:

"Why does not each party have a private room? One gets bewildered listening to half a dozen songs at the same time. How rank the candles smell. You have gas in the streets, so why do you not introduce it in your restaurants?"

"Because our people dislike the odor," quietly answered Oto. "You enjoy the smell of gas; we prefer that of our *rosoku*."

"Hullo! there is a picture of our long-headed friend," said Fitz, nodding towards a *kakémono* (hanging picture) on the wall.

"That is a good name for the god of longevity," said Oto. "Look at the dwarf plum tree in front of him. It bears alternate bunches of red and white blossoms. Is it not wonderful?"

Fitz regarded it with a critical air and quietly answered:

"I don't think much of it. In the States we have rose

trees that bear eighteen varieties of flowers on one stem. You cannot teach us anything in horticulture."

As he spoke some *geisha* (singing girls) began to play and sing, two of them keeping time by knocking wooden blocks together.

"Do you call that noise music?" said Johnnie, who was very hungry and somewhat cross. "I think it is a dreadful racket."

"When I was in America," quietly remarked Oto, "I went with you to a minstrel show. One of the performers played upon the bones and gave me a very bad headache, but I did not make unkind remarks about him."

"Well said, Oto!" cried the Professor. "My boys forget that you have a right to prefer your own music."

"Here comes the waitress," said the young Japanese. "Johnnie will not notice the din of the *hio-shigi* (clappers) when he begins to use his teeth upon these delicious broiled *unagi* (eels)."

"I did not mean to offend you, Oto," returned the lad, taking up his chopsticks. "My father is quite right."

"He always is," said the young doctor, following his friend's example. "Your father is a man of a hundred thousand."

They heartily enjoyed the meal, and at its conclusion the Professor said:

"We have still an evening before us; what shall we do, Oto?"

"There is a very good *kosha-ku-shi* (public story-teller) not far from here. Would you like to pay him a visit?"

They all agreed, and, quitting the restaurant, proceeded to a house near by, and entering, found the man waiting for an audience. He was seated on a platform, behind

a low table upon which rested a manuscript book and a piece of wood, used by him to emphasize certain portions of his narrative. He was dressed in a cotton *kimono* (long coat) covered with a fine geometrical pattern, and he held a fan in his right hand.

Upon seeing the visitors he bowed profoundly, and, when

PUBLIC STORY-TELLER.

they were seated upon the matted floor, he poured out a cup of tea from a pot resting on a little *hibachi* (portable furnace). After drinking, to clear his voice, he rapped on the table, in order to command silence, and said:

"The Land of the Rising Sun has produced a hundred thousand heroes who have left behind them a cloud of fragrant memories. Of all these, none was greater than Kusunoke

Mashashige, that brilliant example of unselfish devotion to duty, calm courage and pure patriotism, whose loyalty was as stainless as the sacred mirror of Ise'.

"The gods presided over his birth, he received his education in the Chinese classics from a venerable priest, and he devoted all his spare time to the art of war.

"At the age of twelve years he had exhibited his valor in battle, and at fifteen he went to the temple and solemnly vowed to overthrow the Kamakoura usurper. All men of any intelligence know the history of this noble patriot, and everybody is delighted to hear the story repeated. (*Assuming a very solemn manner.*) When Mashashige marched for Kawachi, his son Masatsura, aged eleven, followed him in order to die with his parent. Upon arriving at the town of Sakurai, Mashashige called the boy to him and said:

"My son, listen to the last instructions of your father. A few days ago the Mikado assembled his generals in council. Every one was satisfied with the victory in Kioto, I alone urging that the rebels should be followed and wiped out of existence. My advice was rejected and when I returned to my tent, I exclaimed, 'I am doomed!' but I felt happy in the prospect of dying for the Mikado.

"Our enemies are ten times as strong as ourselves, still I am not afraid to meet them, for that is my duty. My son, you are too young to die yet, so I command you to return home and wait until you are old enough, when you will be able to help the Mikado. (*Rapping on the table.*)

"Then the great hero took a short sword that had been presented to him by the emperor, and, handing it to his child, said:

'"Masatsura, keep this for my sake, and promise me that you will never use it except in the service of the Mikado.'

"'Let me die with you!' pleaded the boy. 'How can I live when you no longer exist?'

"Mashashige tenderly regarded him, then said:

"My dear son, your duty is to obey me. Mine, to obey my lord!

"The boy, whose heart was torn with conflicting emotions, bowed respectfully to his parent, and, bidding him a sad farewell, returned home.

"Mashashige, at the head of seven hundred devoted clansmen, marched to Mi-nato-gawa, where he pitched his tents and awaited the enemy. The end soon came.

"Surrounded by an overwhelming force, he fought until he only had seventy-two followers alive, when he ordered them to retire to a neighboring farm-house where they could calmly and honorably end their existence.

"Taking off his armor he discovered that he had eleven wounds. These he regarded proudly, and exhibited to his brother, to whom he said:

"'What more do you wish?'

"The other replied:

"'I would desire to live seven lives, that I might have seven opportunities like this, of doing my duty to the Mikado.'

"'Good!' cried Mashashige, turning to his wounded clansmen. 'Since we are defeated, let us show our enemies that we prefer an honorable death to dishonorable flight.'

(*In a solemn tone.*) "Then all the heroes committed *hara-kiri!*"

The story-teller rapped his *hiyoshi-gi* upon the table, and bowing low, remarked in a pleasant voice:

"Now is the time for your liberal appreciation."

"I suppose he means that he is going to take up a collection for the poor heathen," whispered Fitz to his father.

KUSUNOKE MASHASHIGE.

The Professor smiled and rewarded the man, who, once more rapping the table, bowed repeatedly, and said:

"Honorable sirs, perhaps you would like to hear a story of the god-fox?"

"We would," frankly answered Fitz, speaking for the party. "Tell us something funny. We don't particularly admire tales of *hara-kiri*."

The *koshaku-shi* assumed a comical air, rapped on the table, and said:

"In the little village of Oji, lived a man who did not believe in the benevolent Inari (the god of rice) and went about ridiculing him to his neighbors, saying:

"'The worship of such a god is foolishness, and as to his attendants, the foxes, you are not going to make me believe they can assume human shapes, it is all nonsense. Such stories may serve to scare old women, but they do not frighten me.'

"One day, when he was working at his trade of making gold ornaments for the hilts of swords, a beautiful lady came to his shop and said:

"'My husband desires to see some of your exquisite *menuki*.'

"The man, flattered by her words, packed his treasures in a box and followed his visitor to a little hill near the Otonashi-gawa, where he saw a magnificent palace surrounded by rice fields. The lady took the package from him and said:

"'Wait till I go indoors and show these to my husband."

"She then threw the box into the building, when, behold, in an instant, the mansion tumbled to pieces and resolved itself into a ruined well.

"The man gazed about him in a bewildered manner, and, falling upon his knees, cried:

"'Give me back my gold ornaments!'

"Upon glancing up again, he found that his visitor had

BEWITCHED BY FOXES.

changed into a fox, which laughed derisively at him and said:

"'Yeh, you ignorant fellow! Another time you will know better than to scoff at Inari.'

"'Oh, my gold ornaments!' he howled. 'What have you done with my gold ornaments?'

"The god-fox mocked at his terror, and echoed:

"'Gold ornaments! Gold ornaments!' You are the fellow who did not believe in Inari. He has deprived you of your treasures."

The *koshaku-shi* then bowed, smiled, and said to his listeners:

"Is that not a funny story?"

"Oto," whispered Fitz, "please laugh, for I cannot. Where does the joke come in?"

"Don't you see?" returned Oto. "The god-fox avenged the insult cast upon Inari, whose servant he was. I think the story is very quaint."

They gave the man some more money, and quitting the place, emerged upon the street.

"Did that story really amuse you, Oto?" inquired Johnnie.

"Yes," was the response. "I think it was more ridiculous than anything I have read in your comic papers."

Fitz nudged his brother and said, in a low tone:

"Johnnie, I am afraid we are not educated up to Japanese wit. Perhaps, if we think over it for a week or so, we may see where the laugh comes in."

As they were chatting, two ragged outcasts approached and began to turn over the rubbish in the road, for scraps of waste paper. They wore dilapidated, conical hats, the lower parts of their faces were concealed by blue towels, and they moved warily, like rats.

"Those are *kami-kudsu-hiroi*," whispered Oto. "They are not very particular how they fill their baskets. Have you any persons like them in the States?"

"Lots," said Johnnie. "We call them rag-pickers. The

way one of our fellows will investigate the contents of an ash-barrel, would astonish your *kami-kudsu-hiroi*."

"Are they honest?" inquired the young doctor.

COLLECTOR OF WASTE PAPER.

"Well, they seldom attempt to handle anything they cannot carry," replied Fitz.

At that moment he felt a tug at his coat pocket, and on examining it found that his handkerchief had been stolen.

One of the *kami-kudsu-hiroi*, who carried a pair of long sticks which he used like tongs, had dexterously twisted them round the handkerchief and conveyed it into his basket. Before

a policeman could be found, the rascals had vanished, so Fitz gave up all hopes of recovering his property.

They entered the *yashiki* by a side gate which was kept in the same manner as it had been when the place was owned by the Lord of Kaga. On the right of the *mom-ban's* quarters was an upright frame containing three extraordinary-looking instruments that stood out black against the moonlit sky.

The porch of the building was shaded by a curtain hung from a pole, and inside the door lounged three men, who were watching the approach of a tall Japanese.

"That is a Satsuma man," whispered Oto. "Look at the crest on his *haori* (short jacket). I wonder what he is doing in the *Kaga-yashiki?*"

"I suppose he is on a visit to the *mom-ban*," said the Professor.

"No, he must be stirring up mischief," cautiously replied Oto. "No doubt he is a spy sent to ascertain how the people like the new order of things."

"For what did they use those pitchforks?" demanded Fitz, pointing to the weapons.

"For this," said Oto. "In the old time, if a stranger endeavored to pass the guard-house without giving his name and stating his business, the soldiers would seize those *mitsu-dogu* and either entangle them in his clothes or trip him up with them. You will observe that the prongs are covered with little hooks."

"I wonder the *mom-ban* did not keep them inside the house," remarked Johnnie.

"The *mitsu-dogu* were put there more to scare people than anything else," said Oto. "Indeed, for some years, they have only been retained as ornaments."

"What is that hour-glass shaped structure on the left?" inquired the Professor.

SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE YASHIKI WITH GUARD-HOUSE.

"That, sir, was the guard-house *toro* (lantern)," replied Oto. "In former times a lamp was kept burning in it all night. Now it is used as a rabbit-hutch by the *mom-ban*."

"Here we are at home," cried Fitz. "Mother and Sallie have gone to bed. Will you come in, Oto?"

"Yes, for a few moments," answered their friend. "I forgot to tell you that I had brought you a curiosity, — a daguerreotype of my family, taken when I was quite a boy."

They entered the house and proceeded to the library, when Oto, producing a small morocco case from his pocket, exhibited a picture of four persons, remarking:

"This was made in 1871 — just before we gave up wearing our swords. In those days my father carried two in his *obi* (girdle) and I wore one. My mother is standing behind him and my eldest sister is on my right."

"Where is she now?" asked Johnnie.

"Alas! she is no more," returned the young Japanese. "She died when I was staying with you in America."

"What a queer-looking little fellow you were, Oto!" said Fitz. "You did not think much of foreigners then, did you?"

"I did not know you as well as I do now," was the gentle reply. "Still I never disliked you, my father having from the first taught me to respect all nations. I have brought this for your mother. I once heard her say she would like to have seen me in the olden times."

"I thank you, for my wife," said the Professor, taking the case; "she will value your gift very highly."

"Boys," said Oto, as he quitted the house, "I cannot be away from the hospital more than one day in each month. What shall we do the next time I visit you?"

"We will take a stroll about the city and see the sights," said Johnnie. "We want to go to the places where they man-

ufacture lacquer-ware and silk goods, and to witness the process of making Indian ink."

OTO NAMBO WHEN A BOY (1871).

"All right, I know where to take you," said Oto. "I must be off. My mother will not go to sleep until she knows I am safe in bed. *Saionara*."

In another moment he was out of sight.

CHAPTER III.

A VISIT TO A LACQUER-MAKER.

"When the blustering March wind scatters the fully opened blossoms of the plum,
The man laughs who has not pawned his *shi-taki* (cold weather under-coat.)"

"PHEW!" cried Fitz, as he entered the breakfast-room. "Is it not blowing this morning?"

"This is *Futen's* (the wind god's) month," said Sallie. "It is good weather for children. See, the *mom-ban's* boy is out in the *yashiki* flying his *tako* (kite).

"I wonder why they always make those things square," remarked Johnnie.

"You do not use your eyesight," said Fitz. "Some of the toys are like birds, and others resemble fishes. I think Japanese kites are a good deal better than ours; you can put hummers on them and make them buzz like bees. Look at O Kame, the boy's sister, she is telling him to pay out more string." While they were watching the lad, some one in a closed *jin-riki-sha* entered the compound. As the vehicle stopped before the door of the house, the curtains were removed and the Jewetts saw Oto, who was muffled up in a comical fashion.

"Hullo!" cried Johnnie, going into the veranda to meet him. "We did not expect you to-day."

Oto shook his friend's hand; then, as he accompanied him indoors, said:

"My ward is almost free of patients, and I shall not be wanted at the hospital until to-morrow morning, so I thought I would come over and have a good time with you. Is it too cold for Sallie to go out with us?"

"No, indeed," answered the young lady, "I want to see the lacquer-workers before the weather becomes warm."

"I know a very nice man who lives in the Asakusa quar-

BOY FLYING HIS KITE.

ter," said Oto. "He has been one of my patients, and will, I am sure, show us the various processes of applying the lacquer."

After obtaining their parents' permission, the young folks wrapped themselves up and set out with Oto.

CARPENTERS AT WORK.

As they passed through the grounds, they halted to see some *dai-ku* (carpenters) at work upon a new fence. One of the men was trimming a post with a primitive-looking adze,

and the other was planing a board, placed upon a sloping log, the lower end of which he steadied with his right foot.

"Why do you draw your plane towards you?" demanded Johnnie. "Our carpenters always push theirs from them."

The workman picked up some shavings, cast them on a pile of rubbish burning near by, and replied:

"Ours is the correct way. Your carpenters cannot teach us anything."

"We can put a plank, like that, in a machine, and plane it in an instant," said the boy, who was desirous of astonishing the man.

"Oh! yes, certainly," sarcastically returned the carpenter. "You Chinese can do wonderful things. I suppose you can grow a tree, saw it into boards and build a house with it while one is winking."

"Not quite," was the laughing rejoinder. "But it would make you wink to see our circular saws at work. We are not Chinese, but Americans. You ought to visit our country and take some lessons."

The man put his tongue in his cheek, laid his plane on the wood, and resumed his work without condescending to bestow any more notice upon them.

It was quite a walk from the *Kaga yashiki* to Asakusa, however, the day was fine and the party enjoyed the exercise.

As they passed through the street leading to the foot of Uyeno Hill, they stopped before a bronze-maker's, where the workmen were busily employed upon a quaint figure supporting a lantern.

"What a comical-looking creature that is," remarked Fitz. "He looks like a colored person."

"This is Riu-to, the god of the bottom of the sea," said the foreman of the shop. "I would not advise you to be disre-

spectful to him, or you may get shipwrecked some time. It is fortunate for you that his eyes have not been opened."

"What?" demanded the undaunted boy.

"You must be very ignorant if you do not know that," snapped the man. "When we make the gods they are blind. Our customers take them to the *bozu* (priest) who blesses them and then they can see everything."

RIU-TO (SEA-GOD).

"Sure?" said Fitz.

"Certainly," was the confident reply, "as soon as this god has had its eyes opened, it will see and hear what you do, and be revenged if you insult him."

The boy began to chuckle, noticing which, his sister said in English:

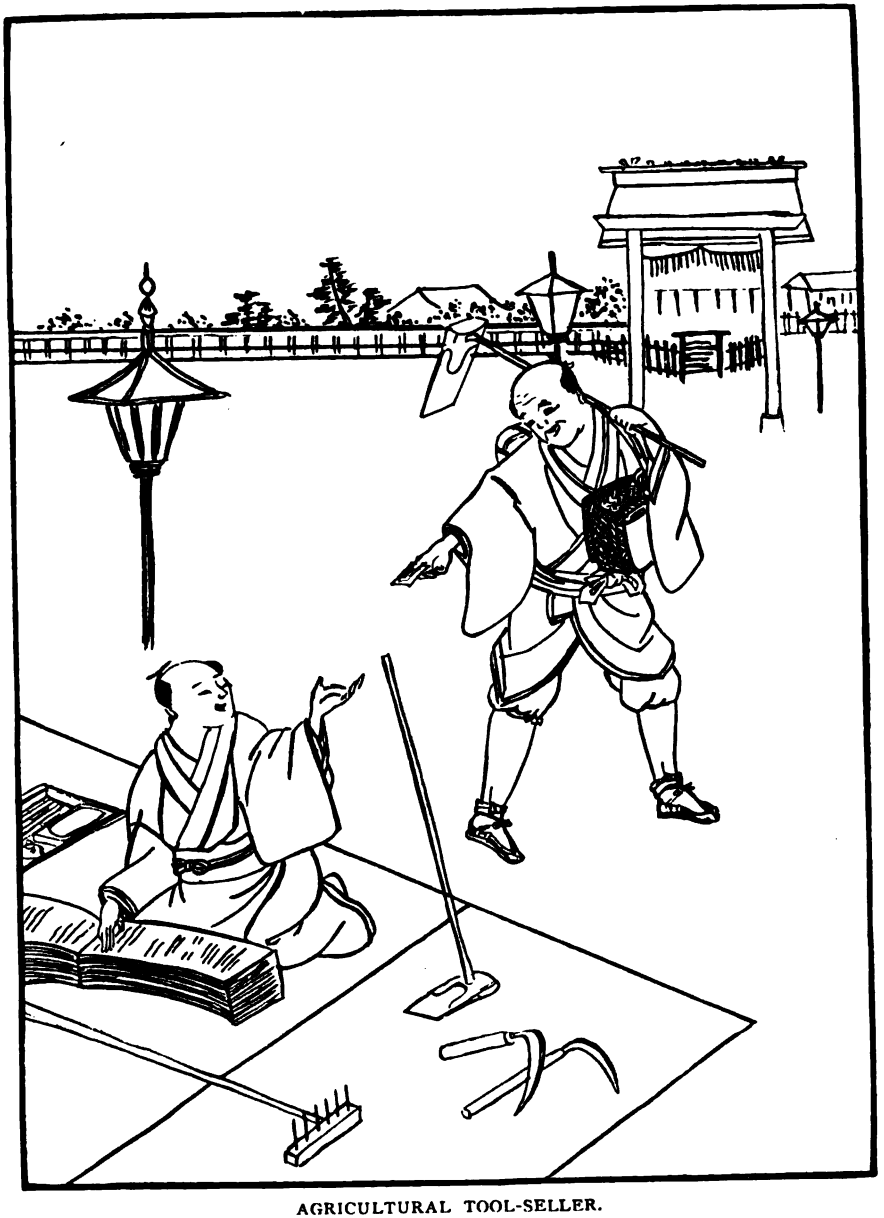
"Come away, Fitz."

"One moment," remarked the irrepressible; then, turning to the idol-maker, he inquired: "Are you sure that the gods can see everything when the *bozu* have fixed them?"

"Just as sure as I live," was the confident rejoinder.

"Why do you not take your blind people and have their eyes opened?" he asked. "If the *bozu* can make the idols see, surely they can do the same thing for your unfortunate *mekura*."

This made the workmen laugh, they evidently enjoying their foreman's annoyance, while the latter turned his back upon Fitz and said:



AGRICULTURAL TOOL-SELLER.

"What is the good of talking to people who are so ignorant? I do not believe they have any gods in their country."

At the foot of Uyeno Hill they saw a *kara-kasa uri* (umbrella seller) kneeling on his mat and offering his wares to a young lady, the tie of whose *obi* (girdle) stood out like the wings of a butterfly. "You can warrant this, can you?" she inquired, opening a *kara-kasa* and examining its color. "Well, I think I will take it."

"Here is the ring to keep it together, Miss," he said, holding out the article referred to. "If you do not use this, your umbrella will soon get out of shape."

They left him counting over the paper money and brass coins he had received from her in payment.

When they neared Asakusa, they saw a *hasho-dogu-uri* (agricultural tool-seller) kneeling upon a mat placed on the sidewalk. Before him was a book in which he entered his sales, and on his right a tray containing an ink-stone and brushes for writing. Scattered about upon the mats were the heavy hoes, rakes, grass-scythes and clumsy ploughs (literally mud stirrers) used by the farmers.

One of the latter class was paying the man for a hoe and grumbling at the price, saying:

"We have to work half our time for you fellows. When I was a boy, tools like this only cost a third of what you charge, and they lasted twice as long."

"In those days my father only paid you half as much for his rice," replied the ready-witted implement seller. "Thank you, sir, I wish you a safe journey home."

"Oto," inquired Sallie, "please tell me why some of your people grow their hair in the American fashion, and others shave the top of their head and wear a little queue."

"I will," he answered in a low tone. "All those persons

who wear their hair as I do, are not following the American fashion. It is more a sign that they belong to the new party, and believe in the government religion, Shinto. Those who shave their heads and wear a queue, belong to the Buddhist party, and think a great deal of their old lords; however, the fashion of wearing all the hair will soon become general among our people," adding slily, "because it saves the barber's fee."

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Just then a *shin-bun-shi-haidatsu* (newspaper carrier) passed them, shouting something that was unintelligible to the Jewetts. He bore a box of papers over his right shoulder, and had a number of copies in his left hand.

"Please, sir," said a girl to him, "have you the last *I-ro-ha Shim-bun?*"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" he said. "I never sell such rubbish."

Away he went, repeating his cry.

"What is written upon that woman's parasol?" asked Sallie.

"That is *J-iu* (everlasting)," said Oto. "Our manufacturers often mark their goods thus. I do not imagine it will last much longer than an ordinary *higasa*."

After exploring a number of streets, they arrived in one occupied by makers of bowls, trays and cabinet wares; when the young doctor remarked: "Here we are at the lacquerman's."

As he spoke a middle-aged Japanese advanced to the front of one of the stores, and bowing, murmured:

"I trust your honorable excellency is in the possession of good health. Since I left your honorable care, I have been perfectly free from sickness. I have thanked the gods every day, and made an offering to Bindzuru (the helper of the sick).".

"I like that," whispered Fitz. "You, Oto, have cured the fellow, and he pays your fee to the old wooden god, Bindzuru. I think he ought to have given you the money."

"Hush," breathed Sallie. "The man will hear you."

Oto introduced the lacquer-maker as Nishi Gori Yoheye.

The man bowed repeatedly, sucked in his breath, and said, as he led the way into his store:

"I understand from the honorable doctor that you wish to see the process of lacquering goods. I must tell you one thing, the *urushi* (lacquer) is very poisonous, and cannot be worked by any one but a Japanese."

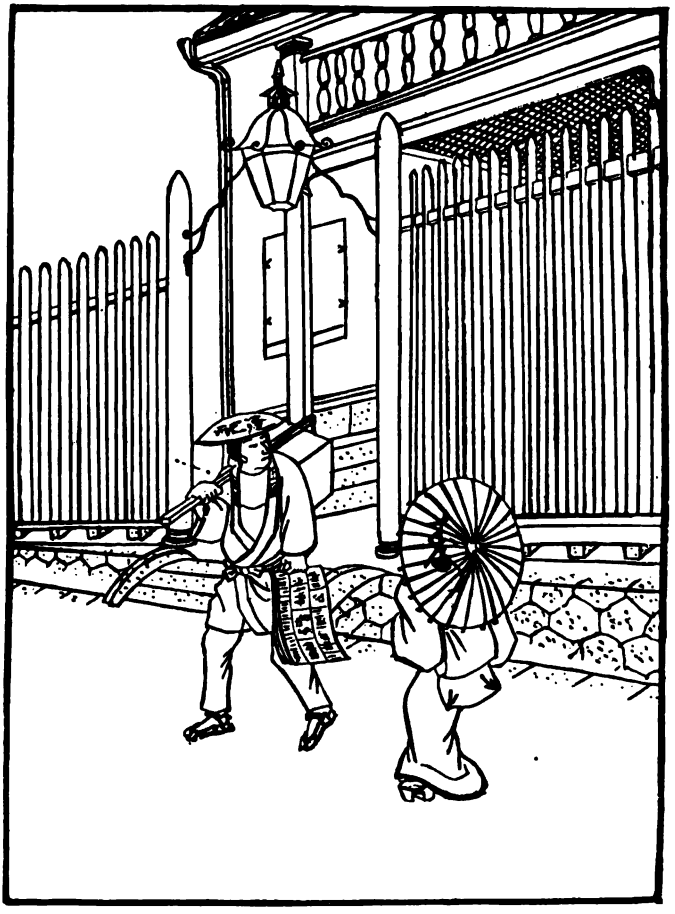
"We are not desirous of going into the business," said Johnnie. "Our countrymen would like to know how you use the lacquer, and we wish to be able to inform them."

"Yes, yes, I understand," was the smiling response. "There are many ways of preparing the liquid. I use principally black and red lacquer — please come with me."

He drew aside a sliding-door, and conducted them into a little apartment, filled with covered tubs containing an acrid-smelling substance, that looked like molasses.

"This is *urushi* (lacquer)," he said. "It is the sap of a tree that is found all through Central Japan, and is obtained by making incisions in the stems and branches. When we desire to make the lacquer black, we add to it a small quantity of water that has stood for several days in a vessel containing

iron-filings and crushed gall-nuts. After this has been well stirred into the lacquer, the latter becomes a glossy black color. When we wish to make red lacquer, we mix the



TOKIO NEWSBOY.

urushi with vermilion and stir it well, then strain it and the article is ready for use. Now come with me."

He took them into a shed-like building, upon the floor of which were a number of workmen lacquering wooden bowls and trays for the American market.

They first of all covered the joints and knots with linen gauze, after which they took their brushes and laid on the lacquer, just as our workmen do shellac. The articles were next placed in boxes lined with wet paper; the *urushi* not drying evenly in the light or in a warm atmosphere.

As soon as the pieces were hard enough, which, their guide told them, often took several days, they were rubbed down with water and powdered charcoal, then relacquered,—the process being many times repeated. Before the final polish is given, the article is decorated with gold paint or inlaid with mother of pearl, then once more relacquered; the last coating being polished with powdered deer's horn.

The common ware, such as this," said the manufacturer, "only has a few coats of *urushi*, while the finer sorts often have from fifty to a hundred. Please come into the next department, and I will show you a beautiful cabinet that I am making for one of our nobles."

They followed him and found the polishers putting the finishing touches to an exquisite work of art. The front panel represented a *daimio* (great Lord of old Japan) presenting one of his clan with a suit of armor. The figures, which were made of hard lacquer and were in bas-relief, were beautifully carved and colored, and the entire panel was a charming specimen of modern Japanese work.

"How do you solidify the lacquer?" asked Sallie.

"We mix it with the white of an egg, and apply it when it is like a thick paste. As soon as it hardens, we carve it as we do ivory. It takes a high polish and is not at all brittle."

"Why did the *daimio* give that *samurai* the suit of armor?" asked Fitz, examining the panel.

"It is a very old story," said the man. "During the wars of the Gen and Hai (red and white chrysanthemum), the

lord of Chiosu sent one of his councillors upon a dangerous expedition, in which he fell into an ambush, had his armor cut to pieces and narrowly escaped with life. Upon his return, the lord sent for him, and, in the presence of the assembled clansmen, gave him a magnificent suit of his armor, saying: 'Wear this forever in token of my appreciation of your valor.'"

"How did he know the apparatus would fit the recipient?" asked Fitz.

"Don't spoil the romance of the story," said Sallie.

Among the decorations of the cabinet was a figure of an aged man, sitting on the bank of a river, fishing.

TAI-KO-BO.

"Who is that old gentleman?" inquired Fitz.

"The illustrious Tai-ko-bo, a Chinese sage," replied the proprietor.

"Is he dead?" said Fitz.

"Yes, he has been dead a long time. He always fished with a straight hook (*smiling.*) Very extraordinary, was it not? You would never guess what he caught."

"Guess he caught a bad cold," was the quick response. "No?—Well, the Chinese do things differently from other folks. They blow starch out of their mouths upon our shirt-bosoms, and iron them with a copper dipper filled with live charcoal."

The man looked puzzled, so Fitz said: "I was referring to the Chinese washermen in the States."

"Please tell us about the sage Tai-ko-bo?" urged Sallie. "You must not notice my brother's remarks."

"I do not," said the lacquer-maker, in a gentle tone. "He is very young and does not venerate the sages. This is what I know about Tai-ko-bo. Although he was a very learned man he was exceedingly poor. He lived in the town of I on the Isui (river I). For a long time he was in the habit of going to fish in the stream, but, instead of using a barbed hook, he tied a piece of straight copper wire to the end of his line, and did not carry any bait. (*Smiling.*) You see I have represented that on the cabinet. People often said to him:

"'Honorable Tai-ko-bo, what do you expect to catch?'

"To which he would reply:

"'A big fish!'

"I should think he was not quite right in his mind," interterposed Fitz.

The man regarded him pityingly, then calmly continued:

"One day Tai-ko-bo's wife came to him and said:

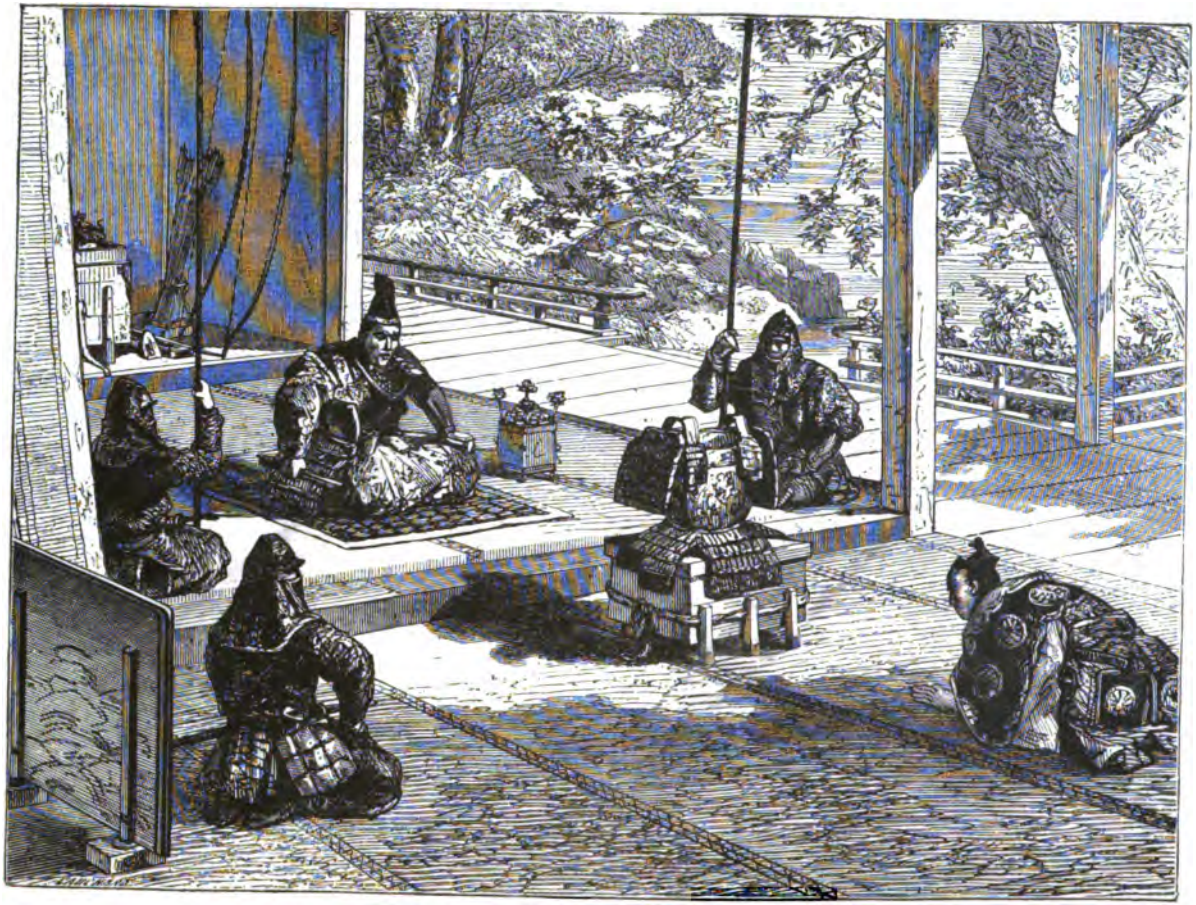
"'Honorable husband, why do you not work and make some money, instead of trying to do what is impossible? You have been fishing here for several years, and have not even caught an *ai* (minnow).'

"'Women never know what is passing in a man's mind,' he replied. 'Wait, I will catch a big fish.'

"She pulled up his line, and on examining the hook became very angry, saying:

"'You have been making fun of me all the time, I will not live with such an idiot. Please divorce me.'

"One morning after Tai-ko-bo had done as she requested, the emperor came by, and seeing the sage, asked what he was about. Tai-ko-bo replied in his usual fashion, whereupon the emperor questioned him, when he said:



DAIMIO PRESENTING A SAMURAI WITH A SUIT OF ARMOR.

"'I am showing the people the wisdom of waiting. I have been five years watching for your Majesty to come this way and to ask me this question. Nothing good is done in a hurry.'

"The emperor talked for a long time with Tai-ko-bo, then took him to his palace and gave him charge of his troops, remarking:

"The general who can wait will always achieve a victory!'

"When Tai-ko-bo was once riding in state, surrounded by his soldiers, he saw an old beggar woman, who, kneeling, requested permission to speak to him. He told her to go to his mansion and await his return.

"After several hours he arrived home, then ordered her to be brought into his presence, and thus addressed her:

"Woman, what do you want of me?'

"'Honorable Tai-ko-bo,' she replied, 'I am your divorced wife. I beg you will have pity upon me and take me back! You are now rich, and I repent ever having given you cause to put me away.'

"He looked at her contemptuously, filled a cup with water and bade her take it, saying:

"'Empty that on the ground!'

"The amazed woman obeyed, and asked:

"Now, great sir, will you receive me back?"

"I will," he sternly answered, "when you can put the water you have spilt back into that cup!"

"How exceedingly interesting," said Sallie. "Thank you very much, sir."

They quitted the shop containing the cabinet, and visited many sheds in which they saw workmen engaged in making ordinary lacquer-ware, such as boxes and bowls.

"Where does all that cheap stuff go to?" asked Johnnie.

"To America and Europe," replied the proprietor. "The Yokohama merchants will buy anything. Our people are more particular and will only purchase goods made of seasoned wood."

The party thanked Mr. Nishi for his kindness, then bade him farewell and proceeded along a street leading to the temple of Kuwannon.

STREET IN ASAKUSA, SUBURBS OF TOKIO.

The houses were thatched and presented a very mean appearance, the inhabitants being poor people who could not afford to keep their habitations in repair.

"The stores in this quarter do not make much of a display," remarked Sallie. "A few cases of *kompeito* (candies), boxes of cakes and packages of dried persimmons, form quite a stock in trade for these dealers."

The street was not very crowded, and no one on it appeared to be in a hurry. A man was leading a horse laden with buckets of fertilizer. A blind shampooer was striking his

stick on the ground and whistling for customers. A little boy was bowing to another child, who was out for an airing with his sister. A wandering *geisha* was tinkling her *samisen*, and the store-keepers were looking on in a listless manner, as though they did not care whether they sold anything or not.

There are miles of such streets in the city of Tokio, and, as every other house is a shop, it is a marvel how the proprietors contrive to get a living.

TENTO (HEAVENLY LAMP).

The young people turned the corner and found themselves in a busy thoroughfare, the sidewalks of which were lined with peddlers vociferously crying their wares.

"What has that fellow got upon his pole?" asked Fitz.

"That is an *omocha-uri* (traveling toy-seller)," said Oto. "Those gaudy objects stuck in the straw on the top of his staff, are for little children. Some are pin-wheels, some flags, and others drums. All our youngsters like to play with those things. See, he is blowing his trumpet to attract customers."

Presently, a small boy with his head partly shaven, advanced in great haste, shouting:

"Give me a drum. I have three *sen* to spend. I want a drum."

The *omocha-uri* ceased his music, lowered his pole, and presenting the collection to the child, said:

"Honorable master-boy, choose which you like. They are all the same price, exactly three *sen* each."

TRAVELLING TOY-SELLER.

The child selected a pin-wheel, paid his money and ran off with his prize, shouting:

"*Hai! hai! hai!* (Look out!)"

A little further on they saw a hideous figure of bronze, placed on the left of the approach to a temple. It represented a demon supporting a lantern on his hand and shoulder.

"That is a *tento* (heavenly lamp), carried by an *oni* (imp)," remarked Oto. "The inhabitants of this quarter erected it there as a mark of gratitude for being spared during the last cholera visitation. It is a very ancient piece of work."

"Why does he not have a twig in his mouth?" demanded Fitz.

"Oh, brother," replied Sallie, "how can the *oni* hold anything in its mouth when it is depicted as screaming. For my part, I think it is too exquisitely grotesque."

"It is too, too utterly homely to suit my taste," mused Fitz. "I think it would make a first-rate scarecrow."

On one of the doors of the temple-gate, was a bronze figure of an ascending dragon, which greatly interested Johnnie.

"What a strange monster it is!" he remarked to Oto. "Do you believe such a thing ever existed?"

"That is a very difficult question to answer," replied their amused friend. "It is something like the sea-serpent, nobody can swear it is a myth, and everybody doubts those who say they have seen it. Still, I believe such creatures once lived on the earth."

"Hullo!" exclaimed Fitz. "Here comes a *ronin*. Look at his hat."

"He is a *cho-cho uri* (paper butterfly seller). See how that boy on the girl's back is dancing up and down and screaming for one of the articles. They are very cleverly made, and will last a long while."

"But what are they for?" demanded Fitz, as they advanced to the man.

"They are toys, and are sometimes used as hairpins. Our maid-servants consider it lucky to wear a butterfly in the month of March."

ASCENDING DRAGON.

They continued their walk until they reached a corner on which a man was seated upon a mat, peddling some curious looking musical instruments.

"That is a *fuye-uri* (whistle seller)," said their friend. "See, there is a blind shampooer going to make a purchase."

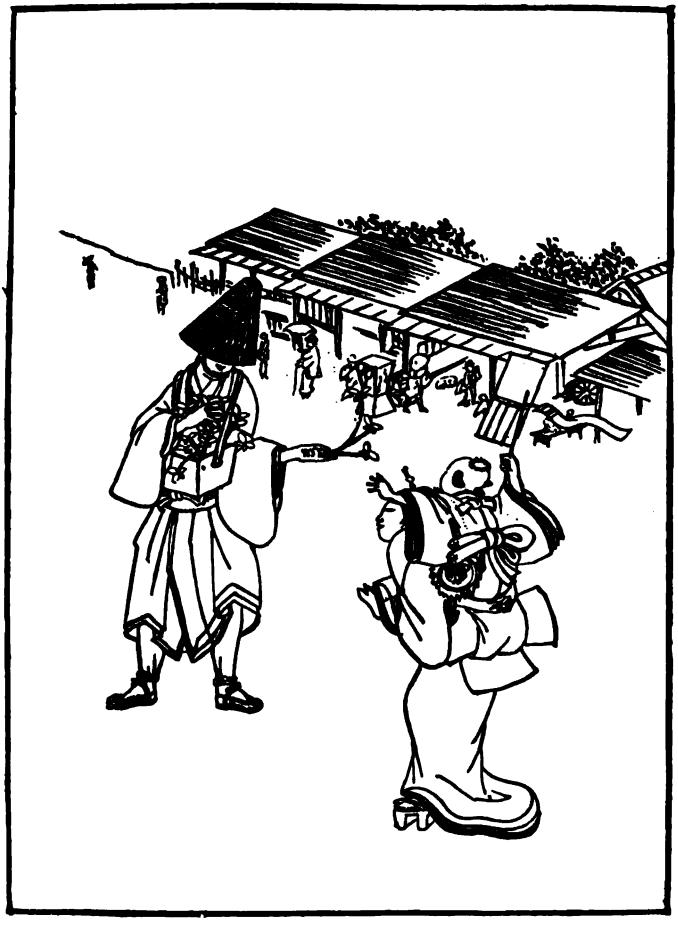
The person referred to, placed his clogged feet wide apart, dropped the butt of his staff on to the ground and said:

"Hullo, Mr. Fuye-uri, how are your wares selling to-day?"

"I have a beautiful one that will just suit you," replied the peddler. "It is only four *sen*."

"I do not want any of your four *sen* trumpery," returned the *amma*, thrusting his hand into his wallet. "Give me the best double-whistle you have in your stock."

The *fuye uri* handed him what he required, then the shampooer tried the article and paid for it. Taking his staff



PAPER-BUTTERFLY SELLER.

in his right hand, he felt his way down the street, threading in and out the crowd as though he could see; every now and then, blowing a succession of melancholy notes upon his whistle.

WHISTLE-SELLER.

"Sallie," said Oto, as they neared the *Kaga-yashiki*, "I must say good morning, I have to go to the *Ginko* (bank).

"Cannot we accompany you?" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied, "but you must be tired. I think it is nearly luncheon time, so vote we postpone our visit until two o'clock."

When they reached home they found Gosuke, Johnnie's *jin-riki-sha* man, sweeping the lawn. Seeing them he bowed low and said:

"Very soon the young grass will be up, and I will cut it so that you can play your ball game (lawn-tennis). No one in the *yashiki* has such a beautiful grass-plot as this. Do you know the reason?"

"No," answered Sallie, who delighted to listen to his stories. "What is the cause?"

Gosuke grinned and said:

"I go every morning and make an offering at the shrine of the god Fox — that is why the grass grows so nicely."

They all smiled, and Sallie remarked:

"I do not think the god Fox has very much to do with it. I should say that you deserve all the credit for keeping the place in such good order."

The man bowed, smiled until he showed all his upper teeth, and, regarding her through his half-closed eyes, answered:

"Of course I do my best, honorable O jo-san (Miss), but, if I did not look after the god Fox, the grass would be as full of dandelions as your neighbor's."

"What a curious superstition," said Johnnie, as they entered the house. "I really think Gosuke believes what he says. You must own, Oto, that your poor people are very credulous."

The young doctor laughed and shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"Why do you do that?" demanded Fitz, throwing himself upon a lounge.

"I cannot help smiling," said Oto. "When I was in the States I saw lots of signs of the persons whom you call clair-

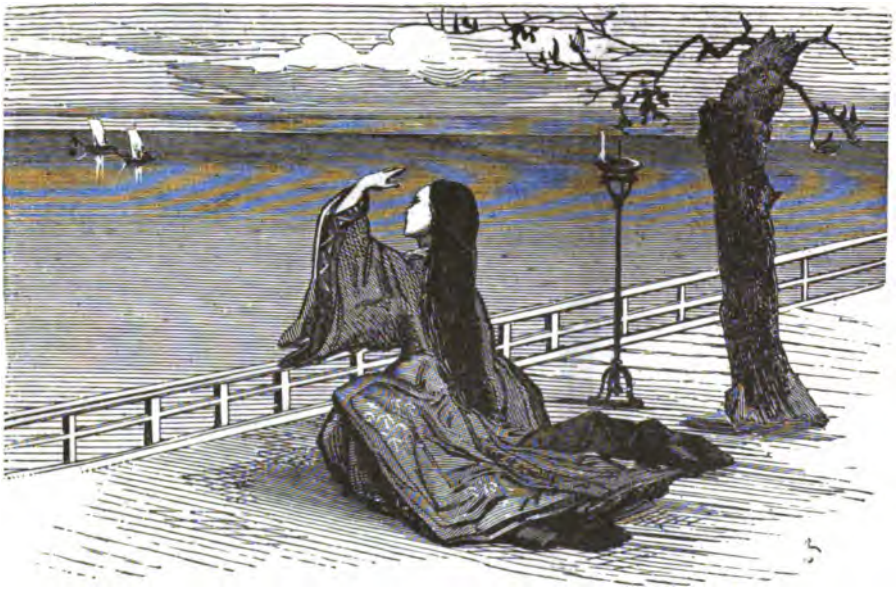
GOSUKE, JOHNNIE'S JIN-RIKI-SHA MAN.

voyants. I think there are a good many credulous people in every country."

After they had refreshed themselves, Sallie went to her room and brought out a picture, which she exhibited to Oto, saying:

"Will you please tell me what this means? My brothers and I have been arguing about it."

"I know," interrupted Fitz. "That young girl has just parted with her admirer, who has gone off in one of those *fune* (junks), and she is waving good-by to him. I told Sallie so, and she will not believe me."



MURA-SAKI-SHIKIBU, A JAPANESE POETESS.

"You are wrong, this time," said Oto. "The lady was a celebrated poetess, named Mura-saki-shikibu. She lived a long while ago, and wrote the story of the Genji."

"Why does she leave her lamp burning when it is daylight?" said Fitz, in an unconvinced tone. "She is not writing, anyhow."

"She shut herself up in a pavilion and completed the poem in a few days," answered Oto. "Being much absorbed in her occupation, she was not conscious that her lamp was

burning long after the sun had risen over the horizon. The picture represents her as saluting the glorious goddess."

"Why did she wear her hair hanging down her back in such an untidy way?" asked the inquisitive boy.

"All poets like to have their locks flowing, when they are composing verses," replied Oto.

Fitz whistled and remarked:

"I told Sallie that the lady was short of hair-pins. I suppose nobody could write poems if they had their hair banged all over, as I used to, when I went to school."

"Fitz, do not be so absurd," said Sallie.

"Boys, are you ready to go to the Ginko?"

They replied in the affirmative, and ordering their *jinriki-sha*, started from the *yashiki*.

When they arrived at their destination, they saw a policeman, in foreign uniform, parading in front of the building. He was a wiry, little fellow, and he carried under his arm a long club of hard wood.

"My gracious!" whispered Fitz. "Don't his clothes fit horribly? His jacket is shirred under the arms, and, oh! do look at his trousers."

The officer, whose mouth had a stern, downward curve, on perceiving Oto, saluted and said:

"My head is all right now, Doctor."

"Have you found the medicine I gave you beneficial?" inquired the young man, as he dismounted from his vehicle.

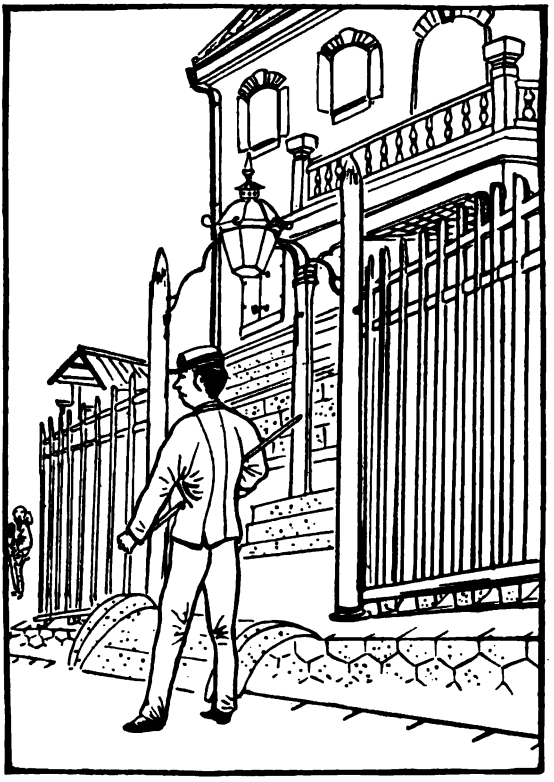
"I presented it to my honorable mother," gravely answered the policeman. "She had rheumatism in her ankles, so, of course, I did not think of myself. I am pleased to tell you that it has completely cured her."

The Jewett boys waited until they got inside the bank building, then yielded to their merriment.

"I shall die! I shall die!" said Fitz. "What did the fellow have the matter with him?"

Oto bit his lips, then said:

"Last week, when the policeman was engaged in sup-



A TOKIO BANK.

pressing a riot, near the Nippon bashi (Great Bridge of Japan), one of the fishermen struck him on the skull with a bamboo and rendered him insensible. He was brought to the hospital and remained two days in my ward. On leaving, I gave him a supply of powders that certainly would not cure the rheumatism. Though those *junsa* know very little about medi-

cine, they are by no means uneducated in other matters, and are very smart officers."

"Yes," said Johnnie, with a nod, "the way they will club a poor coolie and take him into custody is a caution to law-breakers, — the thieves are afraid of them."

"That is more than they are of our policemen," said Sallie. "I do not see much to laugh at in what the man said. He was evidently willing to sacrifice himself for his mother."

They went into a spacious counting-room filled with clerks, busily engaged in making entries in large books of thin Japanese paper.

Oto handed a check to the paying-teller, and received a pile of *kinsatsu* (currency), then, as he counted it, said to his companions:

"Do you want to go over the building? I know one of the chief officials."

His friends said that they would like to see where the money was kept, so Oto led the way upstairs, and introduced them to his acquaintance; who, after saluting them respectfully, said:

"This edifice was erected specially for banking purposes, is fire and burglar-proof, and will stand any ordinary earthquake. It is three stories high, and the lower floor is of solid stone laid in cement."

"Can we see the place where you keep the money?" inquired Johnnie.

The official showed them into several apartments filled with clerks who were working very hard, or pretending to do so, then led the way into the vaults on the first floor. Holding a light above his head, he revealed stacks of *kinsatsu* piled in the recesses.

"Where do you keep your gold and silver?" asked Fitz.

"We have none," was the calm reply. "The Yokohama merchants use specie, while we have not seen any for some time."

"What?" said Johnnie, producing a bank bill. "Do you really mean to say that you could not give me silver or gold for this if I very much wanted it."

"We could not," said the official. "There is not a bank in Tokio that could do it. A few years ago your banks were just as unable to redeem their notes."

"When will you resume specie payments?" demanded the boy.

The gentleman sighed, shook his head and said:

"Nobody knows. So long as the people will take this paper money, everything will go right; but if they were to refuse it, all the banks would break, and the nation would be irretrievably bankrupted."

The official explained the system of keeping the books, then invited the visitors to partake of refreshments. On parting with them he said:

"I would like to spend a few years in your honorable country. I read your newspapers, and know all about Wall Street. We are now establishing a Stock Exchange and Clearing House, after the American model."

They bade him adieu, and, as they entered their *jin-riki-sha*, Oto said:

"The next time I have a holiday the cherry trees will be in bloom. You know the old saying: 'If you want a beautiful perfume go to the *ume* (plum blossom). But when you behold the glorious *sakura* (cherry) you forget that it is scentless.'"

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE JAPANESE MAKE CHINESE INK.

"I opened my window, this morning, and beheld the distant mountains a mass of dazzling white.

"Happily, instead of unseasonable snow, the beautiful appearance was caused by the blossoming of the *sakura* (cherry) trees."

FOUR *jin-riki-sha* were standing at the door of *He-yaku-ban* (Number one hundred) *Kaga Yashiki*, and the four men were chatting to each other after the manner of their class.

"I agree with you, Choso," said big Gosuke, "our master-boys are very inquisitive, there is no denying that. They are not satisfied with one question, but must needs ask fifty upon every subject."

"My young mistress is the angel," said old Sobei. "She is always kind, and is constantly giving me extra fees. I tell her that I have an honorable mother to support, when she presents me with a few *sen* for my parent. Of course I spend them on *saké*."

"*Yeh!*" said Gosuke. "You are a mean fellow to deceive the beautiful little O Sallie Sama. Although I like a cup of *saké*, I would not obtain it by such means. It is fellows like yourself who get us *jin-riki-sha* men a bad name."

Sobei grinned, and, making a gesture of caution, said:

"Here come our employers."

As he spoke, Sallie, Fitz, Johnnie, and Oto came out of the house, and the former said:

"Boys, I propose that we let our *jin-riki-sha* follow us

to-day. This beautiful, balmy air is perfectly charming, and I think we can walk to Mukojima."

Johnnie and Oto gave their orders to the men, then the young lady and her three attendants bade adieu to the Professor and Mrs. Jewett, and quitted the compound.

As they approached the great gate-way, they heard the tinkling of a *samisen*, and beheld two *komusu* (vagabond musicians) seated upon a piece of matting.

STROLLING MUSICIANS.

On seeing the party, the younger of the *komusu*, a very fat child of fourteen, folded her hands and began to sing in a shrill falsetto, while her mother occasionally added a quavering note, and accompanied the vocalist upon the *samisen*.

The friends stopped and listened to the dismal wailing, seeing which the child opened her mouth to its fullest extent and redoubled her efforts to please her audience.

"Why do you have that book of words before you?" inquired Sallie. "You never look at it."

The *komusu* bowed until their heads touched the mat, then the woman said:

"Honorable lady, all our celebrated *geisha* use a book in that way, we only follow their example."

"They are just like our celebrated singers," said Fitz to Oto. "When Sallie sang at the church fair she held her music upside down, — a lot of good it was to her."

"Please hush, Fitz Jewett," exclaimed his sister. "I do not want you to tell on me."

"Oh! Sallie, you know it is true," he answered. "When I spoke about it, you said your music teacher always did the same. I think you need not criticize that poor little *komusu*," adding, slily, "Isn't her costume utter? It is covered with sun-flowers."

"Would you like to see my daughter perform the *tokoyami* (Uzume's dance)?" inquired the woman, as she picked up the coins that the boys threw upon the mat.

"Yes, go ahead," said Fitz. "If she does it well, we will give her ten *sen*."

This delighted the child, who rose, produced a cluster of copper bells, fastened to a handle, and began to dance and sing:

"*Hito, futa, miyo,*
Itsu, muyu, nana,
Ya, koko-no tari,
Momo, chi, yorodzu."
(One, two, three, four,
Five, six, seven,
Eight, nine, ten,
Hundred, thousand, ten thousand.

"I know that song," said Johnnie. "Professor W. E. Griffis has quoted it in three ways, first giving the numerals, then this:

"Ye gods, behold the cavern doors!
Majesty appears — hurra!
Our hearts are quite satisfied;
Behold my charms."

"Have you ever seen his 'Japanese Fairy World?'" asked Oto.

"Yes, indeed," replied Sallie. "All of us have read the book a dozen times. His 'Mikado's Empire' gave us our first correct idea about your country."

"I know the Professor very well," said Oto. "I had the happiness of being one of his pupils."

The little *komusu* twirled round and round, jingled her bells, and pretended to wave a *gohei*, then suddenly flinging a handkerchief off her shoulder, sank upon the mat, bowed, and said:

"I am waiting for your honorable approval."

They gave her some more money and passed through the gate; nodding to the old *mom-ban*, who saluted them respectfully and said:

"It gladdens me to see such handsome young people."

"Why is the goddess Uzume always pictured with a fat face?" inquired Johnnie.

"I suppose because she was very good-tempered," replied Oto. "She lived long before the invention of photography, so I reckon her portrait is not a correct one."

"It is about as much like her as the picture of Adam is like the first man," said Fitz. "Both of them are near enough, anyhow."

They walked until they came to a street corner, where a *geta-naoshi* (clog-cobbler) was squatting on a piece of old matting, busily employed mending some clogs. On his right was a barrel, bearing the inscription *yo-sui* (water stored), sur-

UZUME DANCING THE TOKOYAMI.

mounted by a plank and a bucket. Upon his left was a portable box, containing a little saw and other tools. He was a lean, melancholy-featured youth, and even when he spoke did not look at them.

"Can you tell us the way to Rogetsu *cho* (street)?" inquired Oto.

"First turning to the right," mumbled the man, continuing his occupation.

CLOG-COBBLER.

"For what is that barrel of water?" demanded Johnnie.

"To use in case of fire," was the unmoved response. "I thought every child knew that."

They left him tapping at the clog and singing to himself in a peculiar manner.

"He is a surly fellow," said Fitz.

"No, he is bashful," said Sallie. "He is not used to addressing foreigners and he felt timid."

"Pooh!" said Fitz. "It is not bashfulness, it is ill temper."

They easily found the street and the shop of a man named Maru-naka, who came out to welcome them and saluting Oto, said:

"How is my little boy, honorable doctor?"

"Tsuna is progressing finely, and will be home with you in a week or so," answered the young man. "He is most patient and everybody likes him very much. I have brought my friends, for you to show them how you make Indian ink. I suppose you have no objection to doing so."

The manufacturer sucked in his breath, bowed and said:

"There is nothing I would not do for the honorable Doctor Nambo. Please come in, and I will explain everything to your friends."

They slipped off their shoes, and stepping upon the matted floor of the front shop, squatted in Japanese fashion. Maru-naka offered Oto a light for his pipe and ordered a boy to bring his visitors some tea.

"Why do you put on your sign 'Manufacturer of fine Nara ink?'" asked Johnnie.

The man smiled, bowed and said:

"What are the names of the two principal cities in America?"

"New York is our chief city," answered Fitz; "but the name of the next depends on where you come from. A Boston boy says Boston. A Philadelphian gives the name of his own city, and a Chicago lad does the same."

The man regarded him with a puzzled air, then said:

"We will suppose that your best ink is made in New York."

"It is not," returned Fitz.

"We will suppose it is," gently repeated the man. "Now,

would not a Boston maker put on his sign 'New York ink made here'?"

"Well, he might," returned the lad. "Now I understand the meaning of your announcement. People think more of your article because you advertise it as Nara ink. Yes, we do that sort of thing in the States. New York restaurateurs put on their signs 'Boston baked beans.'"

The man smiled and taking a number of boxes from the shelves surrounding the store, exhibited cakes of ink ranging in value from one *rin* (mill) to ten *yen* (dollars).

JIURO, GOD OF LEARNING.

"This is from Nara," he said, showing them a small, closely grained specimen; "it is very fine, and is stamped with the figure of Jiu-ro the patron of scholars. I once had some Chinese ink that I sold for twenty-five *yen* a cake. It smelt like the breath of the gods."

He replaced the boxes on the shelves and bowing, said:

"Now if you are rested, I will show you over my manufactory."

As the proprietor led the way to the rear of the building, Fitz eagerly inquired:

"Do you use anything in your business which is liable to affect us injuriously? Last month I went to see the lacquer-workers, and was so badly poisoned that my head swelled to twice its natural size, and I had a rash come out all over me."

"Mine is a very delightful business compared with lacquer-

making," said the man, drawing aside a paper door. "Please follow me."

The party entered a large, barn-like apartment, on the floor of which a score of men, women, boys and girls were seated, stirring black-looking paste in large copper bowls set in hot water-baths.

"Jemmy!" cried Fitz. "What a peculiar odor."

"That comes from the ox-skin glue," said Maru-naka. "We make our ink from the very best sesamum-oil lamp-black. This we mix with liquid glue in these hot water-baths and stir the mass until a stick will stand upright in it. We perfume the very expensive kinds with musk and Chinese scents, and sometimes add carthamine (safflower dye) to it. You will observe that as soon as the mass is thick enough, it is scraped out of the bowls, placed in tubs and sent into the next department."

"My goodness! how black everybody is!" ejaculated Sallie. "Will they ever get themselves clean?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the proprietor, "they go to the public bath every night. The ink does not hurt them at all. Please come this way."

They followed him into another shed where they saw men, women and children making the ink into cakes.

"See," said their guide, taking two wooden moulds and a spatula, "I fill each of these with the soft paste, press them together, lift off the upper half, knock the compressed cake into my left hand, and you behold the finished article."

"How do you dry it?" inquired Johnnie.

The manufacturer showed them a large copper dish sunk in the floor, filled with sheets of very coarse, straw paper, on which rested hundreds of the moist cakes of ink.

"This is our oven," he said. "As soon as it is full we put

on the metal lid, take hot ashes from the fire, place them on it, and lute the edges of the vessel with wet clay. In a few hours the ink is as hard as iron and ready to be painted or gilt."

Maru-naka asked them to accompany him to a fourth apart-

SINGING-GIRL VISITING HER FRIENDS.

ment, where they found his wife and children decorating the sticks of ink with gold and colors.

At the further end of the room sat a young woman playing a *samisen*. Upon seeing the boys she placed her instrument on the floor and glanced bashfully downward, then taking up her long pipe, lighted it and smoked rapidly.

"That is my wife's sister, O Hana (Miss Flower)," whispered their host. "She is a very celebrated *geisha*, and sometimes comes here to charm us. Would you like to hear her sing?"

"Thank you very much," said Sallie, "but I am afraid we

have already trespassed too long on your time. Will you kindly tell us what colors you employ in decorating your ink?"

"We generally use vegetable paint," he said. "It is merely to make it attractive to the eye."

"What building is that represented on your screen?" asked Johnnie.

"The temple of Dai Butsu at Nara. I made a pilgrimage there last year which has given me a great reputation in the trade."

"Why do you stamp your goods with Chinese characters?" said Fitz. "If I were you I would put my own name on them."

"Then they would never sell," was the frank reply. "I mark some of the cakes 'sweetly perfumed flower of the plum-tree," and others with the seals of the great Chinese and Nara makers."

"We should call that forgery," said Johnnie. "Do the Chinese and the Nara men never complain of you?"

Maru-naka shook his head and naïvely replied:

"They do not know anything about it. Do your honorable people never make things and call them Japanese?"

"I guess they do," said Fitz. "You are not the only man who puts another person's trade-mark on his goods."

"We all do it," was the innocent rejoinder. "I have made the pilgrimage to Nara, therefore consider I am entitled to stamp that name on my ink."

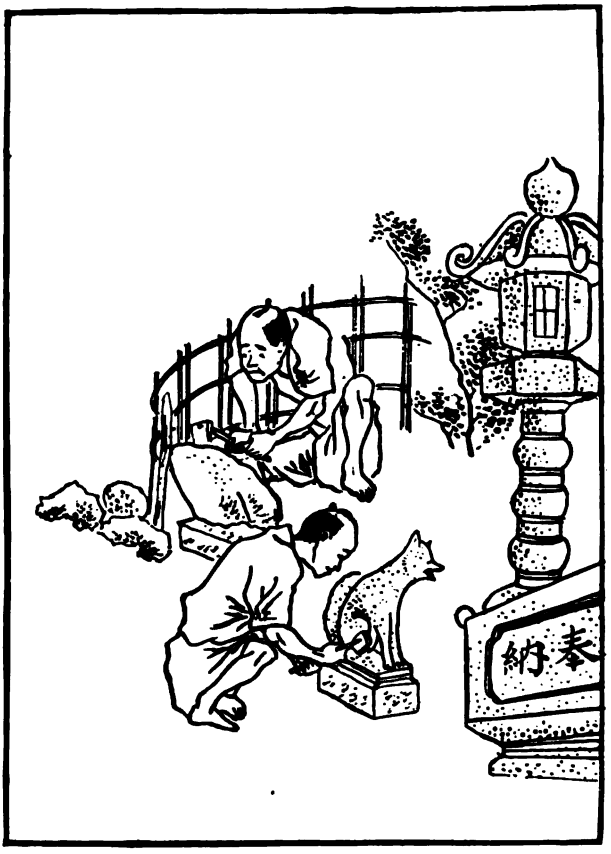
"Listen," said Sallie; "what noise is that?"

"This is the eighth day of the fourth month," said Maru-naka. "It is the festival of *O Shaka no Tanjiyo* or *Kuwan Butsu-ye* (washing of the holy child, Shaka.) Would you like to witness it?"

"We admire to see anything that is comical," said Fitz.

"Oh, brother! brother!" whispered Sallie. "Do not talk that way."

"I don't believe in Shaka," said the ink manufacturer. "I



STONE-CUTTERS.

am a Shintoist. If you like, you can go through my garden to the temple."

The boys thanked him for his courtesy, then the friends quitted the premises and walked through a garden into the enclosure in which stood the sacred edifice.

At the side of the building they saw some masons at work making tombstones and other monuments.

"Why is that slab marked *Hono* (presented to)?" asked Sallie.

"That is ready for any person's name," said Oto. "Do look at that beautiful stone lantern; is it not charmingly proportioned?"

"Yes — it is not a badly-made *toro*," said Fitz. "See the *ishi-ya* (stone-cutter) putting the finishing touches to that granite fox. I suppose it is for some shrine."

The workman paused in his occupation, and, turning to the boy, bowed and said:

"This, *O bos-an*, is for exportation. We make lots of such things to send to America. I hear your honorable people have begun to worship the god-fox."

"Then you know more than we do," said Sallie. "My countrymen only regard them as curiosities."

"Do you hear that, Sachi?" said the stone-cutter, addressing his mate.

The man bowed, and looking up at Fitz, inquired:

"Honorable young master-boy, do you want to buy a tombstone?"

"Do I look as though I did?" was the laughing response.

"You may soon require one," was the grim retort. "It is a good thing to purchase such a thing when you are young."

"Will you not trim the sides of that stone and round off the top?" said Johnnie.

"No. Such tablets are no longer fashionable," said the man. "A few years ago we used to cut them as you describe, now it is considered more proper to have them irregular, just as they did in the olden times."

"I understand," said the merry boy. "You have a fashion in tombstones as well as in everything else."

They quitted the *ishi-ya* and proceeded to a *keidai* (enclosure) in front of the building, discovered a temporary *do* (shrine), erected in the courtyard. On a stand in this edifice was a lotus, supporting a canopy representing the *Ten-gai* (heavenly hat), beneath which was a copper figure of Shaka, standing in a lotus-shaped bowl.

At each corner of the structure were vases filled with *na* (yew) flowers, and in front of it was a *koro* (incense burner) and a lighted candle.

A crowd swarmed about the edifice, and every now and then a worshipper would take a *his-hia-ku* (small bamboo dipper) filled with *hama-cha* (tea sweetened with *kanzo* (liquorice) or *kosui* (scented water made of incense) and pour the liquid over the figure of Shaka, while the lookers-on bowed and repeated the prayer:

"*Namu Amida Butsu.*"

As the party were watching the scene, a *bozu*, carrying in his left hand a bucket containing a little figure of Shaka, and in his right a fan, quitted the group and started for the main gate, shouting:

"Won't you buy my *hama-cha* to wash my Shaka?"

"He peddles the sweet tea," said Oto. "People who are sick and cannot come to the temples, buy of him and bathe the little image he carries. This festival is really in commemoration of the birth of Buddha and is equivalent to your Christmas Day. We have a saying:

"'*K'am-butsu-ya*
Medetaki koto ni
Tera mairi.'

(At the bathing of Buddha, as on an occasion of mirthful congratulation, we go to the temple.)"

CEREMONY OF WASHING THE INFANT BUDDHA.

"I understand the hidden joke," said Sallie. "It means, that under ordinary circumstances, one does not joyfully go to the temple, but on this occasion the visit is one of real pleasure."

They quitted the place, and on arriving at the main gate, were surrounded by old women and poor priests peddling the *hama-cha* and *na* flowers.

"Won't you take some home for your honorable mother?" said a *bozu*, who squinted horribly, pushing himself before Fitz. "This *hama-cha* is very good for diseases of the eye."

He was so importunate that the boy turned to him and said,—

"If your *hama-cha* is what you say, why do you not use some of it?"

His rebuff caused the *bozu* to grimace, and made the other vendors shout derisively.

"Here are our *jin-riki-sha*," said Oto; "are you not tired of walking? I am. Where would you like to go now, shall we take a ride in the suburbs before visiting Mukojima?"

"We are willing," answered the Jewetts.

They entered their vehicles and were soon far from the temple, in a district occupied by lumber merchants.

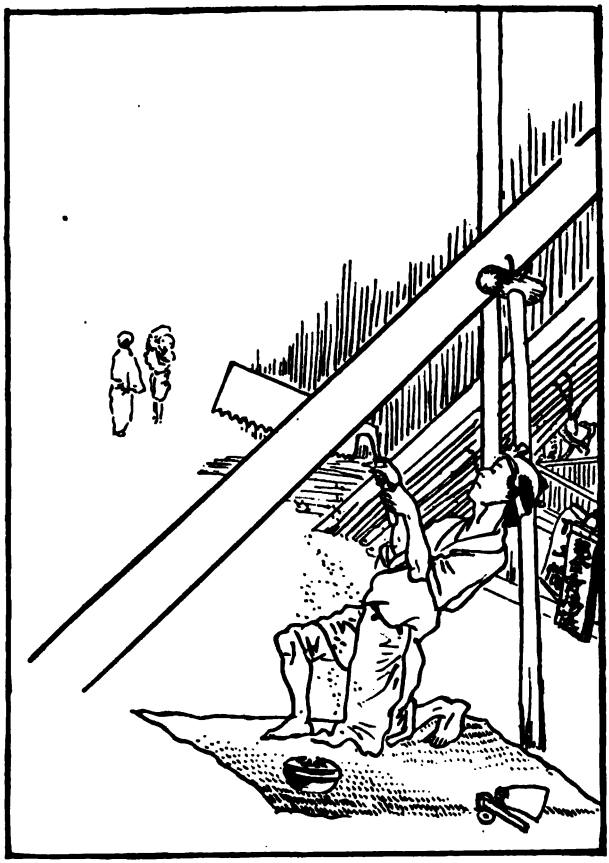
"Oh! do look at that *ko-bi-ki*" (sawyer), said Fitz, waving them to stop.

The man referred to was kneeling on a piece of old matting sawing a log of timber into planks. He pulled the instrument toward him and labored so hard, that Johnnie said,—

"Why don't you buy an American saw? It would go through that timber like a hot knife through butter."

The man paused in his work, took up his pipe-case and tobacco-pouch that were lying near, and, stirring the ashes in a fire-bowl, lighted his pipe, puffed the smoke through his nostrils, and said:—

"Every man to his taste. Life is not long enough to learn two ways of sawing when one will do. I have a family to support and cannot afford to try experiments."



SAWYER AT WORK.

Behind him were his account-books, marked respectively "cash," and "orders."

"You see, I do a good business," he continued. "I know a man who was foolish enough to buy one of your saws. The first day he used it, it broke and nearly killed him. You do not catch me following his example."

He resumed his work, and when the boys left him he was rasping away and uttering a grunting noise at every stroke.

Upon reaching the suburbs they passed along some rice swamps, in which laborers were wading and sowing the grain. The fellows regarded them with comical amazement, and made sly remarks to one another concerning the boys' appearance.

"Have you never seen foreigners before?" inquired Oto.

"Yes," said the farmer, pausing in his occupation. "I always grin when I look at your honorable friends, they are so much like monkeys."

"Thank you," said Fitz.

"Oh, you speak our language, do you?" said the astonished man, bowing until his head almost touched the mud. "Honorable Sir, I beg you a hundred thousand pardons."

"I will forgive you, this time," was the merry response. "Why do you sow the rice in such a wet place?"

"The moisture makes it sprout," answered the man. "It lies in the nice, rich mud until the sun warms it, when it comes up all green and beautiful, and we transplant it."

After partaking of refreshments at a little wayside tea-house, they re-entered their *jin-rika-sha* and soon arrived at Mukojima, (the island beyond the river).

The road by the side of the Sumida-gawa was bordered with beautiful cherry trees, that arched overhead and were laden with masses of pink and white double flowers. It was a sight that made the Americans shout with delight.

"Oh! is not this lovely?" cried Sallie.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Johnnie.

"Splendid!" said Fitz. "Wouldn't I like to be here when the cherries are ripe?"

"These trees do not bear fruit," quietly remarked Oto.

"I call that mean," growled Fitz. "Blooms like that ought to be followed by cherries as big as oranges."

FARMERS PLANTING RICE, SUBURBS OF TOKIO.

"Our double cherry trees do not bear fruit," said Sallie. "I shall never forget this scene as long as I live."

They wandered up and down the flower-decked avenue

SINGING-GIRL AND HER SERVANT.

until sunset and watched the crowd of Japanese visitors, who, like themselves, enjoyed the glorious sight.

As they returned to their *jin-riki-sha*, they met a handsomely dressed girl, who wore an *obi* of bright brocade and who was attended by a servant carrying a *samisen* wrapped in a purple cloth.

"That is *geisha* O Momo, *to kodzukai*" (singing girl Miss Peach and her servant) said Oto. "She is going to entertain a party in one of the great restaurants of the tea gardens. Would you like to hear her?"

"Not for me," said Fitz. "Your *geisha* are like the cherry trees, very beautiful to look at, but they have no other charms for us."

"Now I must leave you," said Oto. "Next time we go out together, I will take you to see how our people make fans. *Saionara.*"

CHAPTER V.

AT A FAN-MAKER'S.

"In the first week of May we go to Kame-do to see the lovely *fuji no hana* (wistaria blossoms).
Later on we visit the temple of Eko, in Matsu-zaka cho, to witness the wrestling."

"OH, Sallie!" cried Fitz, one morning in May, "here's a letter from our friend, the most honorable and learned Doctor Oto Nambo, of the Imperial Hospital, announcing that his exalted excellency will illuminate us with ——"

"Please do not tease me," pleaded Sallie. "What does Oto say?"

"He informs his distinguished foreign friends, meaning ourselves, that he will be here at eight o'clock, sharp, to accompany us upon a day's sight-seeing. Hurry up, Sallie Jewett, let us have breakfast and be ready to start when he arrives."

Soon after the meal was finished, Oto made his appearance, and when the Jewetts had consulted their parents, they set out with him for a good long walk.

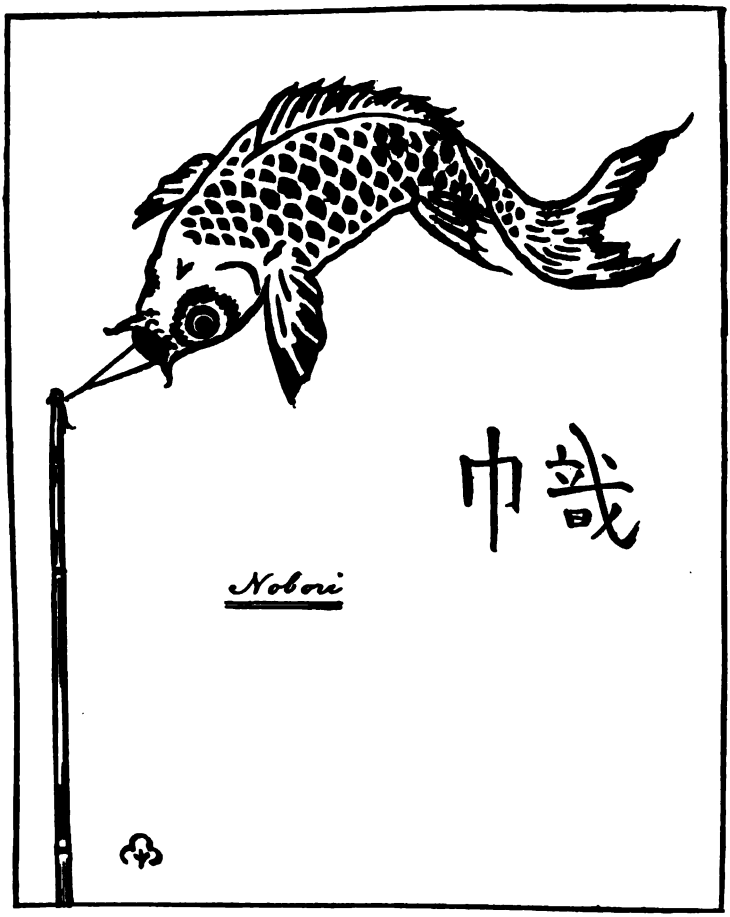
"I want to go down to see a patient near the Uyeno pond," said the young doctor. "Do you mind going that way, Sallie?"

"Not at all," she answered. "We have the whole day before us."

They passed out through the lower gate of the *yashiki* and descended the road leading around the artificial sheet of water, from whence issued the constant burring and chirping of myriads of frogs.

"What are those paper fish for?" asked Johnnie, pointing to some objects fluttering from poles erected above the houses. "They move in a very life-like manner."

"Those are *nobori* (paper carp). Do not you know that



this is *Hatsu-nobori* (the feast of flags) and everybody who has a baby boy hoists a *koi* in his honor."

"Is that so?" said Fitz. "This week I have noticed thou-

sands of them flying in every part of the city. Do they never put them up for girls?"

"They are symbols of vaulting ambition and of a desire that the child shall make a noise in the world," quietly replied Oto. "Therefore they are not hoisted in honor of young ladies."

"I tell you they will be, if we adopt the custom," said Fitz. "Some of our girls are just as ambitious to be seen and heard by the world as our boys. Why, many of those *koi* (carp) are twenty feet long. I think it would be splendid fun to buy two of them and hoist them over our house."

"But you are not Japanese," said Sallie.

"Your brothers are almost Nipponese," laughingly observed Oto. "I don't see why Fitz should not have his *nobori*. He is ready to surmount any difficulty and face any sort of danger."

"You may rest assured I am going to have the biggest fish in Tokio," said Fitz. "How I like to see them flutter and wave about in the air. Would not they be just splendid for the boys at home to hoist on the Fourth of July?"

"What is that man peddling?" asked Sallie, pointing to a person who was offering some gaily painted toys to a young lady.

"He is a *ha-go-ita-uri* (battledore-seller). Our girls are very fond of playing with the *ha-go-ita*. They either use a silk-covered ball or a shuttle made of hard wood and feathers."

"Why does the girl hold her sleeve before her mouth?" inquired Sallie.

"That is genteel," answered Oto. "She does not like to appear familiar with a common person, so she covers the lower part of her face with the sleeve of her *kimono*."

"Those battledores are quite pretty, they have raised figures on them," remarked Sallie.

Oto purchased one of the toys and presented it to her, saying, —

"Keep this, O Sallie Sama, and, when you go home, put it up in your room to remind you of our May-walk. Do you

BATTLEDORE-SELLER.

recollect, when I was in New England we went out to gather May-flowers?"

"Yes, and had our fingers frost-bitten," said Johnnie. "You were the only one of the party who did not grumble about the cold."

"It is no use quarrelling with the weather," he replied, in a gentle voice. "After all, I think this time in the year, the climate of Tokio is preferable to that of Cromlech."

ROUND-FAN SELLER.

Oto visited his patient and learned from him the address of a man who had a fan-factory on the hill above.

They ascended to the place, and saw, outside the house, a lad selling *uchiwa* (round fans), commonly used by ladies.

"He is the son of Tonosuke, the proprietor," said Oto. "Hear him talk to that young woman."

"My father's fans are the finest made in Tokio," said the boy. "We use the very best bamboo, and extra qualities of paste and paper, and employ the most accomplished artists. This fan will not only be exceedingly useful to you, but will complete your costume, as its colors exactly harmonize with those of your *obi*" (girdle).

The customer simpered, paid him for the article and retired, examining her purchase. When she was out of sight, the boy said to Oto, —

"Honorable doctor, my father is expecting you. Please go into the shop and I will summon him."

They put off their shoes and did as he requested; seating themselves in a neatly matted apartment which commanded a view of two streets.

While the lad was gone to call his father, the visitors watched a *uyekiya* (flower-seller) who had set up his stand on the side-walk.

"I would like to buy that young maple-tree," said Sallie. "I wonder whether he would carry it to the *Kaga yashiki*."

When Johnnie asked him, the man paused in the occupation of sprinkling his stock with a curious bottle-shaped watering-pot, and replied in a shrill falsetto, —

"Yes, honorable Sir, I will carry it up at once. Is there anything else you would like?"

"How much will you take for your entire collection?" demanded Fitz.

The florist looked puzzled, and answered, —

"I have not a *soroban* (counting-board) with me. I think I can let you have all these plants for five *yen*."

"I will give you four," said Fitz, handing him a card,

inscribed with his address in Japanese. "Carry them to our home and wait until we return."

It was amusing to see the rapid manner in which the *uyekiya* transferred his flowers to baskets and packed up his

FLOWER-PEDDLER.

portable stand. Within two minutes he had shouldered the load and was out of sight.

"What does that picture on the wall represent?" asked Sallie.

"That is a very good painting of *Kotoro-Kotoro*," (catching the child).

"But the children are dressed like Chinese," said the girl.

"Yes, that game came from China," answered Oto. "Our

KOTORO-KOTORO. CATCHING THE CHILD.

artists always paint Chinese children engaged in that amusement. Old and young Japanese play it during this month and the next."

"Tell us about it," urged Fitz.

"It is a very simple game," said Oto. "One boy agrees to be father and the other to be an *oni* (demon). The rest of the children form a line by grasping the back of each other's *obi* (girdles), which are tied very tightly, and range themselves behind the father. The demon does his best to catch the last of the row, and the father swings his family just as a serpent waves its body, and, whenever the *oni* rushes at the last boy endeavors to intercept the demon and forces him back. Finally, when the *oni* touches the child, he takes the place in the line, as the last boy, and the father becomes the demon."

"We call that 'switch the whip,'" said Fitz. "No grown-up person in America ever indulges in such sport."

As he spoke, Tonosuke, who was an old man, entered the room, and bowing to Oto, said, —

"Honorable doctor, I am indeed proud to see you and your honorable friends from afar.

"Have you used the plaster I gave you?" inquired young Nambo.

Tonosuke looked sheepishly up at the ceiling, and murmured, "Yes, I — I — have used it."

"Come, tell me," said Oto, "what do you mean?"

At first their host would not reply, however, he presently said, —

"My family have, for many years, owned a most beautiful and powerful image of *Fuku-roku-jin* and his attendant the longevity-stork. A few weeks ago this god began to split, and the fracture gradually extended from the crown of his venerable

head to his toes. When I came home from the hospital, I knelt and made an offering to him, and, as I did so, noticed that he was growing worse. That plaster ——"

Then he paused and glanced downward, as though afraid of confessing what he had done.

IMAGE OF LONGEVITY GOD, AND HIS ATTENDANT, THE STORK.

"Go on," said Oto, kindly. "You put it on your back as I instructed you?"

"No, most honorable doctor," murmured the man; "I did not, — I put it on the god. Would you believe it, in two days the fissure healed, and now the amiable deity is as sound as he was the day he had his eyes opened."

This speech proved too much for Fitz, who snickered so audibly that the fan-maker said, —

"Honorable Sir, you may feel inclined to laugh, but indeed I am not telling you a foolish thing. I am very proud to

testify to the virtues of the learned Dr. Nambo's honorable plaster."

The merry boy walked to the front of the apartment, and, leaning his head against one of the posts supporting the roof, laughed until the tears trickled down his cheeks.

While he was thus employed, Sallie said to the fan-maker, "You must please excuse my brother, he is very young."

Tonosuke nodded, and answered in a soft, dreamy manner, as though thinking aloud, —

"Yes, yes, he is very young. I thank the benevolent Fuku-roku-jin that I have an honorable mother who taught me to respect him and all the gods." Then, turning to his visitors, he added, "Now will you please come this way?"

"My goodness!" said Fitz, wiping his eyes and mastering his merriment with a great effort. "This old fellow will kill me. Oto, next winter we will send for some of your honorable plasters, to use as weather-strips on our windows. They would be fine things to take home and keep until the cold weather, when the water-pipes burst, —— save plumbers' bills."

"Oh, Fitz! do stop," pleaded his sister, glancing at their amused friend. "You must not mind him, Oto."

They followed Tonosuke into a building on the floor of which were squatted a crowd of men, women, boys and girls, actively employed in sawing, splitting, and boring bamboos for fan-frames.

"These are to make *uchiwa*" (round fans), said the proprietor. "They have been manufactured in Japan for over a thousand years." Calling a sawyer to him: "Show my foreign visitors how quickly you can cut a bamboo into lengths."

The workman took a long rod, squatted on the ground, and

proceeded to use a small saw with such vigor, that, in less than a minute, he had divided the bamboo into a dozen sticks, each of which had a joint in the middle.

CHARMING ANTS.

Tonosuke then motioned another workman to him, and said, "Show my honorable visitors how rapidly you can split this."

"Show my honorable visitors how rapidly you can split this."

The man bowed, squatted before them, took one of the sticks in his left hand, and grasping a chopping-knife in his right, drove it into the upper end of the section of bamboo, splitting it as far as the joint, he then worked the stick round in his hand, as he did so repeating his cuts until it was severed into a bunch of splints.

Another artizan seized the fan-stick, and, drilling a hole just below the point, inserted a piece of bamboo, shaped like a bow, tapering at both ends.

"Now," said their host, "please come with me into the next apartment."

As the visitors passed through a little covered veranda, they saw Tonosuke's wife fixing a piece of paper to one of the posts, while his son was shouting to some ants that were crawling along the board.

"What are you doing?" inquired Sallie, "and why is your boy so excited?"

"I am putting up this *are yoke*" (ant-charm), she quietly replied, smiling as she spoke.

"Ant-charm!" ejaculated Fitz, advancing and reading the inscription on the paper: "'*Ichi uin maye, jiu roku mon*' (from each traveller sixteen cash). What does that do to the ants?"

The woman simpered, and her son bashfully hid himself behind a flower-pot; so the fan-maker came to their assistance and said, "Everybody knows the ant is a hard-working, thrifty insect that dislikes to put out its money. That demand for a toll of sixteen cash prevents them from going any further."

"How do the ants know what it means? They cannot read," bluntly demanded the irrepressible.

Tonosuke scratched his ear and rubbed his forehead, then sucked in his breath and replied:

"I never thought of that. This is the way to the place where we cover the fan-frames."

As they followed him, he said, in a comical aside:

"Oh, dear! what dreadful hard questions that *O bos-an* asks me, I wonder whether all Americans are like him."

He pushed back a sliding door and ushered his guests into a workshop, much like the first, in which men and women of all ages were squatted behind heavy blocks of wood, that served as benches.

"This is our finishing department," politely remarked Tonosuke. "I will myself show you how to put the paper on a fan-frame."

He motioned one of the women to quit her work-bench, then squatted behind it, took a prepared bamboo stick, and once more bowing, said:

"Honorable visitors, you will observe that the upper part of this is cut into fine splints, and that below the joint is inserted a bamboo bow. I press the ribs on to this block, and you see they are spread out flat like your extended fingers. I next take a paper string and after fastening it to one end of the bow, thread it in and out of the splints and secure it on the other end. That done I place this colored fan-paper upon the block, paste it and both sides of the ribs, above the thread, and lay the frame upon the paper-covering on the block. I now take another paper," (suiting the action to the word,) "put it on the back of the fan, rub it vigorously with my hand, seize these scissors, trim the article into the proper shape, and run a thin strip of colored paper all round the cut edges, to finish it. I next put the *uchiwa* on a frame and allow it to dry. In five minutes it will be fit for the honorable *Ojo-sama* to use."

The Jewetts watched his actions and saw the fan develop under his nimble fingers; the operation interesting them greatly.

"How sour that paste smells," said Johnnie.

"It is made of thick mucilage, prepared from a fern-root and the juice of unripe persimmons, it is called *shibu*. The perfume is quite delicious to what it will be later on; you should smell *shibu* in the summer time."

"No, thank you," quietly answered the boy. "It's sour enough for me now."

"How much do you charge for your fans?" inquired Sallie.

"From one to five *sen* each, by the quantity," answered the proprietor. "Those that have colored wood-cuts on one side only, are the cheapest; next to them come fans on which the designs are painted, while the most expensive are decorated with scraps of paintings by great masters, or verses written by celebrated poets."

He took the fan he had made for Sallie from the rack, and after ascertaining if it were perfectly dry, bowed and handed the *uchiwa* to her, saying:

"*Hai-yaku-hai!*" (A hundred knocks.) "Please condescend to accept this humble gift."

The girl thanked him, then inquired, "Will you kindly tell me what this picture on my fan represents?"

"That man is a Korean tortoise-tamer," he answered, "this painting is a copy of a very old one. We have men who can make those curious creatures do anything."

"I shall treasure this very much," said Sallie. "Do you make *ogi* (folding fans)?"

"Those you will find over towards Kameido," he said. "We, who manufacture the *uchiwa*, confine ourselves to that style of fan."

"Who manufactures the cheap articles we get in America?" asked Johnnie.

"Those are made in prisons, by the convicts," replied Tonosuke. "That business is very bad for us, the goods being exceedingly coarse and clumsily put together. The foreign

KOREAN TORTOISE-TAMER.

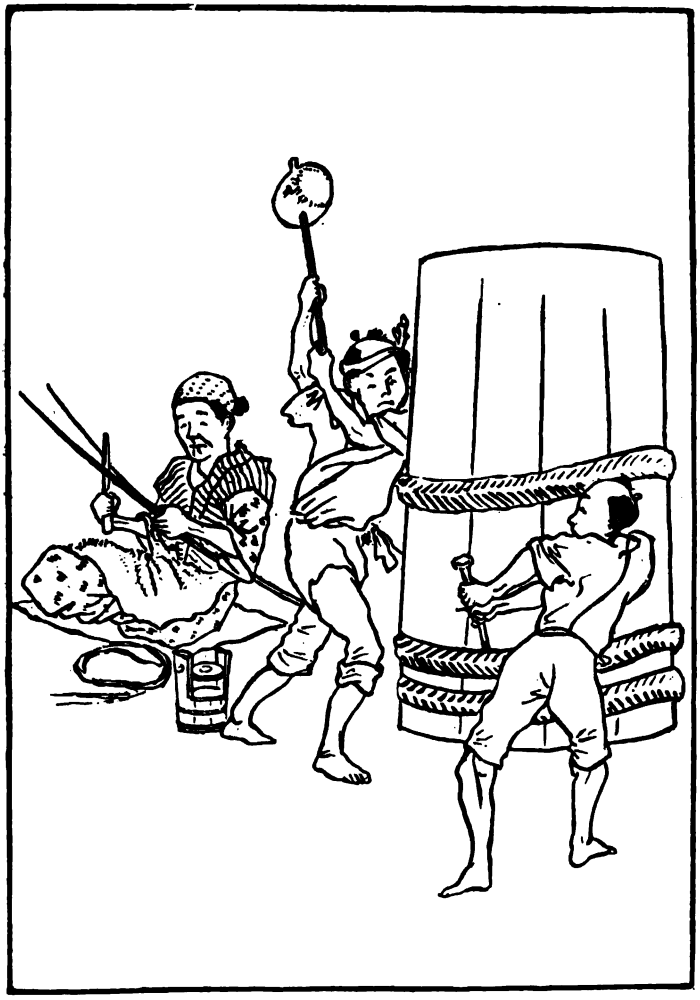
dealers buy common ware and fans that have been left over from the year before."

"I thought so!" exclaimed Sallie. "Very few of our low-priced fans are artistic in shape and decoration like those we see here. I think it is a shame! Those cheap *uchiwa* have given your people a reputation for making very mean things."

The visitors thanked him for his kindness, and bade him

good-by, and quitting the house, proceeded in the direction of Kameido.

About half-way down the hill they paused to watch an



COOPERS.

oke-ya (cooper) finishing a vat. The staves had been put together, and the man was driving on some massive hoops of woven bamboo, which his mother, who was seated on a piece

of matting, made for him as fast as he required them. He was a muscular little fellow, and wielded a stout wooden beetle with marvellous dexterity, never once missing the iron driver or lessening the force of his blows.

"Merciful Kuwannon!" exclaimed the old lady, eyeing the Jewetts with wonder. "What strange beings! Why, the girl wears a head-covering just like the boys!"

"That is one for your new Derby, Sallie," whispered Fitz, in English. "Say something complimentary, and astonish her."

"Honorable mother, how old are you?" asked the girl, making a Japanese polite inquiry.

The dame gaped with amazement, and dropping the knife and the piece of bamboo she had in her hand said,—

"Many pardons for an unintentional offence. Honorable lady, I hope you will forgive my impertinence."

Sallie assured her that she was not angry, and was turning to quit the place, when they heard the shrill cries of children and saw a man, armed with a big sword, marching round the corner.

"*Kari-wasa!*" (sword juggler) shouted the urchins.

The stroller's assistant elbowed his way through the crowd, and setting two *sambo* of white wood upon the ground, made the following speech:

"Honorable patrons, and noblemen from afar, — you are about to behold a most wonderful sight. All we require is the insignificant sum of five *tempo*. What is such a price for a performance like the one my master can give, — a mere pittance! — a breath of air!"

After delivering a long speech, in which he described his employer as the greatest acrobat in the world, he opened his fan, and, advancing to the strangers, requested a fee. The

Jewetts responded liberally, whereupon the sword-juggler placed the small *sambo* on the larger one and mounting the latter, cried:

SWORD-JUGGLER.

"Now I will draw my weapon!"

"Yah!" screamed his man, crouching on the ground in a

respectful attitude, and waving his fan admiringly: "Yah! you speak right, my master."

"Behold," said the juggler, pointing his fan at his servant, "a miserable wretch who thinks of nothing but drinking *saké*. Rather than be any longer burdened with the support of such a creature, I will swallow my sword."

The assistant, who listened attentively, uttered a series of barbaric cries, which Oto said were intended as applause.

The *Kari-wasa* drew his sword from its sheath, raised it aloft, and taking it in a cloth, in his right hand, proceeded to thrust the naked weapon down his throat.

"Oh! poor fellow, it will hurt him," murmured Sallie.

"Do not worry, sissy," said Fitz. "He does not really swallow the sword. I can do that trick."

The servant gave a shriek, and, advancing to his master, loosened the latter's girdle, and, applying his hand beneath the sword-swallower's ribs, shouted, —

"Wonderful! Here is the point of the weapon. Will not you, honorable foreign gentlemen, come and satisfy yourselves that there is no deception."

When the juggler began to draw the blade from his throat, Sallie closed her eyes and whispered, —

"Do come away, boys, I cannot witness any more of this performance. Come away."

"All right," said Johnnie. "We do not wish to annoy you, sister."

"Oh! do stay, Sallie," said Fitz, in a jocular tone. "You have not seen half the fun yet. He will commit *hara-kiri* presently."

The young lady walked on with Johnnie and Oto, leaving Fitz to follow at his leisure. After going a few yards they saw a *kin-gi-yo-ya* (gold-fish dealer) peddling his beautiful specimens near the gateway of a temple.

A nurse-girl and child were making purchases of him, and he remarked, as he dipped out some fish from a bowl, —

"Master-boy, you are very fortunate to possess such delightful things as these. Now, do you not want a tortoise to ensure you long life?"

The child took the bowl and looked up at his nurse, while

DEALER IN GOLD-FISH.

the man turned to the reptiles that were suspended from the handle of a large wooden bucket, and said, —

"Wag your tails, if you please, honorable creatures. Don't you hear me talking to this beautiful young lady and the master-boy?"

"On what do those *Kamé* live?" inquired Sallie.

"On air and water," was the sage reply. "Honorable Ojo Sama, if you desire to attain long life, you must buy one of my tortoises."

"Hullo!" said Fitz, who had just then approached. "What have you met with, Sallie? Tortoises. I must have some of those. How much are they each?"

The man thought for a moment, then bowed and said, "Anything your honorable excellency wishes to give me."

"I am not buying *Kamé* that way, to-day," said the merry boy. "Carry your stock to number one hundred Kaga Yashiki, and wait till I return. I'll take all you have at five *sen* each."

"All I have?" echoed the *kin-ge-yo-ya*. "All — I — have."

"Yes," said Fitz, "I am going to train some of them to perform."

"Come along," said Sallie. "Oto tells me there is a curiosity shop not far from here, and that the proprietor has a very ancient vase for sale."

"I think tortoises are much more interesting than old vases," growled her brother.

"How can you say such a thing, Fitz Jewett!" said Sallie. "Some of the pieces of pottery I have purchased are quite too precious."

The boy snickered and said, "You just wait, Sallie. See if you won't be too precious sorry you did not spend your money on *kompeito*" (candies).

They found the store, which was full of curious things. The proprietor, at the request of Oto, produced the old vase: a coarse piece of pottery, very roughly decorated.

"This," he said, bowing and sucking in his breath, "is two thousand five hundred and twenty years old."

"It is beautiful," said Sallie. "What a glorious color! and how perfect the form is! How much do you ask for it?"

The man bowed, sucked in his breath and hesitated, finally murmuring, "Five hundred *yen*" (dollars).

"I wish I had the money," said Sallie, with a sigh. "I do admire this antique ware so much."

"I prefer fine Satsuma or Hizen," remarked Johnnie. "I always feel suspicious about these two-thousand-year-old pieces."

The girl reluctantly handed back the vase to the dealer, saying, "I cannot afford to buy it. It is very fine, but is beyond my means."

ANCIENT JAPANESE VASE.

"I will give you five dollars for it," said Fitz.

"No, it is worth all I ask," returned the tradesman. "I shall sell it soon."

As they quitted the store, Sallie said, "Oh, dear! I would so like to have that piece of pottery."

"Don't you worry," said Fitz, in a consoling tone. "I will make you one just as good. There is plenty of clay in the *yashiki*, and I'll fashion you a *dai ichi-ban* (first-class) ancient piece."

"Here we are at the *ogi sei-zo shio* (folding fan) manufacturer's," said Oto.

"Want to buy a fan?" said a youngster, who was seated on the sidewalk. "I have them of all prices; they are made by my Uncle Kimura and are composed of the very best materials."

"Is your relative at home?" asked Oto.

"Yes, honorable sir," answered the boy; "he superintends everything connected with his establishment and never goes out."

They left him offering his wares to a tall Japanese girl, who was mounted on clogs that had soles three inches in thickness.

SELLER OF FOLDING-FANS.

Mr. Kimura received them very politely, and led the way into a private room that overlooked a miniature garden.

"I had this scene made to delight my honorable mother," said their host, offering them tea. "Some of the dwarf trees

are very old, and cost quite a large sum. Is it not calm and beautiful?"

"Delightful," replied Sallie. "I think it is the prettiest I have ever seen; the rustic bridge is quite too charming."

After his guests had refreshed themselves, he begged they would follow him, and, pushing back a door, led the way into the manufactory.

The building very much resembled the one occupied by the makers of round fans, and the people worked in the same manner, that is, squatted on the floor behind low benches of wood.

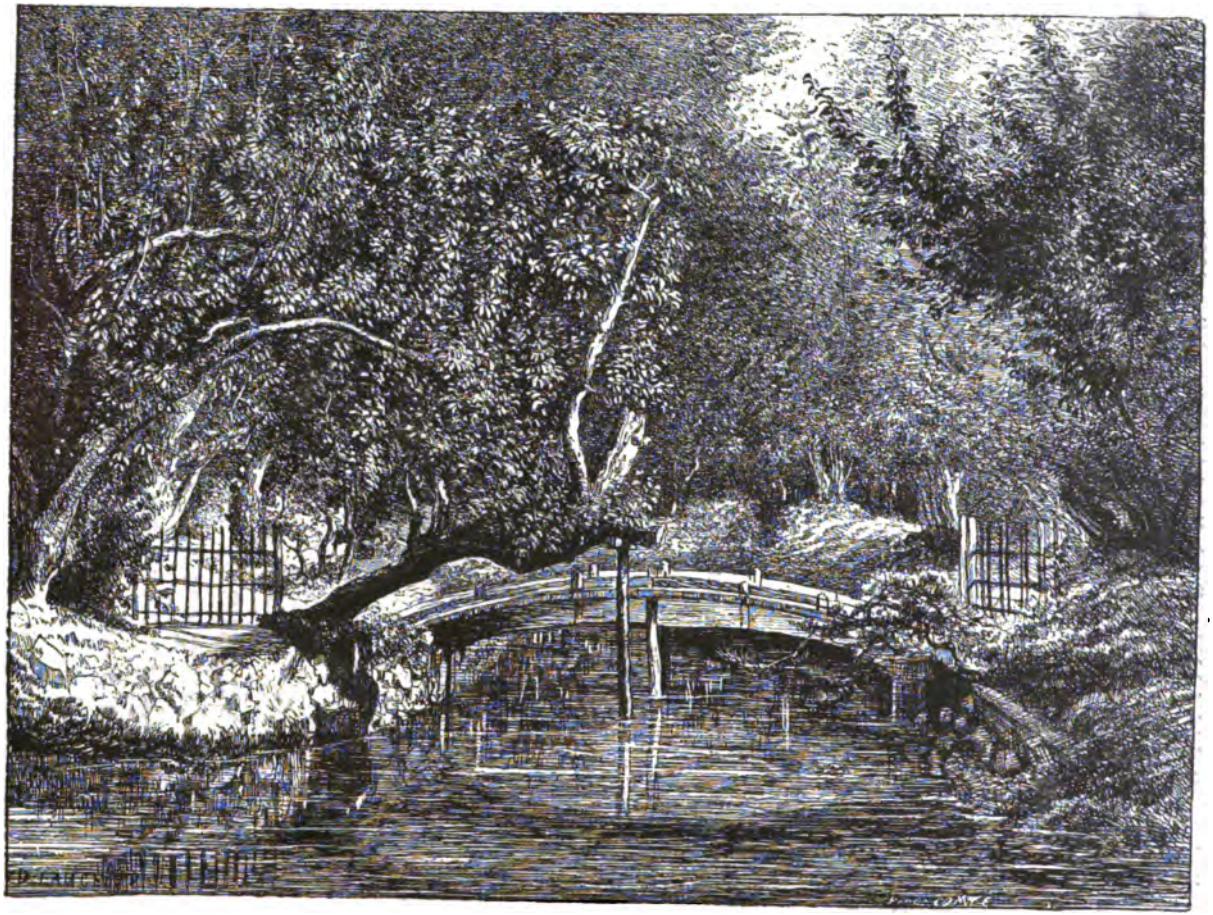
"We do not split the bamboo for our fan-ribs," said Kimura, taking up a bundle of the articles; "they are cut for us by people who make a special business of it. You will also notice there is a hole drilled in the rounded end of each stick. Having determined upon the size of our fan, we proceed to work." (Illustrating his speech as he spoke.) "If the *O-josan* is agreeable, I will make her an *ogi* containing twenty-four ribs."

"Thank you," said Sallie, with a smile. "We shall be delighted to watch you, and I will keep the fan as a souvenir."

Kimura took two flat sticks of polished bamboo and twenty-four ribs, which he placed between the outer pieces, then bade a workman rivet them together.

The latter pushed a small piece of brass tubing through the hole in the bottom of the fan-frame, laid it on a stone anvil, placed a ring of wire on each end of the tube, and tapped it with a hammer until the metal on both sides overlapped the washers; thus forming a very neat, hollow rivet, through which a silken cord could be passed. The host received the frame from the man, and squatting behind one of the benches, said to his visitors:

"On my right I have a pile of fan papers cut to the exact size of the *ogi* I am going to make. I put one of them face



MINIATURE GARDEN.

downward upon this work-bench, take a brush moistened with *shibu* and paste the paper, then pass the brush over both sides of the thin ribs forming the frame, touching the polished outer bars on their inner surface only. I now spread out the frame and lay it on the wet paper, then take a second paper and place it on the back of the fan, that done, I rub it smooth with my fingers. You will observe, while I do this, I keep the outer bars in my hand. I now fold the fan, press it tightly so as to make the edges of the paper adhere to the inner surface of the polished sticks, then slip on a band to keep the article in shape."

"How long are the *ogi* drying?" asked Johnnie.

"It all depends upon the weather," said the manufacturer. "In summer the moisture of the paste rapidly evaporates, in winter it is sometimes two days before the fans are ready for packing."

"What are those blank *ogi* for?" inquired Sallie.

"To write poems on and to paint," replied the man. "There are thousands of amateur artists who employ their leisure time in decorating fans for their friends, such articles forming a very important branch of our business."

"How many kinds of fans do you make?" asked Sallie.

"Nearly one hundred," he answered. "We have *ogi* for common use, for marriages, funerals, various religious ceremonies, and for hot and cool weather."

"What scene is this?" demanded Johnnie, taking up a fan and critically examining the picture. "This is quite a pretty view and is in admirable perspective."

"That is Tono-sawa *on sen* (the hot spring of Tono-sawa, Hakone). Many people go there to drink the waters and admire the scenery. What do you mean by saying it has perspective? Our artists perfectly understand how to depict distant objects as they appear to us in nature."

"Yes, in some cases," replied Johnnie. "When you copy the Chinese style you do not, but when you follow your own promptings you do. I think you are a much more artistic people than the Chinese."

Kimura bowed, sucked in his breath, and said,—

"You make my bosom swell with pride. In the great period, the Chinese were our masters, now our artists are learning to paint in foreign fashion and have no style at all" (*sighing*). "A poor imitation is more unsatisfactory than a crude original."

HOT SPRING, TONO-SAWA, HAKONE.

"Why do you make those very large fans?" demanded Fitz, pointing to a gigantic specimen fastened against the wall of the room.

"That is an advertisement," said the man. "No one was ever big enough to use such a fan."

"You don't tell me," said Fitz. "You cannot make things too big for some of our people."

"Indeed, you are mistaken," murmured Kimura. "I once received an order from an American merchant in Yokohama, for one hundred dozen of my largest fans, for the San Francisco market. I was overjoyed, and gave a little dinner to my workmen, who, as they drank my *saké*, prophesied that I was

going to make my fortune in a short time." (*Sighing deeply.*) "Alas! the contract nearly ruined me. On sending the goods to Yokohama for shipment, I received a letter from the agent, and had all the cases returned with charges. He said, in his communication, —'The fan-maker Kimura must be losing his senses. When I ordered the largest fans I did not mean corn-winnowers; although everything in California is on a grand scale, the ladies are not ten feet high. You may keep your big *ogi;* they are useless to my customers.' (*Once more sighing.*) "Alas! I dared not look my creditors in the face! The paper-merchant heard of my trouble and sued me; the dealer in bamboos brought his bed and laid it in front of my door and would not stir until he had seen me; the *shibu* manufacturer haunted me day and night, and sent his old mother to groan, weep, and present his bill. Oh, it was terrible! Nobody but my employees condoled with me, — they had all received their pay, so could afford to express their pity. At last, I heard of a sea-captain who was in Yokohama looking for bargains, and to him I went. I showed him a sample, quoted the goods at a very small profit and sold him the lot. He gave me a paper promising to pay in seven days. When the time expired, he was far, far away, and I never got a *rin* (mill) for all my expenditure."

He paused, glanced sadly at his work-people, and said to Fitz, "Do you know any of your honorable sea-captains likely to do such a thing?"

"Yes, old Captain Bullyman down to Cromlech," was the ready response. "He is mean enough for anything, and has been in Japan."

"If you will make him pay me that money," said Kimura, in a childlike manner, "I will sell you a lot of fans very cheap."

Fitz looked at Sallie, and in spite of her frowning, said, "I do not think I can take that contract. Captain Bullyman has never been known to pay any one. When his creditors worry him, he blazes away at them with a shot-gun, and pretends to be killing cats."

The bewildered fan-maker regarded him for several seconds, then said, "Has he not been executed?"

"No, he is one of the selectmen and is on the school-committee," returned the unabashed boy. "I think you had better give up all idea of collecting that amount."

THE CLAM'S BREATH, POPULAR JAPANESE IDEA OF THE CAUSES OF A MIRAGE.

"Please do not joke so, Fitz," said his sister. "Mr. Kimura does not understand you."

"Pardon me, *O-josan*, I comprehend," returned their host. "Still I am puzzled at your American ways. What a strange country yours must be, when you shoot people who respectfully ask payment of their accounts."

"Americans do not," said the indignant young lady, taking up a fan and opening it. "Will you please tell me the meaning of this picture?"

Kimura smiled, and, bowing, replied, — "The natives of every land have their fancies. You will notice that painting represents a clam giving out a sort of vapor, in which the towers of a palace and the tops of the buildings surrounding it, are depicted as we see them in a fog. That is called *shin-kiro*, (visions of the palace of the god of the bottom of the sea).

When walking upon the shore, have you ever noticed the ships in the distance appear to be double or upside down? That is caused by the breath of the clam."

"Jemmy!" ejaculated Fitz. "I know what a clam-bake is, but have never before heard of a clam-mirage."

"Oh, indeed, I am correct in what I assert," gravely answered their host. "The clam sends up a thick vapor, when it breathes, and the ships are reflected on it, just as they would be in a looking glass."

"Have you ever heard of the whistling oyster?" demanded the mischievous boy.

"What do you mean?" said Kimura. "The wind *Kuchi buye fuita* (whistles), but I have never heard of an oyster doing such a thing."

"Can you do this?" demanded Fitz, whistling the first few bars of Yankee Doodle.

"No Japanese ever makes that extraordinary noise," was the grave response. "I have noticed honorable foreigners do it, but always thought they were out of their minds. I assure you I am right about the *shin-kiro* (clam-mirage). It can be seen at any place where the fish are plentiful."

"If you please, Sir, will you continue your explanation of fan-making," said Sallie. "We have been exceedingly interested in all you have shown us."

Kimura took them into a number of rooms, where fans were drying upon racks.

"We open and close the *ogi* many times, in order to render them supple," he said, exhibiting the fan he had made for Sallie. "Honorable young lady, will you condescend to accept this miserable gift?"

The girl thanked him and gave Johnnie her present to carry.

WAYSIDE TEA-HOUSE.

Kimura invited them to follow him, and led the way into a little room overlooking the river.

A servant entered with refreshments, and when the visitors had partaken of tea and cakes, their host pointing toward the scene beyond, said,—

"Is not that view lovely. The bamboo screen of the *yasume-chaya* (wayside tea-house) opposite, forms a frame on one side and the dwellings on the bank of the river fill the other. I sit here for hours and watch the junks going up and down the stream. In all the world there is not such another scene."

While the man was speaking, Fitz sniffed suspiciously, noticing which, Kimura said, "Honorable *O bos-an*, what annoys you?"

"Do you not smell the water?"

"Yes, it is very excellent to-day," replied Kimura. "Sometimes it is not as good as at others. In spring it smells like the rice being planted, — in summer it is delicious, — in autumn very rich and fragrant, — and in the winter, the odor comes stealing up like a child begging to be taken into the house. I have written a poem about that water."

"I should write to the River Commissioners about it," said the unabashed boy. "Why, there is cholera, small-pox, diptheria, scarlet-fever, and a thousand diseases in that odor."

The fan-maker regarded him with amazement, and replied,—

"Every one has his belief. You think those diseases emanate from the beautiful river. We know better, they are all the vengeance of gods. If you insult the cholera-god, he will certainly wreak his displeasure upon you, and so will the others. See," pulling back a screen on the opposite side of the room, "I have another lovely view here."

The young folks turned and beheld a *saké* shop, the proprietor of which was busily employed testing a new delivery of the wine.

"Ah!" said Kimura. "A *saké-ya* (wine-shop) is to me a beautiful object. That man is a very intimate friend of mine, his name is Wobanaba. He is known all over Tokio for his famous *saké*."

"What is he doing to that tub?" inquired Johnnie.

"That is a fresh lot of *Yedo-ichi* (A No. 1 Yedo). You will observe the auger on the ground by his side. He has just bored a hole in the lid of the tub and is testing the liquid, with his finger, before sending it to a customer."

SAKÉ-SHOP.

"Does he sell by wholesale?" demanded the boy.

"He sells in any way you wish," said the man. "Sometimes I go over and take a cup or two, and, at others, purchase a tub of *saké* for my household consumption. He keeps all his utensils very clean, and you can rely on what you buy of him."

"Look at the cat nursing a monkey," said Fitz. "Neko seems to take great care of her foster-child."

"Cats are very strange things," said Kimura. "That one

lost her kittens and went round mewing until she met with a little monkey, which she stole and adopted. My neighbor paid for the animal, and has experienced a great deal of satisfaction in watching its gambols with his faithful Neko."

"What does he do with those empty *saké* tubs?" inquired Johnnie.

"He sells them to poor people for coffins," said Kimura. "They last longer than any other kind, and are very comfortable. The best brands command the highest prices."

Fitz was about to indulge in an outburst of merriment, when Sallie checked him with a shake of the head, and said, — "For what are those little buckets, in the pen, on the right of the shop?"

"Those are used to carry *saké* to customers. Many people prefer buying their wine in small quantities. Have you any *saké* shops in your honorable country?"

"No," answered Sallie.

"We have plenty of liquor stores," said Johnnie. "There is more money spent in them every year than would keep all our poor people."

As he was speaking they heard a shrill cry, and boys shouting, and soon a *kashi-uri* (cake-seller) came in sight.

He walked with a swinging gait, and had a festive air, like one who does a good business and thinks something of himself. On his head was a pad, surmounted by a large, flat tub, filled with sweet cakes, and decorated with two packages of wrapping-paper. He stopped before the fan-maker's house and began to sing and dance, — all the time balancing the tub on his head.

"That is a very new business," said Kimura. "Those fellows make, oh! heaps of money; however, it takes a long time to learn how to dance with a tub on your head. Our people

like novel things, and these *kashi-uri* charge five *sen* for a one *sen* cake, and in a few years retire and live upon the interest of their money."

CAKE-SELLER.

They bought some of the cakes, and gave them to their host's children, who bowed to the floor and thanked the young people in a very pretty manner.

After the *kashi-uri* had departed, Sallie asked, "Who invented the folding-fan?"

"We Japanese did," was the proud response. "Many

ignorant Chinese have claimed the honor, but there is no doubt upon the subject. In the reign of the Emperor Tenji (668–672 A. D.), a fan-maker, whose name is unknown, lived in Tamba to the west of Kioto. He was very poor and had a wife whose tongue rattled like a pilgrim's clapper. One night after they retired to rest, a *kawa-hori* (bat) fluttered into the room and scared his wife, who said, 'Get up, you lazy fellow, and kill that *oni*. If you fail to do so, the baby will not have a drop of blood in his body in the morning.'

"As she spoke, the bat fluttered into the lamp and nearly extinguished it. In another minute the creature was lying dead upon the floor.

"At daybreak the woman woke her husband, saying, 'Get up, get up, and throw that horrible demon into the street. I dare not touch it.'

"He obeyed, and, as he took the dead bat in his hand, its wings opened.

"'Wife,' he cried, 'I have an idea! This is what we have been looking for, — a fan that will close up and can be carried in the sleeve.'

"He procured some *Hi-no-ki* wood, cut it into twenty-five slats and tied them together with strings, thus making the first folding-fan. That is the reason those articles are called *Hi-ogi*.

"The great lords preferred them to the open fans, and, our samurai adopted them on account of their being portable, leaving the *uchiwa* (round fan) to women. This soon became a custom, and ever since the folding-fan has been used by men and the round by ladies."

"I have seen a fan made of bronze," said Sallie. "What was that for?"

"A very effective weapon was sometimes fashioned in that

shape," answered Kimura. "Many a warrior has had the thread of his existence cut short with one of those things."

"Boys," said Oto, "are you aware that it is past one o'clock? We had better go to the temple of Temman-gu."

They all thanked Mr. Kimura, who, collecting his family, accompanied his visitors to the porch and bade them farewell, saying, —

"It is only a few paces from here to the *Shin-ji no ike.* Your visit has filled my soul with the greatest pleasure, and, as long as I live, I shall not forget the happiness of this hour. Never, in all my life, have I been thus honored."

They returned his compliments, in Japanese fashion, and left him and his family bowing and crying, "*Saionara.*"

"Follow me," said Oto. "I know the way, for I have often been to this place with my honorable mother."

Upon arriving at the temple they passed through the main gate and saw a great number of people looking at the wistarias, the blooms of which hung in long fronds, and were exceedingly beautiful.

The trees grew all round the pond and were supported by trellis-work that, in some places, overhung the water.

"How beautiful those flowers are," said Sallie. "Many of the bunches must be over a yard in length."

"Yes, they are lovely," said Johnnie, in a thoughtful tone, "still I admire our wistaria quite as much as these, the fronds being shorter and the flowers closer together. What do you say, Fitz?"

"Why, — there are fishes in that pond," murmured the boy, "and tortoises. Jemmy! wouldn't I like to have a hook and line! Flowers are very elegant, but I like fun. I wonder whether the *bozu* would sell any of the *kamé*?"

"You have tortoises on the brain," said Sallie. "I feel very tired; had we not better be going home?"

"I told our *jin-riki-sha* men to meet us here," returned Johnnie. "Will you be afraid to return alone? If you are not, we will go on from here to *E-ko-in* and see the wrestlers."

"I am not afraid to go anywhere in Tokio," she said. "The people are always kind and respectful to me, and I feel perfectly safe. Old Sobei will take care of me."

They entered their vehicles and the boys went one way and the girl the other.

"Hello!" cried Fitz, as they neared their destination. "What animals are those hanging up outside that meat-shop?"

They stopped their *jin-riki-sha* and inspected the establishment.

"This reminds me of the restaurant for foreign food in Golden River,"* said Johnnie.

"It is a store for supplying the wrestlers with food," said Oto. "That class of men have always eaten meat, as they believe it gives them strength and makes them courageous. None of them are very fastidious about their diet, which consists of foxes, badgers, wolves, bears, rabbits, monkeys, — "

"And rats," interposed Fitz.

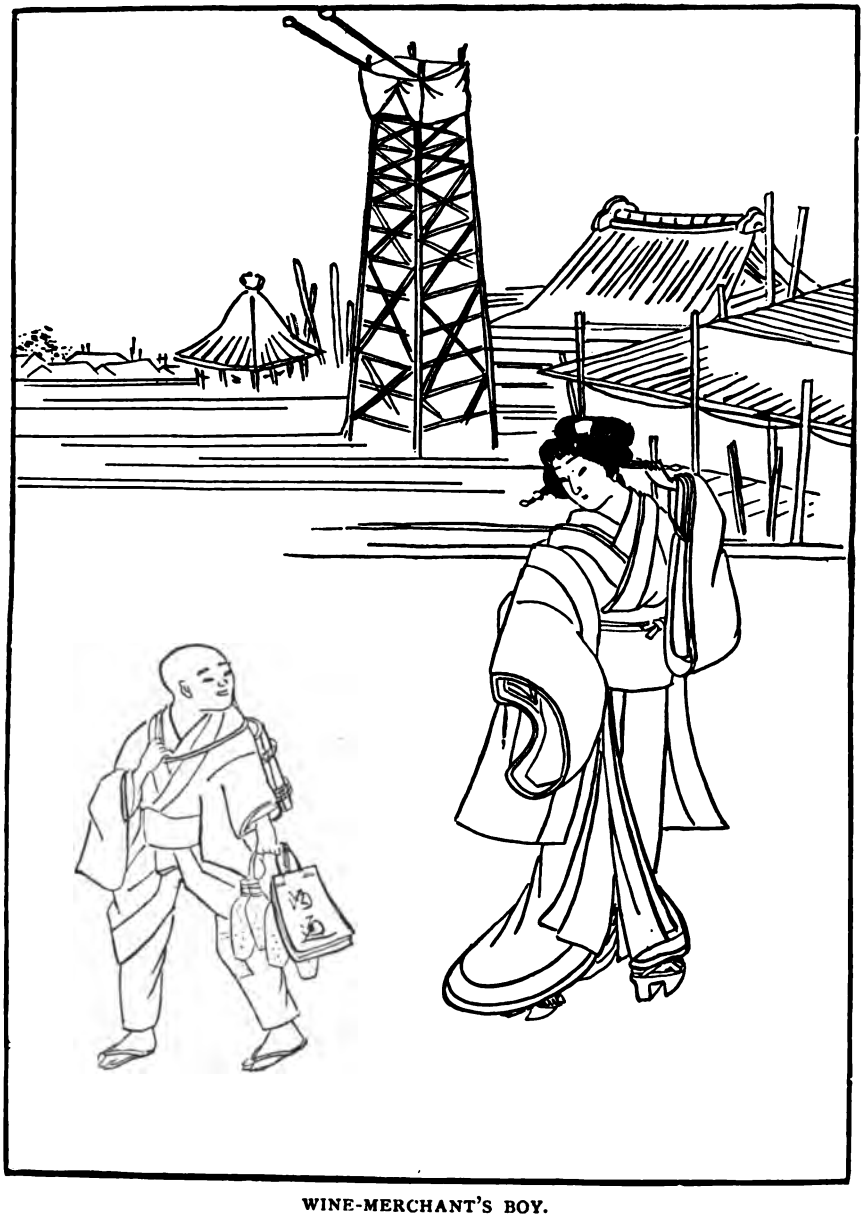
"They are not Chinese," quietly retorted Oto, adding, "Now, boys, first turning to the right, and we shall soon be at the *E-ko in*."

They proceeded down a narrow street, at the end of which was the temple of *Mu-yen-ji* (helplessness).

A *taro-irioi* (*saké* deliverer) whose head was shaven like a *bozu*, was listening to a handsomely dressed young woman.

"Hurry upon your business, brother," she said. "If you return home in time, this afternoon, I will furnish you with money to go to see the wrestlers."

* *Vide* Young Americans in Japan, p. 68.



WINE-MERCHANT'S BOY.

The boy made a comical gesture, and replied, "I will run round double quick. I have only four bottles and one little tub of *sake* to deliver. As soon as I get receipts for these signed I will be home. You are a very kind sister to think of me."

"What is that tall scaffolding near the entrance of the temple?" said Johnnie.

"That is the drum-tower, erected by the wrestlers. Have you not heard them drubbing their instruments in the morning?"

"I always thought it was the soldiers parading," said Fitz. "Now I know where the noise comes from."

They entered the temple gate, and halting at one of the little tea-houses on the left of the path, ordered refreshments, then Johnnie inquired, "Why do they have wrestling in a sacred place like this?"

"That is a very interesting story," replied Oto. "In 1657 a terrible fire raged in this city, and over one hundred thousand people were burnt to death or died from exposure. It being impossible to identify the corpses or to give them separate interments, the *Sho-gun* ordered *Dan-za-ye-mon*, chief of the *etas*, to have the bodies collected, and to bury them in a common pit in *Yushijima* (Bull Island), which was then the name for this part of the city. The mound covering this enormous mass of unfortunates, was called *Mu-yen-dzuka* (the hill of destitution). In order that they might have the benefit of the clergy, several priests from each Buddhist sect were commanded to come here and recite prayers during seven days. That is why this building is called the temple of Helplessness, and they have wrestling matches here. Nearly all our sacred places are endowed by the members of the congregation buried in the grounds, but these bodies being of persons who were

unknown, no one desired to be interred here. Who could tell whether his honorable father and mother rested in the cemetery or not? The *Jo-do* sect, who built the temple, was too poor to support it and there were no gifts from the relatives of the dead. Under these circumstances something had to be done for the *bozu*, so the government gave them permission to allow wrestling matches, and to have various shows in the ground twice a year, — in the spring and fall. Now you understand all about it. Do you notice those big, fat men parading up and down so pompously? Those are the wrestlers."

"They seem to think a great deal of themselves," remarked Fitz.

"Yes," replied Oto, "they are conceited fellows. Everybody makes a fuss over them and it turns their heads."

"Come," said Johnnie, paying for the refreshments, "they are shouting inside the enclosure, let us go and see the fun."

The edifice in which the wrestling match was held, covered a large area, and was composed of two tiers of bamboo galleries, screened at the back with mats of split bamboo.

On the right of the entrance was a matted ticket office with a stage in it about waist high, on which squatted a number of ex-wrestlers who looked very solemn and dignified. Oto paid for seats in a box on the first tier and received three notched wooden checks. On presenting these, the boys were admitted by the doorkeeper, and entering the enclosure, were conducted to their seats, to which they mounted by a bamboo ladder, the latter being taken away as soon as they had squatted upon the floor.

The edifice was crowded with lightly-clad men, who, every now and then, uttered loud yells of approval or condemnation.

In the centre was a raised circular platform of earth, surrounded by two enormous rings of plaited straw and surmounted by a canopy supported by four heavy spars. The fringe of the structure bore the *mon* of one of the ex-lords. To one post was fastened a sword, to another a *gohei*, to the third a bag of salt, and to the fourth a bow. In each corner squatted an ex-wrestler, the quartette acting as umpires.

Oto turned to his friends and said, "Our audiences take sides, the Eastern and the Western, and each favors the men of his party. When an Eastern man gets a good grip, his partisans yell vociferously and the Westerns howl derisively, which makes the exhibition more exciting."

"What is in that bag?" asked Fitz.

"Salt," answered Oto. "The *gohei*, bow and sword are supposed to be rewards, and the bag of salt is for luck. The straw rings are to mark the bounds, — if a man is thrown on or outside one of them he is defeated. Now we are going to see some good fun."

As he spoke, a herald, dressed in old ceremonial style, entered the ring, opened his fan with a quick motion and announced the names of the wrestlers who were to engage in the next bout. He did not say "So and so are going to wrestle," but sang in a peculiarly quavering manner that very much amused the Jewetts.

"Those are the names of two celebrated wrestlers," remarked Oto. "Here comes the *gioji* (master of the ceremonies), see what a dandy he is."

As he spoke a tall, dignified man, dressed in the old court style and wearing the *kamishimo* (wing-like garment) ascended into the ring and waving a peculiar-shaped fan, invited the opponents to advance. The wrestlers threw off their upper garments, and, stepping up to the mound, were waited

upon by the last athletes who had given an exhibition of skill.

A lacquered cup filled with water was handed to each contestant, who, after rinsing his mouth, squirted the liquid in fine spray over his chest and arms. They next took a little salt from a vessel and threw it upon their bodies, then stepped into the ring and began to stamp first on one foot and then on the other and to slap their knees in a very ferocious manner.

"That is to make them limber," said Oto. "Now you will see something wonderful."

After the wrestlers had stamped round and round the ring and been sufficiently admired by their friends, the master of the ceremonies took his place near the men and ordered them to crouch ready for the attack.

It is necessary that both men shall simultaneously touch the ground with their thumbs and outspread fingers. If they do not they have to drink more water, sprinkle their bodies and begin over again.

The umpire watched the contestants very closely and because they did not crouch and place their hands on the ground together, he repeatedly sent them back to their corners.

At last, when they faced each other like two angry roosters ready for battle, he gave the signal to begin. In another instant they were locked in each other's embrace and swaying to and fro, while the umpire from time to time shouted in a warning tone:

"*Ga! ga! ga! ga!*" (Like our warning—"stop, stop, stop!")

The Jewett boys soon became as excited as the rest of the spectators, while the contestants strained, swayed, and moved hither and thither in their endeavors to raise each other from the ground.

The master of the ceremonies danced round them, as a small boy does in a street fight, the audience yelled their approval or disapprobation, and the muscles of the wrestlers stood out like whipcord.

Suddenly the shorter of the two raised his opponent clear off the ground and threw him among the spectators outside the ring, who received him with loud jeers.

The victor glanced proudly round at his party, and stepping out of the ring, resumed his place among them and was petted and patted like a spoilt child.

The herald re-entered the arena, and proclaimed the conqueror's name four times.

Between each match, vendors of candy, roasted beans, and the foreign luxury of ice-water, mingled among the people, and shouted the names of their wares, while the audience smoked and chatted about the contest.

Two other wrestlers were announced and took their places in the ring.

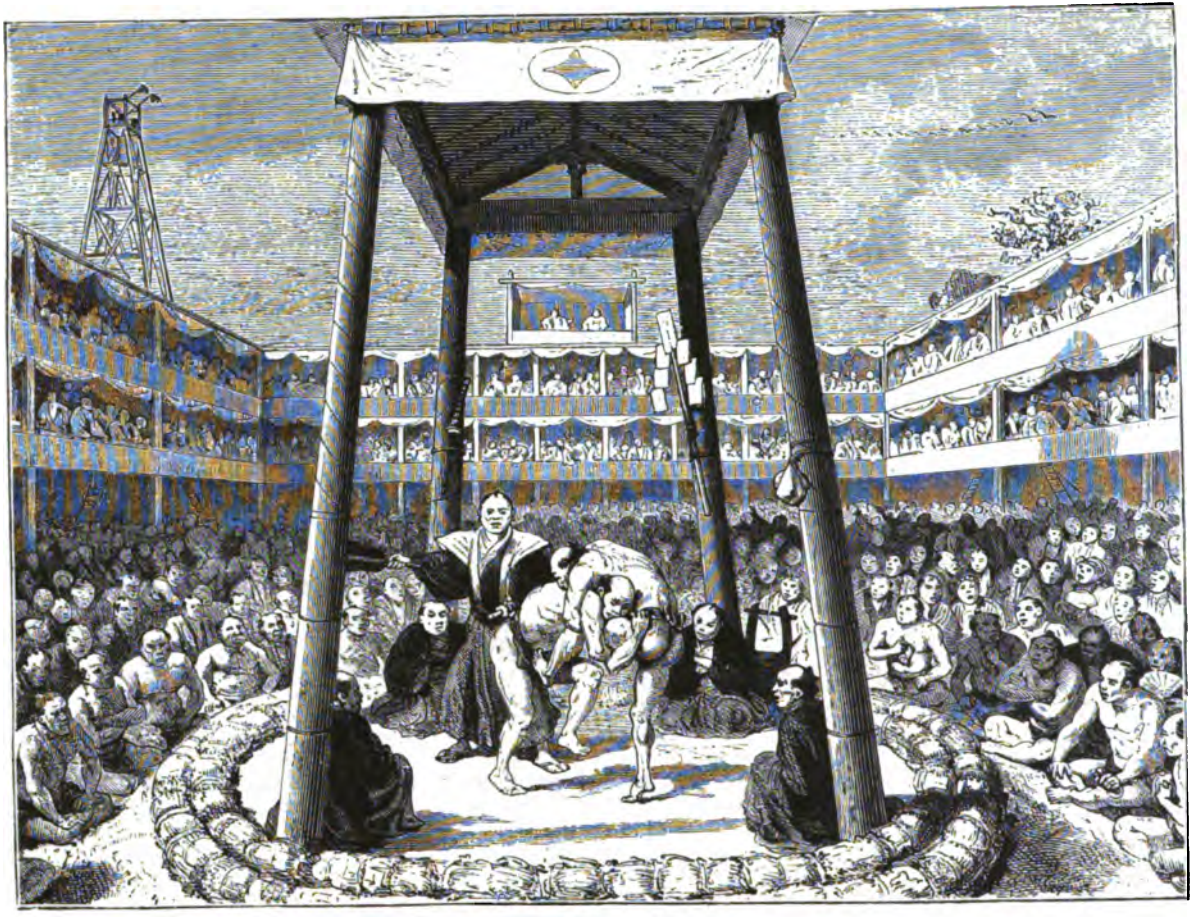
"Why have two of the umpires retired?" asked Johnnie.

"Because these are second-class athletes," replied O.o. "The celebrated artists have two umpires each, while one is considered enough for these fellows."

There was nothing offensive in the exhibition, it being merely a trial of strength between giants.

The boys witnessed several matches, during some of which, the spectators, delighted with the ability of their protégés, rolled their *kimono* (coats) into balls and threw them into the ring, to be redeemed after the performance by payment of money or treats of food and *saké*.

The Americans found that squatting in the confined space allotted to them, was very painful work, so they reluctantly summoned the ladder man, descended to the floor, and quitted the building.



WRESTLING AT E-KO.

They discovered their *jin-riki-sha* runners among the audience near the door, and signalled to them that they required their services.

Just outside the gateway they saw a *mushi-uri* (insect-

INSECT-DEALER.

seller) peddling fire-flies and crickets in exquisitely made cages of bamboo. Behind him were two big receptacles filled with cages from which proceeded a peculiar noise, caused by the movements of the insects.

The vendor wore a short, blue cotton *kimono*, and loose sort of pants, confined about the waist by a towel, to which were affixed his pipe-case and tobacco-pouch, balanced by a *nitsuke* (button of carved bone).

"Here you are. Fire-flies, brilliant fire-flies! All alive! all alive!"

"Let us buy some for Sallie," said Fitz, "she likes pets."

"I would not," said Oto. "They will escape from the cages and crawl about the house, besides, they will all die in a little while, which would grieve your tender-hearted sister."

A small boy with his head shaven in a peculiar style, who had been investing in the insects, glanced at the young Americans and said, "*Mo-gu!* (Tartars.) Let us go away, nurse, they will eat us."

"We are not Tartars, honorable young gentleman," said Johnnie, in Japanese.

This so confounded the boy that he hid himself under his attendant's sleeves, and thus protected, walked after her in a very comical fashion. When he had arrived at a safe distance, he withdrew his head, made a grimace at the Jewetts, and yelled derisively, —

"*Yeh* — Mogu! Go home and have your heads shaved."

"He is a very rude lad," said Oto. "Well, there are some such in every country."

"He is nothing to our Cromlech boys," said Fitz, settling himself in his *jin-riki-sha*. "Now then, Choso, *he-yaku ban*, Hongo Kaga Yashiki."

The men, who were anxious to get home, ran like deer and only paused once before the gateway of a Shinto temple, where a number of *bozu* were drumming, playing music and dancing as though their lives depended upon their capers. The

veranda of the edifice was filled with men, women and children who looked on with the greatest interest.

"Why are the priests waving those flags?" asked Johnnie of his *jin-riki-sha* man.

Gosuke chuckled, bowed, and replied: "When I was a boy, these Shinto *bozu* did not have very much power. Now that the Mikado has been restored, they are reviving the ancient dances, in order to attract attention. For my part, I believe in Buddha and the seven gods of Fortune."

"Which is your favorite?" inquired Fitz.

"I like them all," he answered; "but think Bishamon, the god of swordsmen and learned scholars is a little the best. I used to be a soldier, so I worship him."

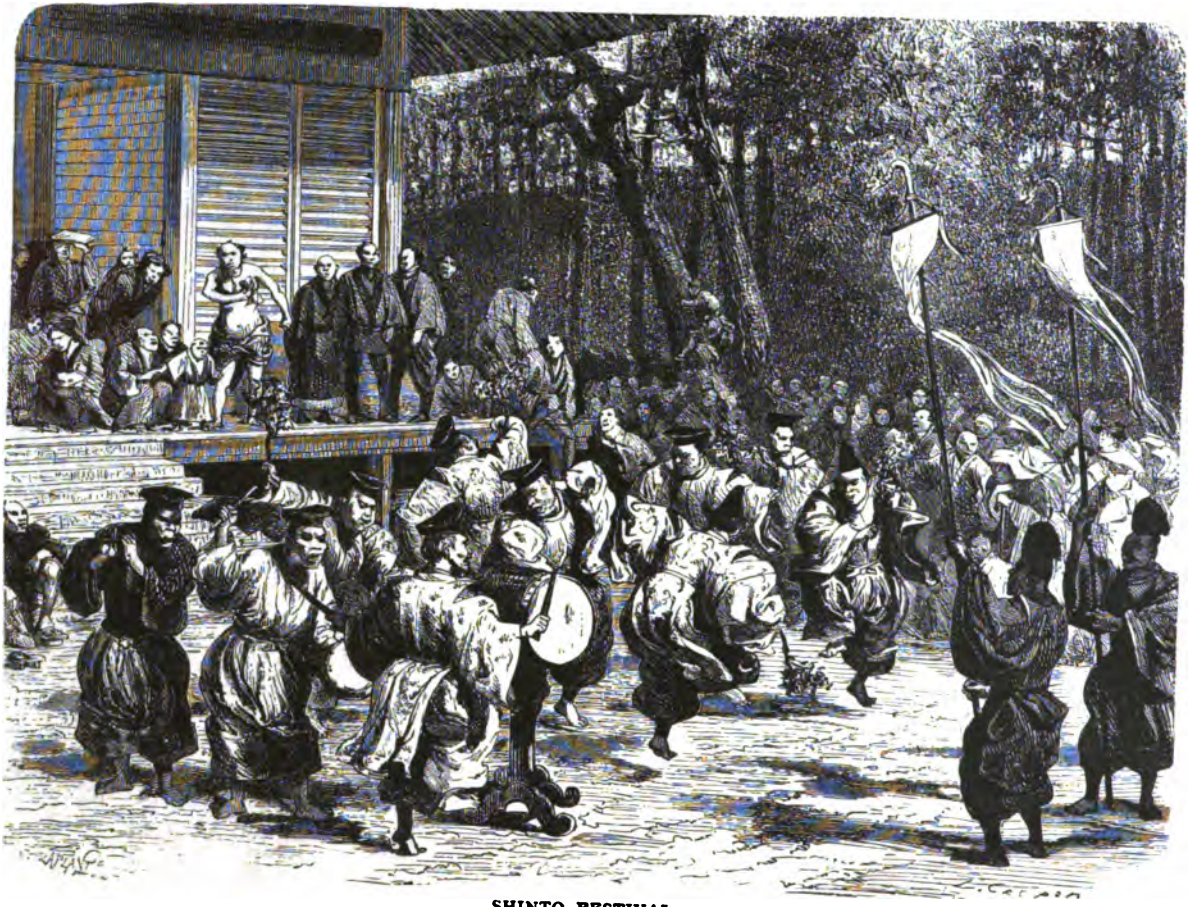
"That is the one that carries a pagoda in his left hand, and a spear in his right, is it not?" said the boy. "Why does he have those things?"

"The pagoda contains the souls of pious persons, who have prayed to him, and the spear is to defend them with. I always make my offerings to him on *Tora-no-hi*" (the day of the tiger). Adding slyly, "I have lately been listening to your honorable missionaries, and may possibly be induced to adopt their ideas. I would willingly join them, if they would hold out a little more encouragement. Rice is dear, and one's hunger is sometimes very sharp."

"Come," said Oto, "we must be moving. It is after nine o'clock and we have some distance to travel."

Away they went, their *jin-riki-sha* men yelling to the pedestrians, and running their vehicles in and out in a very dexterous manner.

When they reached home, they saw a number of torches flaming in front of the house and heard the murmur of a crowd.



SHINTO FESTIVAL.

"I wonder what these fellows are doing here," said Fitz, alighting. "Oh, father! Were you afraid we had lost our way?"

The Professor, who was ruefully regarding the assemblage, shook his head and replied, "No, my son, I have only been fearing that you had lost your senses. What induced you to send all these tortoise-sellers here?"

The boy turned, and, glancing at the tortoise-bearers, saw that they squatted behind tubs filled with *kamé*. He looked puzzled and was about to speak to his brother, when a man approached, crouched, bowed his head to the ground, and said, "Honorable *O bo-san*, I have brought you all the tortoises I had in my establishment. My assistants are tired, will you please give me my money and let us go."

Fitz gazed about, as though unable to believe what he saw.

The tortoise-dealers were three deep on both sides of the drive, clustered like bees on the steps of the veranda, and peeped like monkeys from behind the dwarf trees in the shrubbery.

"I have only three thousand *kamé* here to-night," continued the dealer. "If you require any more, I will send my men into the country to-morrow." Bowing respectfully, and handing the boy a long strip of paper covered with writing, "You will find this account quite correct. One hundred and twenty *yen*. I always make a reduction when an honorable foreign gentleman takes a quantity."

Fitz heard some one laughing gently, and looking into the veranda saw his parents and Sallie, watching him and enjoying his embarrassment.

"Take a quantity," he murmured, glancing up and down the bill. "One hundred and twenty *yen*! Oh! One hundred and twenty *yen!*—— Hum!"

"Come, pay up, Fitz," said Johnnie, in a mischievous tone. "You ordered all the *kamé* the man had and he has brought them to you."

The boy thought for a moment, then said to the dealer, "Are all those tortoises exactly of the same size and kind as the ones you showed me?"

"Not quite," returned the man, who had scoured the city to make the collection.

"Then I cannot take them," quickly answered Fitz. "Goods ought always to be delivered according to sample. Here are five *yen*, give me its value in the reptiles. After all, you will not be so badly paid for your trouble."

At first the dealer was inclined to be impudent, however, he finally took the money, and calling to the crowd, invited them to a *saké* shop, saying, "One never knows how to take these foreign gentlemen. Though, when I think of it, he is right, for the *kamé* are of various sorts and sizes."

Fitz, who held in his hand a basket marked with the tortoise-seller's sign, ascended the steps of the veranda, and depositing his burden, saluted his mother.

"I think that will be a lesson to you, Fitz Jewett," said Sallie. "Ordering blindly has cost you very dear."

"Don't you worry, sissy," he answered. "The lesson is worth the money. I shall not try to make a corner in tortoises again. By the way, have your flowers come?"

"Yes, brother. The poor man waited so long and looked so miserable that I paid him his five *yen* and let him go."

"Oh, Sallie! you gave him a dollar too much," retorted Fitz. "Let us shake hands. We cannot afford to be so extravagant. Both of us are in the same boat."

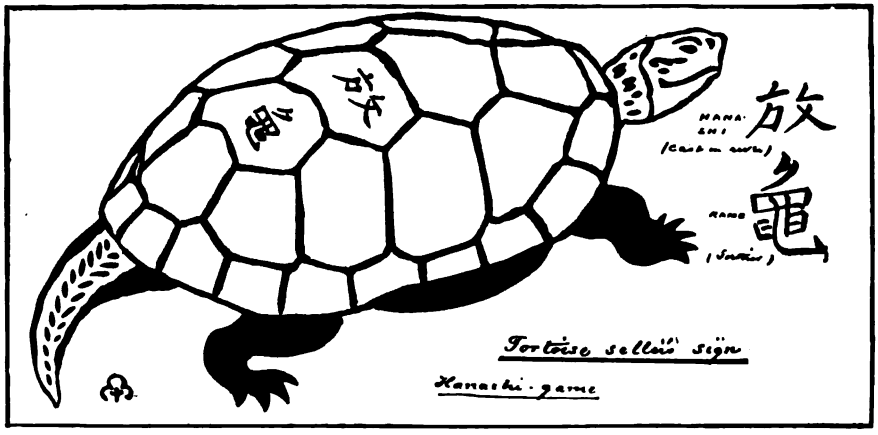
The girl regarded him affectionately and murmured, —

"I shall never mind being in the same boat with my brothers."

"Well said! Well said!" they cried. "Good for you, Sallie."

"Now, boys, you had better come in and have supper," observed Mrs. Jewett. "You must stay, Oto."

"Pray excuse me," replied the young doctor, "I have an engagement. Next month, Johnnie, we will go to the pot-



teries and to view the iris blossoms of Meguro. Good night, Fitz, I hope you will be successful in training your tortoises."

"Do not alarm yourself, honorable doctor," was the laughing response. "I know what to do with them. They will make excellent soup. Our cook knows how to dress the *kamé* in restaurant style. I will fatten them up and the next time you come, we will give you a dish that will make you imagine you are in New Orleans. *Saionara*, old fellow, and do not forget to bring us a supply of those honorable plasters."

CHAPTER VI.

AMONG THE PORCELAIN-MAKERS.

"The potter moulds the clay upon the wheel, and behold a jar valued at a few *sen* (cents).

"The artist takes his brush and decorates the ware, and lo, the piece is worth the ransom of a great warrior."

"OH, Sallie!" cried Fitz, early one morning in June; "don't you hear the drums beating. The *Sui-jin matsuri* (festival of the god of water) occurs to-day and the Tokians are wild with delight. Several *dashi* (cars containing historical figures) have already been seen on the streets, and you ought to be up and stirring. If Kin, the curio man, were announced with an old vase, you would jump like a rabbit."

"I have been up for more than an hour, Fitz," said the smiling girl, as she entered the room and saluted him. "Cho and I were down at the lower gate of the *yashiki* and saw a *dashi* go by. It was a very gay affair, and on the top was a warrior in full armor standing beneath a pine-tree. Cho says, in the old times, they often had a thousand *dashi* on the streets during a festival. It is good fun to hear the people shout as they draw the cars along."

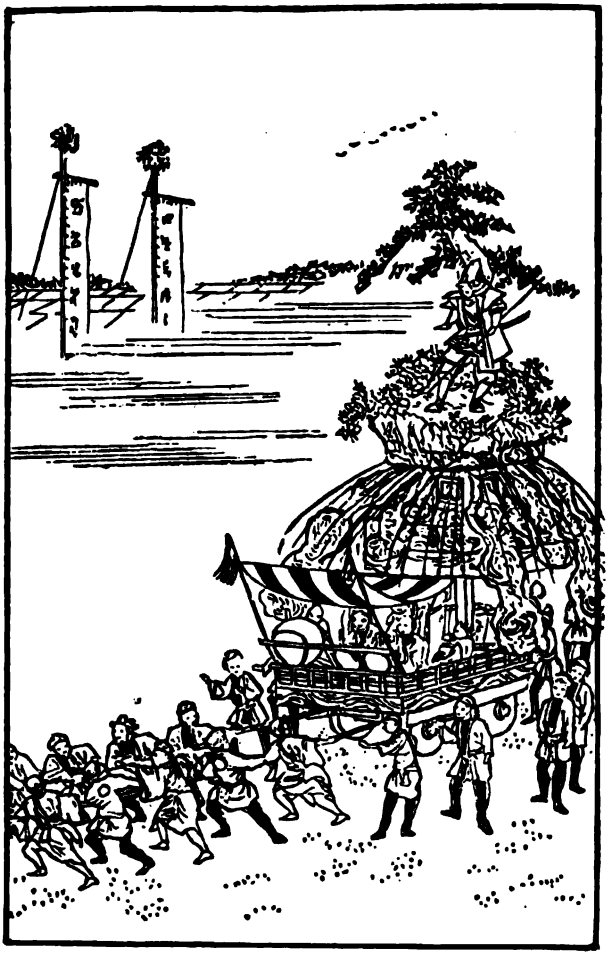
As she ceased speaking Cho came into the room and said, "O Sallie San, the honorable Dr. Nambo is at the gate."

"All right, Cho," answered the girl. "Where is Johnnie San?"

"Here I am," said her brother, coming into the room with Oto. "What do you want, sissy?"

"How are you, doctor?" said Sallie, shaking hands with her visitor. "I am glad you have come so early."

"My mother is anxious to accompany us to Meguro," re-



CARS USED AT FESTIVALS.

plied their friend. "Would you have any objection to her being one of our party?"

"I shall be delighted," returned the girl. "Stay and take

breakfast with us and we will call for your parent on our way. I believe we agreed first to visit the potters at Shiba and then to go on to Meguro. It will be a long run for our *jin-riki-sha* men, so I think we had better engage some extra help."

"Sallie always arranges everything," said Fitz. "She is a thorough American girl, isn't she?"

"It is good you have a sister to think for you, Fitz," quietly replied Oto. "If you were left to yourself you would get into some bad scrapes. What have you done with your tortoises?"

The boy chuckled awhile, then said, — "I found I could not tame them and — well, the cook said they were poisonous, so I performed the ceremony of *ho-jo-ye* (setting living things free). Sallie, I, and old Choso went to the pond in the yashiki and let the *kamé* go. They were a bad investment. Say, Oto, will you not stop to breakfast?"

BISHAMON, GOD OF SWORDSMEN AND SCHOLARS.

"I am sorry, but I promised to return to my mother," said the doctor. "Sallie, please do not forget to call at our house on your way to Shiba, we will be ready for you."

About nine o'clock the girl and her brothers bade their parents adieu and started in their *jin-riki-sha*.

Upon quitting the *yashiki* they saw an *ameya* (gluten figure maker), whereupon Fitz insisted upon stopping to watch the man.

The *ameya* was seated behind a portable bench, in the centre of which was an upright frame containing sticks surmounted by toys made of a species of barley sugar. He was a shrewd old fellow, and had little bead-like eyes that twinkled with merriment.

MAKER OF GLUTEN FIGURES.

In front of his stand were two boys and a girl who intently watched him. On seeing the Jewetts he sang a short song, to attract a larger crowd, then, bowing, said, —

"Honorable gentlemen and lady from afar, I know you are just dying for me to make you some beautiful object. Tell me, what shall it be? A gourd for your *saké*, a rat on a *daikon*, or a bunch of cherry blooms. Order whatever you like! Nothing is impossible for me to model. Call for anything in the way of fish, and I will make it before your eyes."

To Fitz — "You look hungry, *O bo-san*, what will you have?"

"A dozen blue points on the half shell," said the merry fellow.

The *ameya* grinned as though he were puzzled, bowed and said, — "Honorable sir, do not be too hard on a poor man who has to earn his daily rice. When I said order *anything*, I did not mean the blue dragons you refer to," adding aside, — "though I never heard of them having half a shell. I will not wait for any more talk, but will make you a monkey eating a peach."

He took a short piece of hollow bamboo from a little drawer in the stand, dipped the end of it in a very thick, glutinous paste, that was in a dish before him, and began to distend it, just as a glass-blower does a molten mass of the vitreous substance.

The young Americans watched him with the greatest interest, and admired the way in which he manipulated the sweetstuff.

After blowing out the mass until it was four times its original size, he pinched it here, nipped it there, and, finally, modelled a very correct representation of a monkey eating a *momo*. He detached it from the blow-pipe and fastened it to a short bamboo rod, then seized some brushes, placed them between his fingers, charged their points with paint, dexterously colored the model, and, holding it out, said, —

"Honorable sir, here is your *saru* (monkey). I never make any charge to honorable foreigners, they give me what they like."

The boy handed him a few *sen*, which the *ameya* picked up and put in his sleeve, saying in a grumbling tone, —

"Merciful Kuwannon, these foreigners know as much as

our own people. He has only paid me two *sen* more than my regular charge."

"Is this good to eat?" asked Fitz, eyeing the candy suspiciously.

"It is delicious," said the man. "You have only to taste it, and you will decide to remain here all day and have these beautiful articles made, so you can eat them when they are fresh."

The lad smelt the candy, and, handing it to a little girl among the spectators, said, "Here, sister, take this. You will possibly appreciate it more than I shall."

As the *jin-riki-sha* started, the child grasped her prize frantically, and rushed off shouting, "That Chinaman has given me an *ame-zaiku*. Come, O Sin, let us go and eat it."

Away went the Jewetts, at a brisk pace, until they reached the district where Oto resided.

"Why are those white stones placed along the edge of the path?" asked Johnnie.

"For the same reason that our people lime-wash rocks and put them in their gardens," said Sallie. "They think they look pretty."

"You are wrong," said Fitz. "The *mom-ban* told me that it was to prevent the *jin-riki-sha* men from running on the grass. Hello! there is a *sakara-uri* (fish-peddler). Mother said if we met one, I was to send him up to the *yashiki*."

On being addressed, the man stopped, deposited his tubs, and assuming a crouching position, said, "Is there anything that your honorable excellencies require? I have small Spanish mackerel, shad, turnips, and cuttle-fish. Please buy something of me?"

"Will you take two of your largest fish to No. 100 Kaga Yashiki?" asked Johnnie.

"Certainly, *O bo-san*, I will go there at once. Please give me a *shoko* (note), to say how much I am to receive. The price of these large mackerel is fifty *sen* each. I have been a fisherman, so I know when my stock is good and fresh."

FISH VENDOR.

"What are the strangest fish you ever saw?" asked Sallie.

The fellow scratched his ear, then said, "There are wonderful things in the sea. For instance, first, there is the *mana-katsuo* (parrot-fish), which has as many colors as a *geisha's*

obi, secondly the *hari-fugo*, which is striped underneath and spotted above, and which, when it is angry, blows itself up into a ball bristling with spines. It is not a good fish to catch, as it is exceedingly difficult to handle. There is also the *kio-gen hakama* (sole), striped black and white, which is really good eating, and that prince of fishes, the *ham*."

"I never knew ham was a fish before," said Fitz. "This will be news to our Chicago and Cincinnati friends."

The boy's remark puzzled the peddler, who said, "*O bo-san*, I will take my respectful leave. I do not mind your joking, but am sure you are aware that *ham* is a very nice fish."

"Please don't jest with him, he does not understand you," remarked Sallie. "You know very well that *ham* is the Japanese for conger eel. We are wasting our time, let us go on to Oto's."

They found Mrs. Nambo, very handsomely dressed, waiting to receive them.

"You are so kind to allow me to accompany you," she said to Sallie. "I have long desired to visit a pottery, and now I shall have the double pleasure of seeing one and also of viewing the irises at Meguro. When I was a girl, I wrote a poem called 'The two beautiful flowers.'"

The visitors begged she would honor them by repeating it, whereupon she said, —

"Silver mirror beneath,
Golden sky above,
What?
The iris.

Golden glow beneath,
Silver mirror above,
What?
The chrysanthemum,"

JAPANESE FISHES.

The young Americans listened respectfully, and Sallie said, "That is quite too exquisite. Japanese poetry always reminds me of Joaquin Miller's Songs of the Sierras. One has to think a long while before discovering the meaning."

"Yes," bluntly remarked Fitz. "They are like conundrums, you have to knot your brains before you can solve them. Mrs. Nambo, do you know that Sallie once wrote a poem on a bird. I'll recite it to you."

His sister shook her head and bit her lips, notwithstanding which, he continued, —

"Oh! lovely sparrow, looking out for crumbs —,

What is the next line, Sallie?"

"I have forgotten," she said, quickly. "Please do not take any notice of him, Mrs. Nambo. I was quite a child when I wrote that nonsense. You must forgive Fitz, he is always joking."

"Your effusion was no joke to read, Sallie," was the merry response. "It filled ten sheets of paper, and then you had only finished part first. I think the Japanese poems beat ours; they are shorter. I can understand the meaning of the one Mrs. Nambo has so kindly recited. It is this:

'The golden sun reflects the image of the beautiful iris in the silvery water from which it springs;
The silver moon shining upon the temple gardens reveals the golden chrysanthemum.'

Sallie, you must allow that is true poetry."

"I think your sister's poem began very charmingly," said the old lady. "I hear my husband's voice; I am glad you will see him before we leave."

As she spoke, Mr. Nambo entered and welcomed them in the old Japanese fashion, kneeling and bowing his head repeat-

edly to the mats; having done which he sat upon his heels, and after inquiring about the health of Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, said, "I have a very good friend, who owns one of the potteries in Shiba. I will send a telegram to him and he will show you over his works. Would you like to see some fine specimens of old ware?"

"That will be splendid," exclaimed Sallie. "Mr. Nambo, I have long wanted to view your collection."

The gentleman called his chief servant and directed him to fetch certain packages from the *dozo* (fire-proof store-house) in the rear of the dwelling.

The man returned, after a few moments' absence, bearing several boxes which he placed on the mat before his master. The visitors squatted round in Japanese fashion, then Mr. Nambo opened one of the packages and said, "I will first show you a very ancient flask made by a priest named Gi-yo-ji, who was a native of the province of Idzumi. This wonderful man invented the potter's wheel, and taught the people how to use it. Only a few pieces of his ware are in existence."

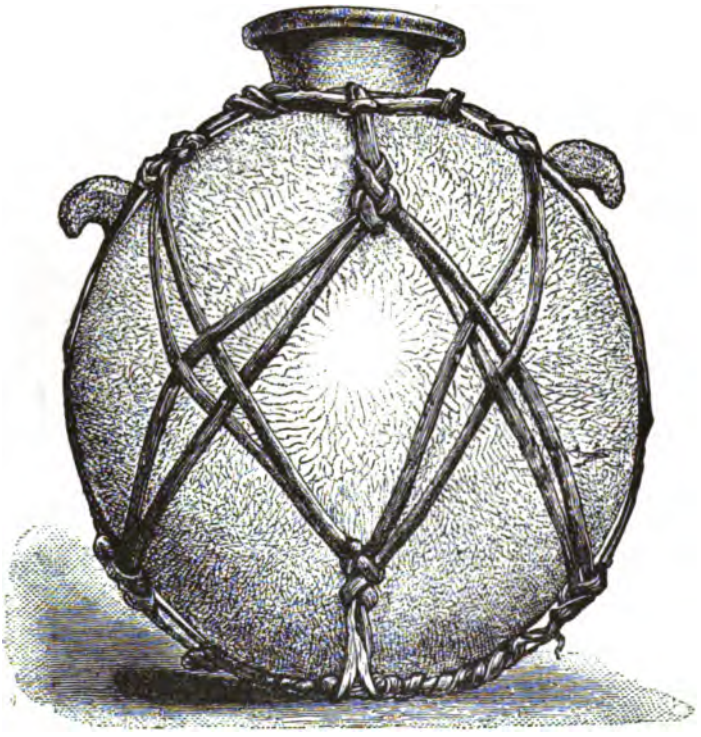
Their host opened the box and lifted out the vessel, which was carefully wrapped in purple crape. He removed the latter and revealed a circular bottle about eight inches high and of a glossy, dark color, with hook-like handles, enclosed in a network of split rattan. "This was made eleven hundred and fifty years ago, and is a wonderful specimen of Gi-yo-ji yaki. No one knows what was kept in it."

He handed the bottle to Sallie, who received it reverently, and examined its details minutely. Upon giving the treasure to Fitz, she said, "I could gaze on it all day!"

Fitz alternately closed his right and left eye, then applied his nose to the neck of the bottle and sniffed repeatedly, after

which he nodded to Mr. Nambo, and said, "This flask is too utterly utter! I know what Mr. Gi-yo-ji kept in it."

"Do you?" was the innocent response. "I have never before been able to meet with any one who could tell me."



FLASK MADE BY GI-YO-JI.

"Do not joke with the dear old gentleman," murmured Sallie in English.

Fitz, not at all abashed, beamed upon his friend, and said, "He used to keep his camphor liniment in this *tsubo*; it still smells quite strong of it."

Mr. Nambo, who did not understand the boy's fun, smiled, bowed, and replied, "The odor of camphor rises from the gum

we put in the fire-proof building to keep out the insects. Will you kindly tell me what you mean by too utterly utter. Is it the name of one of your ancient wares?"

"Sallie knows; I don't," answered Fitz.

"Will you please explain the sentence, O Sallie Sama," blandly inquired the gentleman.

The young lady blushed, hesitated and said,—"It cannot be explained, sir."

"Is it English," he asked.

"It is—pigeon English," said Fitz, coming to her assistance.

"Oh, yes! Now I understand," returned Mr. Nambo. "A sort of Yokohama *namari*" (dialect).

RAKU-CHA WARE (TEA-BOWL OF RAKU WARE).

He opened a box and taking out a bowl, enclosed in a satin bag, continued,—

"I have here a beautiful *cha-wan* (tea-bowl) of pale red Raku ware. It was made by Cho-niu, the seventh descendant of Tanaka Cho-ji-ro. This is a very, very fine specimen and is one hundred and thirty years old. Such ware is worth its weight in gold."

"It does not look it," said Fitz. "Now, Sallie Jewett, go into ecstasies. This sort of stuff pleases you."

"It is very fine," she returned. "If you cannot appreciate this, I can, brother. I am greatly enjoying the sight of these beautiful pieces."

Her speech pleased Mr. Nambo, who bowed, sucked in his breath, and taking a small bag of silken brocade from a box, opened it and said,—

"I have here a little Seto *cha-ire* (tea-jar), such as was used

for the ceremonial tea-drinking. Although this is only a small piece of reddish-yellow stone-ware, it is very valuable. In the first place it was made over five hundred and twenty years ago, and is covered with both light and dark brown glaze; secondly, it once belonged to Iyeyasu, therefore, whenever I take it out, I bow reverently to the noble spirit of the great Sho-gun."

"Do you think it does him any good?" politely inquired Fitz.

Sallie frowned and shook her head, while Mr. Nambo regarded the boy with a puzzled air, and said in a dreamy manner,—"I never thought of that before. I suppose every one likes to be respected. American and Japanese ideas differ so greatly that I am continually receiving new shocks."

TEA-JAR OF SETO WARE.

"I hope I have not said anything to make you feel bad," observed Fitz, taking the tea-jar from his sister, who looked reproachfully at him. "I really beg you a hundred thousand pardons."

Oto knew that his father would require a little time to recover himself, so he said, "I think, Sallie, if you have no objection, we will start for Shiba."

"If your mother is ready, I am," answered the girl; then turning to her host, she said,—"Mr. Nambo, will you sometime do me the great favor of letting me see all your collection of keramics?"

"Yes, yes," said the delighted old gentleman. "If you

will come any day I will show you all my treasures. I have many very fine pieces, and am sure you will be charmed with them. It is a great happiness to me to see a foreign young lady so thoroughly appreciate our fine arts. Your brother's remark has set my old head thinking. I shall never become Americanized, like my son."

"Please do not permit Fitz's thoughtless speech to annoy you," said Sallie. "I thank you so much for your kind promise and shall avail myself of it at an early day."

FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE.

"You will make me very happy," said Mr. Nambo. "Please ask your honorable parents to accompany you."

"They will be delighted to do so," she replied. "Mrs. Nambo, I am at your service."

They quitted the house and in a few minutes were *en route* for Shiba, one of the most beautiful suburbs of Tokio. The party passed through a quarter that had not been touched by foreign improvements and in which the houses were nearly all of them fire-proof.

"Hello," said Johnnie, stopping his vehicle, and addressing

a man who was carrying some swords. "Are those for sale?"

"No," was the reply, "but if you go to the next house, you will find some very beautiful *katana*. My employer has a *dozo* (fire-proof warehouse) full of them."

Johnnie entered the establishment, leaving his friends still seated in their *jin-riki-sha*.

"Why are the centre portions of these buildings of stone and two stories in height?" inquired Fitz of Oto. "And why are the gables provided with *chevaux-de-frise?*"

"That part of the establishment is fire-proof," answered Oto. "You will observe the upper windows have massive iron shutters that are closed at night. When a fire breaks out, the proprietor fills the crevices all round the windows with wet mud and shuts the thick doors below. If the conflagration comes near the house, it consumes everything but the stone and cement. The *tori yoke* (bird keep off) are put there to prevent pigeons and crows from resting on the gables."

"I thought they were cat-teasers," said the merry boy. "Here comes brother, but he has not bought any swords."

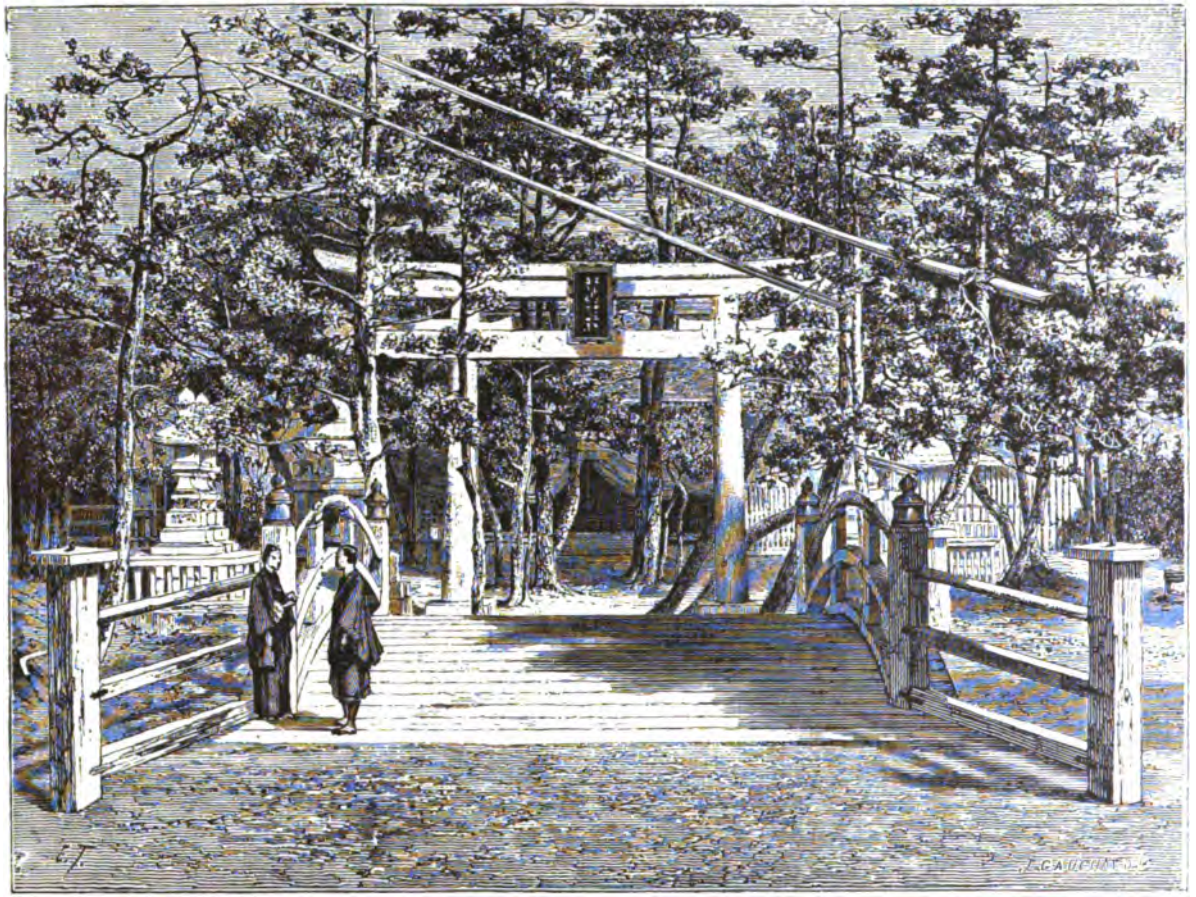
"That merchant wants a small fortune for his goods," said Johnnie. "He has a blade which he asserts was made by Masamune, for which he demands two thousand *yen*."

"Who was Masamune, a negro minstrel?" asked Fitz.

"You know better than that," snapped his brother. "He was the most celebrated sword-maker in Japan. I wish you would not poke fun at everything, Fitz Jewett."

"Oh, all right! all right!" was the good-humored reply. "You are awfully touchy, Johnnie. We can't all worship old cutlery as you do."

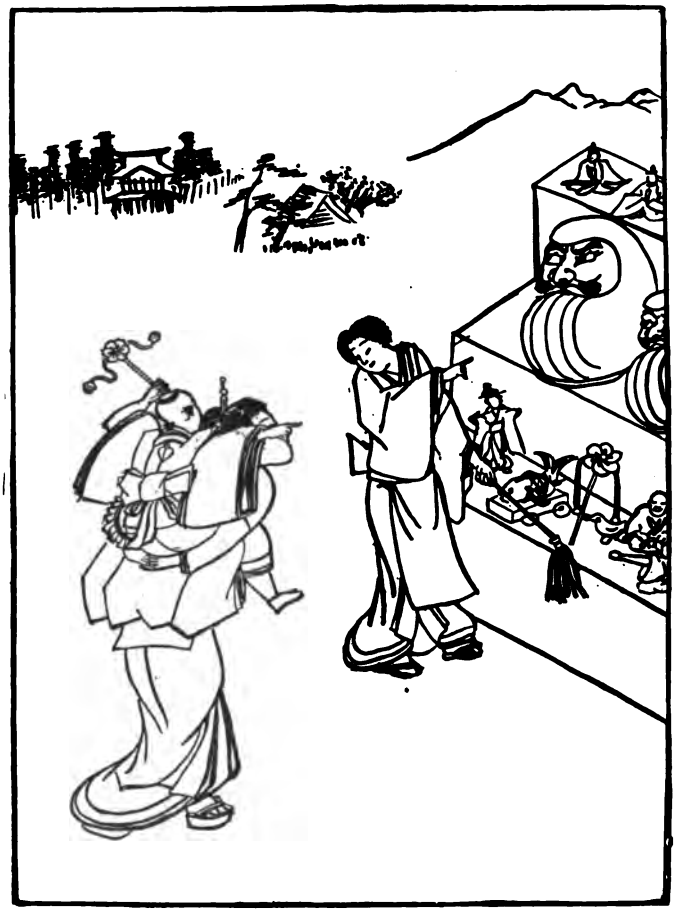
After quite a ride, the *jin-riki-sha* men turned to the right and ran their vehicles over a wooden bridge into a temple



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE GROUNDS, SHIBA.

enclosure, the entrance to which was guarded by a very handsome stone *toru*.

"Is the pottery in here?" said Fitz.



STREET TOY-SELLER.

"No," replied Oto, "but we can walk through the grounds, which are very beautiful. The works are situated on the hill at the back of this place."

Sallie accompanied Mrs. Nambo and had quite an interest-

ing conversation with her. The dear old lady had evidently made up her mind to convert the girl to Buddhism.

"My child," she said, "although your religion is a very beautiful one, ours is much older and better. I think if you were to read some good books, you would be converted to our way of thinking."

Sallie answered politely, but endeavored to change the conversation. Noticing an *omocha-uri* (toy-seller), who had a stall in the grounds, she said, "I always laugh when I see those figures of Daruma, they look so comical. Why do they put a moustache on his face? Look at that dear little baby on his nurse's back, he is pointing at the toys and crying, 'Give me! give me!'"

Mrs. Nambo did not pay any attention to the child, being anxious to enlighten Sallie on Buddhism, so she said, "Daruma was a very holy saint, and it is a shame to make toys, snow-men, and tobacconists' signs in his image. He came from the land of Shaka, therefore wore a beard and moustache. When he crossed from Corea he had no boat, but rode over on an *ashi* (rush) leaf. Before venturing on this perilous voyage, he prepared himself by making a retreat that lasted nine years, during which time he knelt with his face turned to the wall. It is said that he thus wore off his lower limbs, so he is represented as having only head, arms, and body. Ah, my daughter, if we could all be like him!"

Although Sallie felt very much inclined to smile, she preserved her gravity, knowing that the worthy lady thoroughly believed what she said. Her great fear was that Fitz, who had eagerly listened to their conversation, would make one of his thoughtless speeches.

"Shaka was so gentle," continued Mrs. Nambo, "he had compassion for everything, and would neither cause pain nor

death to the smallest insect. If we followed his teaching, there would be little sorrow or suffering in the world. You must study the subject. I think you would be converted if you only understood it."

"You are very kind," said Sallie, wishing that her friend

DARUMA.

would talk about something else. "Are we near the pottery, Oto?"

"Yes, quite close," replied the young doctor. "Here we are, straight up the hill."

The works proved to be a number of poor-looking houses and several kilns built one above the other on rising ground.

"If you wait a moment, I will see if the proprietor is at home," said Oto. "The place is not very imposing, still they make some beautiful ware here."

As he was speaking, a middle-aged Japanese, wearing a silk *kimono*, came to the gate of the enclosure, and, bowing, said, "Are you the honorable Dr. Nambo?"

"I am that insignificant person," answered Oto.

The man bowed very low, sucked in his breath, and said, "I have just received a telegram from your honorable father. Please come into this miserable place and I will show you everything we have. My soul is filled with regret that we cannot exhibit something worth looking at."

Oto introduced his mother and friends, and, referring to Sallie, said, "This young lady is very much interested in our keramic art. Will you kindly show her everything from the beginning. What kind of ware do you make?"

The manufacturer bowed, smiled, and blandly replied, "Everything. Whatever our customers order. I make Satsuma, Hizen, Seto, Karatsu, Shigaraki, Itsumo, Kiyoto, Raku, Awata, Kaga, Banko, Arita, Okawaji, and Ota," — adding, with a knowing air, "We keep pace with the times."

Sallie, who had listened to his speech with undisguised amazement, exclaimed, "How can you make Satsuma and Kaga, here in Shiba?"

"I will show you," he answered, smiling like a school-boy. "Some years ago our foreign customers were obliged to send to Satsuma for that ware. You know how impatient your countrymen are. Our slow method of transportation did not suit them, so in order to supply the demand, we imported Satsuma potters and brought the clay here in *fune* (junks)."

He led the way into a long shed, containing several hundred bales and tubs, wrapped in rice matting.

"This building," he said, "contains clay from fifty different places. When I receive an order for a fine piece of old Hizen, I tell my potter to take so much Hizen-clay, and, as soon as the

piece is modelled, direct my artist to decorate it in the Hizen style. If it is required to be very old, we stain it or bury it in mud, which gives it an ancient appearance. Of course no judge is ever deceived, but then," laughing, "everybody is not a connoisseur."

His statement not only surprised but pained Sallie, who said, "I suppose many of the fine Japanese things we bought in America were forgeries."

"Not the fine things," glibly answered the potter. "We cannot make really fine Satsuma or any other ware. In the old time, when the potter belonged to his *daimio* (great lord), he could be a month or a year making a vase or a small piece of porcelain, and he put his whole soul in his work. Now, I get a telegram from Yokohama, or may be from your honorable country, ordering fifty dozen of one article and am told to hurry up. Then again we have to work cheaply, as there is more competition. Therefore, although we pretend to make old things, not even a child is deceived by them."

"I have known a good many grown-up people to be," interposed Fitz. "Now show us how you make your imitations."

The proprietor smiled, and took them into a second shed in which over sixty potters were working at their wheels, circular disks of wood, that revolved on pivots.

"You will now see how a vase is made," he said. "The workman crouches by his wheel, and has a lump of wet porcelain-clay on his right hand." Addressing a potter who was gaping at the visitors as though he had never seen a foreigner, "Shomi, make a number sixteen flange-topped vase."

The man took a lump of clay in his right hand, and starting the disk with his left, threw some of the paste upon the appa-

ratus and in a few moments had formed the bottom of a vase. As he built this up, it became necessary for him to use both his hands, whereupon he dexterously moved the wheel with his feet. Little by little, the vase rose until it was about eight inches in height, when he finished it off by trimming the rim with a wooden instrument, having done which, he rested.

"That," said the proprietor, "is the ordinary way of making any piece of pottery. For fine specimens we employ wooden cores, made in sections and fastened together, these being removed as soon as the paste is set. If handles or other ornamentations are required, we mould and fix them to the article with a little wet clay. You will observe that the potter's tools consist of the wheel and a few pieces of wood, with which he models and trims the articles. Sometimes we cover a vase with raised figures of flowers, et cetera; at others coat it with a fine kind of clay, to give the article a good finish."

He showed them various pieces in the process of manufacture, then conducted them up the hill to the kilns, which were ranged in sets of three, one above the other.

"We build them thus to economize wood," he remarked. "The heat from the lower oven passes into the others, so when the first is sufficiently fired, the second is red hot and requires very little more fuel to complete the work."

They peeped into one of the kilns, which was cooling, and saw that many of the vases had leaned over and some had toppled upon others.

"Ah!" sighed the manufacturer, "that is where we lose so much. While the pieces are burning they sag and either tumble over or come out crooked. I will now show you how our artists work."

The visitors were conducted to a row of houses, the dwellings of the decorators, each of whom was assisted by an

apprentice or member of his family, who, like himself, squatted on the floor and painted without any pattern. The colors were all mineral and somewhat difficult to work, notwithstanding which the men manipulated their brushes with great dexterity and rapidity. Some pieces merely received a few

GAKU DANCE.

touches, and, lo! a graphic, sketchy outline; others had been for weeks under the decorators' hands.

"Whom does that person you are painting represent?" asked Fitz of one of the artists.

"That is a great actor of the old court, dancing the *Gaku*," said the man. "We often use these subjects because foreign-

ers like them. You will observe the costume is very different from what we wear nowadays and that the performer wears his hair in the foreign fashion."

The boy examined the painting minutely, then murmured, "We do not shave the backs of our heads. If it were not for that and the ears, the face would look very much like that of old Deacon Pillsbury."

"Is he one of your great warriors?" respectfully inquired the artist.

"No," was the quick reply, "he is the tax-collector at Cromlech."

The visitors were next conducted into the glazing-shed, where they saw the various articles of pottery and porcelain coated with a composition made of feldspar and leached wood ashes.

"These are put in a kiln and refired," said the proprietor. "In some cases we give them a second and even a third glazing, but that is only when we make very old ware. Please come with me and I will show you some of our specimens."

They entered store-room after store-room filled with pottery and porcelain of every kind, made for the ordinary trade in the States, but, as he had truly said, "though many of the pieces were colored and toned to make them look old, no expert would have been deceived by the very best of them."

"What is the price of this Satsuma *koro*" (incense burner)? inquired Johnnie, pointing to a tripod vase of yellowish ware, covered with a cream-colored crackle glaze, and surmounted with a figure of a lion of the same material.

"Two hundred *yen*" (dollars), calmly answered the man.

"What!" ejaculated the boy. "Why, I can buy better pieces than that in the States for a hundred and fifty dollars."

"How much will you give?" asked the unabashed manufacturer.

"I do not wish to purchase," answered Johnnie. "It is a very handsome vase, and I have many friends who are buying such things, so I thought I would ask you its value."

"Well, I will let it go for a hundred *yen*, if I can sell it soon," said the manufacturer. "I hope you will recommend my establishment."

MODERN SATSUMA INCENSE BURNER.

"What does the picture on that vase represent?" said Sallie.

"That is one of our great actors, in his celebrated character of Goro Sketsunè," answered the guide. "He is in the act of delivering his final speech. The *akaria mochi* is holding a candle so that the audience can watch the expression of his master's features. That was made to the order of a foreign lady, who has gone to Osaka. We never decorate our vases with such subjects."

"I think we have seen enough," said Sallie to Oto. "It is noon and we had better take our leave." Turning to the proprietor she added,—"I thank you very much for your courtesy. We have to go to Meguro."

The man presented her with a dish which he had made himself, and after expressing his obligation at the honor of their visit, saw them to the gate and bade them farewell.

"I propose we go to a restaurant and have lunch," said Oto.

"I am willing," said Sallie, "for I am very tired and somewhat annoyed with those forgeries. The proprietor was quite right when he said no person of any judgment could mistake even the finest modern ware for the beautiful ancient pieces."

AN ACTOR AND HIS CANDLE-BEARER.

The party went to a charming place in Shiba, and while they were waiting for their food to be cooked, Mrs. Nambo said to Sallie, "Have you ever heard the story of Ikiu?"

"No," answered the girl; "I would be pleased to do so."

The old lady corrected her attitude, that is, sat up straight on her heels, coughed, glanced downward, and said, —

"The *Shojo* (chief priest) of the temple of Dai Toku, had a very beautiful old incense-burner, which he considered the most valuable of his treasures. Whenever he went upon a

journey, he instructed the *bozu* not to touch the *koro*, saying, — 'If that were broken, I should lose what could never be replaced.'

"One day, when he was away visiting the head of the church, some country *bozu* came to the temple to see their friends. The priests, on duty, forgetting their instructions, not only exhibited the *koro*, but allowed their guests to handle it. Alas! one of the party clumsily dropped the treasure upon the floor.

"'What shall we do! What shall we do!' cried the unhappy *bozu*. 'The Shojo will never forgive us.'

"While they were lamenting and praying, a young novice, named Ikiu, entered the apartment, and on learning the cause of their agony, said, —

"'Do not be grieved, I can make this all right.'

"'How?' they demanded. 'You cannot put the *koro* together again.'

"'You will see,' he answered. 'Just leave it all to me and do not feel any more anxiety about the matter.'

"He picked up a fragment of the porcelain and placed it in his sleeve, then knelt and repeated his prayers until he heard the cry, 'The Shojo is at the gate,' when he rose and proceeded to the portal.

"As soon as the superior alighted from his *kago*, Ikiu prostrated himself, bowed his head to the ground, and said, —

"'Holy father, all living things — what?"

"The venerable man regarded him for a few seconds, then gravely replied, —

"'Must die!'

"The boy thought awhile, after which he said, —

"'All fragile things — what?"

"'Must be broken,' sadly responded the old priest.

"On hearing these words, Ikiu, who still remained with his face close to the ground, fumbled in the sleeve of his robe, and produced the fragment of pottery. Holding it above his head, he said, 'This is!' (broken).

"The boy's knowledge and wit so pleased his superior that he not only forgave the persons who had destroyed his treasure, but advanced Ikiu several degrees, and ever afterwards took a great interest in him."

Mrs. Nambo paused, bowed, and said in her gentle way,—

"That is the story of Ikiu; what do you think of it?"

"I think he was real smart," said Fitz, answering for the rest. "Here comes our lunch."

When they had partaken of the meal, they entered their *jin-riki-sha* and started for Meguro, *en route* passing through quite a rural district, containing rice swamps, in which women, wading knee deep, were bedding out the young plants.

"What hard work!" said Johnnie. "Just imagine, every spear of the crop has to be replanted in that way! If our people had to raise their bread as yours do they would starve. I guess you would not get American women to wade for days in mud."

"If our people did not do that, they would starve," quietly answered Oto. "I do not think it is much worse than cranberry picking."

"I never tried the latter," said Johnnie. "Guess you are right, doctor."

Although each *jin-riki-sha* was drawn by two men, they took an hour going to Meguro, on arriving at which place the party gave their servants money for refreshments and proceeded to see the irises.

"The valley of Meguro is celebrated for its temples," said Mrs. Nambo. "I think we ought to go to that of Taku-yaku-

shi, the *hondon*(chief idol) was carved by Ji-kaku Dai-shi, a thousand years ago. The saint made it in order that he might be cured of a disease of the eyes, and took it with him to

PLANTING OUT RICE.

China, where he went to study the pure doctrine of Buddhism. On his return voyage a violent storm arose, during which Ji-kaku prayed earnestly. The god revealed himself and commanded the saint to throw his image into the sea.

When this was done the tempest suddenly ceased and the ship sailed straight for the harbor. The saint, who deeply regretted the loss of his image, petitioned the deity to restore it to him. One night he dreamed that the god would reveal himself at Hirando in Hizen, so Ji-kaku at once set out for that port. On reaching the shore, he saw an enormous cuttle-fish coming toward him with the image on its back."

"How very interesting!" exclaimed Sallie, while Oto nervously rubbed his fingers and looked uncomfortable, as though he feared Fitz would express the amusement he felt at the story.

Mrs. Nambo, utterly unconscious of her son's anxiety, beamed sweetly on Sallie, and said, "The saint, in gratitude for the miracle, founded this temple. If you have any ailment, will come here and make an offering, and will abstain from eating cuttle-fish, you will be cured. Would you like to go into the building, O Sallie San?"

"I do not think we have time, to-day," said the girl, who sympathized with Oto. "I will come here with you some other time."

Fitz was very good, and contrived to smother his merriment, contenting himself by saying, "I hope you will let me accompany you, I want to hear the rest of that cuttle-fish story."

They went to a tea-house, and, after refreshing themselves, inquired the way to the iris-beds, which were reached after a short walk.

The flowers were very large, and beautifully variegated, and the sight was well worth the journey.

"We have nothing like this at home," said Sallie. "Why, the blossoms appear to be double, and they are such lovely colors, — purple, red, white, blue, yellow, pink, striped, and all manner of hybrids."

There was a large crowd of visitors, who, like the Jewetts, thoroughly enjoyed the glorious flowers.

About four o'clock, Mrs. Nambo said, "Oto, to-day is the festival of Sui-jin. If we go down to Shini-gawa and take a sail boat, we can cross to Fouka-gawa in time to see the Mikoshi carried into the bay."

"What is that?" asked Fitz.

"It is this," she said. "The priest blesses a mirror, takes it from the temple, and puts it in the Mikoshi. Then the men who belong to the sodality raise the ark upon their shoulders and carry it all round the city. At sunset they rush with it into the water on the Fouka-gawa side of the bay."

"Do let us go to see the fun," said Fitz.

The *jin-riki-sha* were summoned, and they bade the men take them down to Goten-yama, where they secured a boat and were soon sailing for the opposite shore.

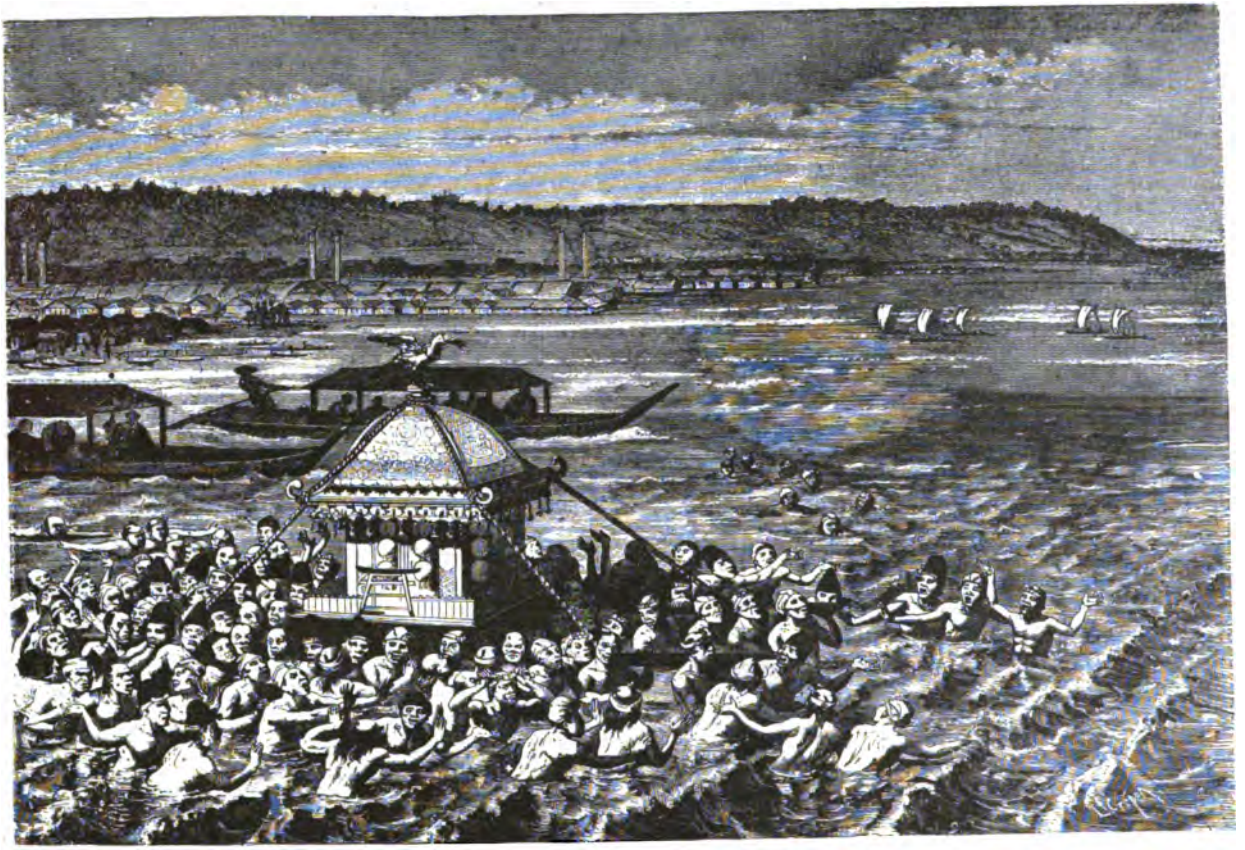
As they neared Fouka-gawa, they heard shouting, and saw the Mikoshi being conveyed along the muddy strand, and heard the bearers yelling, "*Yot-choi! Wat-choi!*"

The ark swayed from side to side, the gilded *huowo* (heavenly bird) on the top flapped its wings as though about to essay a flight, and the drunken crowd screamed and splashed like a lot of schoolboys out for a frolic.

"That will sober them," said the kindly lady. "Ah! in a year or two more, all these ancient customs will be abolished. They say the Mikado intends to issue an edict to that effect. It is a very interesting sight, is it not?"

"I would rather see the wrestlers," said Fitz. "Come, Oto, tell the boatman to run us up the Sumida, and land us at the nearest place where we can take *jin-riki-sha* for home. Sallie looks tired, and we must not keep her out too late."

"Won't you go home with us?" asked Mrs. Nambo. "I



FESTIVAL OF THE GOD OF WATER.

have ordered dinner to be prepared for you. You can send a message to your honorable parents and have your *jin-riki-sha* join you."

Sallie assented to this, and on landing they proceeded to Mrs. Nambo's house, where they thoroughly enjoyed an excellent Japanese repast, which lasted until eight o'clock in the evening.

When they were about to leave, their hostess took Sallie aside and gave her a package, saying, "My daughter, I hope you will not be offended with this little present. Please read these books, they will enable you to attain perfection and possibly be a benefit to your honorable parents and brothers."

The girl took the gift, not quite understanding what Mrs. Nambo meant.

"*Saionara*," said Oto. "Next month we will visit the silk weavers, and go to see the lotuses in Uyeno pond."

As soon as Sallie reached home, she opened her present, and read on the title page of the first book, "Sixteen Heavenly Blossoms (Lives of the Sixteen beloved Disciples of Buddha)."

Upon discovering this she bit her lips and returned the volumes to their wrapper.

"What is the matter, my child?" inquired her mother.

"I love Mrs. Nambo, she is a dear old lady," said the indignant girl. "But I do dislike to go there because she is always referring to Buddhism, and giving me these absurd works about the Rakan (disciples). I should think that Oto ought to tell her that we can never believe in such nonsense."

"I do not see anything to get mad about, Sallie Jewett," said Fitz. "When Oto was in America, he never went out but what somebody buttonholed him and tried to convert him to his individual way of thinking. As to tracts and good

books, why he left nearly a ton of them in his room, for the servants. You can do the same thing, can't she, mother?"

Mrs. Jewett averted her face and did not reply, so the Professor said, "My children, we should always do unto others as we would be done by."

CHAPTER VII.

A CONCERT AT THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

"The practice of religion is always pleasantest, when it can be most easily accomplished.

"In July, even the rats of Tokio say to their friends, it is time we went on a pilgrimage."

"MY gracious!" moaned Fitz, as he rose one morning at daybreak. "Oh, I had such a dream last night, Johnnie!"

"Perhaps you felt the earthquake," said the latter.

"Earthquake!" ejaculated his brother. "Phew, now I understand the meaning of my dream!"

"There was a big shock and several little ones," answered Johnnie. "I felt my bed move, then heard mother call out to father: 'Do not bother about that seismological apparatus, professor, but find the matches, the lamp has gone out.' As soon as the shocks were over, father and I examined the disk of the machine, and found that the earthquake had been a very severe one. He was so delighted at the success of his mechanism that he rushed off to Professor Mac, whom he found in a high state of excitement, and who said, 'Hech, yon was a very fine earthquake; was it nae, mon. My apparatus registered every shock, and is a grand success.'"

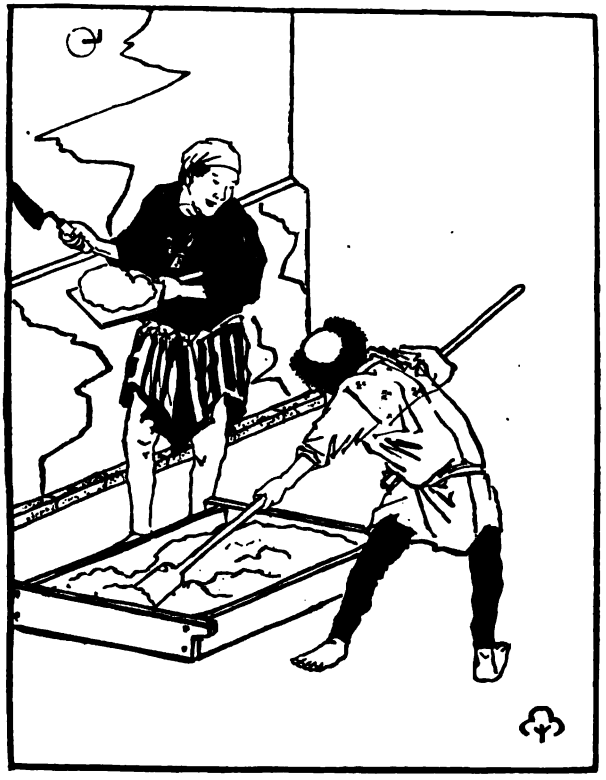
"Why does Mac talk such queer English?" asked Fitz.

"He is a Scotchman," answered his brother. "What were you saying about your dream?"

The boy, who was looking out of the window, replied, "It must have been a pretty bad shake up. I see the *sha-kan-ya* (plasterers) are at work on the fire-proof house over there; it

is cracked all over. An earthquake is to those fellows very much what a hard frost is to our plumbers. Listen to them, they are talking about it."

"I want to hear your dream," said Johnnie.



PLASTERERS AT WORK AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE.

"I will tell you presently," was the reply. "It was very funny. By the way, I ought to make a seismological apparatus; I think I could invent something original."

"Those machines are becoming too common," returned Johnnie. "Besides, nobody at home would appreciate them. We never have shakes that amount to anything."

At breakfast Johnnie referred to his brother's dream, on hearing which, Sallie said, "Oh, do tell us, Fitz. Did you really sleep through that earthquake?"

The merry lad nodded his head and said, in a very solemn manner, "I saw it, Sallie Jewett. You all know the Japanese believe that their beloved islands rest on the back of a cat-fish, and that, when the creature wags its tail, we get shocks of the earthquake."

"Yes," said the Professor approvingly, "such is the popular belief."

"Well, I saw the cat-fish," said Fitz. "It is no good looking so amazed, Sallie. I am not out of my senses. This was my dream. First of all, I was gazing on Tokio in winter, through branches of beautiful white and red plum-blossoms, from which hung many poems and a mask of the god-Fox. The city and the peak of glorious Fuji-yama beyond were covered with snow, which contrasted charmingly with the flowers of the *ume*. As I was looking I saw a tremendous monster appear in the sky, and, on regarding it closely, found it was a gigantic cat-fish, ridden by Yebis, the smiling god, who used the fish's feelers as reins, and whipped it vigorously with his bamboo fishing-rod. As it approached me, I saw poor old Fuku-roku-jin (the god of longevity) seated on the flattened tail of the fish, holding up his hands in fright.* The purple cloth was nearly off his venerable head, and he was shouting with fear. Presently he called to Yebis, saying, 'Honorable brother, do not drive so fast. If I have much of this, I shall tumble off.'

"'Yeh!' said the smiling one, regarding his comrade mischievously. 'Don't lose your balance, dear boy. You are a long distance above the earth, and if you were to tumble, you

* *Vide* illuminated cover.

would crack your beautiful skull. Hold on! I am going to make this cat-fish go twice as fast as I have done.'

"'Oh!' cried Fuku-roku-jin. 'Have mercy on me! When you invited me to take a ride, I did not expect you were going to harness the earthquake-fish. I am completely shaken up. I beseech you to descend somewhere in the city, and have the rest of your amusement by yourself.'

"Instead of replying, Yebis whipped up the fish, shouted 'Yeh! yeh! yeh!' and vanished.

"Then I thought I felt something shaking me, but did not, until I awoke, know there had been an earthquake."

"It was a wonderful dream," said the Professor, regarding his son askance.

"Yes," quietly remarked Mrs. Jewett, "Fitz has an exceedingly fertile imagination. His story of the earthquake-fish and the two gods is very amusing."

YEBIS, BROTHER OF THE SUN, GOD OF MARKETS.

"I won't tell my dreams again if I am not believed," said the boy. "I dreamed lots of things last night, among others that I saw two foxes in the clouds, one playing on the *samisen* and the other dancing. Was it not strange, Sallie?"

"I think you have lately eaten too much *bota-mochi* (cake), brother," was the reply. "There is some one at the gate, perhaps it is Oto."

The boys hurried to meet their friend, who, on seeing them said,—

"The weather is not too warm, so I think we had better take a walk to-day. I have something important to tell you. My parents desire to visit Nara, Kioto and the sacred shrines of Ise, and wish to know whether you will honor us with your company. We think of going to Kobe by steamer, from thence to Osaka and Kioto by rail, after which we shall take jin-riki-sha and make the journey to Ise. You must promise to come."

"Is Sallie to go?" asked Fitz.

"Most certainly," said the doctor. "I am instructed to invite your parents and all the family."

"That would be jolly," said Fitz. "I like going to sacred places, it is such fun. Come right in, Oto, and deliver your message to father and mother."

The Professor and Mrs. Jewett agreed to accept the invitation, which was really intended as some little return for the hospitality shown by them to Oto when he was in the States.

"I shall only be able to spend a few hours with you to-day," said the young man, as his friends clustered around him. "What shall we do?"

"Let us go out and see the sights near the *yashiki*," answered Sallie. "It is always interesting to watch the peddlers plying their trades."

"One moment, daughter," said Mrs. Jewett, "you must be back by noon. Our good friend, Professor Mason, has asked us to go over to the College of Music and hear a concert which will be given by his pupils at two o'clock."

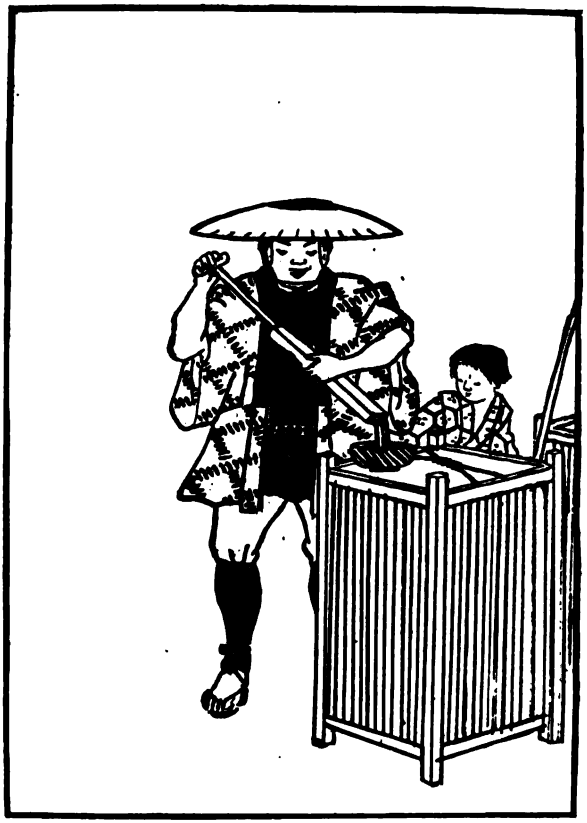
"I am so pleased," answered Sallie. "We will be sure to return in time. Now, boys, I am ready."

As they walked through the grounds, they saw a *kaido*

kan-ten uri (roadside sea-weed isinglass seller), noticing whom, Fitz said,—

"I always like to try everything. Let us stop and buy some of this stuff."

The man's establishment consisted of two oblong frames made of light wood, enclosing baskets of split bamboo, open on one side, which contained his stock in trade.



SELLER OF SEAWEED ISINGLASS.

"Give us some *kan-ten*," said Fitz.

The fellow grinned and bowed, then producing a bowl from one of the baskets, took a strange-looking apparatus, saying,—

"Honorable gentlemen from afar, you will observe this instrument is very clean; it is made of wood and the bottom is pierced with small holes. It is filled with *kan-ten* which has set hard. I now take this rod, you see it is provided with a butt that just fits the inside of the *kan-ten*-holder.

I force the piston in, when, behold the delicacy rushes out in silvery threads and falls into the bowl ready for you to eat."

He handed the vessel to Fitz, who, after tasting it, made a grimace and said,—

"Won't you have some, Sallie? It is salty."

"Not for me," she replied. "I never was fond of messes. You had better give it to that small boy who is watching us so intently."

They paid the man and walked on, leaving the child sucking down the *kan-ten* in a manner that showed how highly he appreciated it.

As they emerged through the lower gate, they saw a *uye-kiya* (florist).

"Say," cried Fitz, "what has he in those pots?"

"Morning-glories," answered Oto. "He is persuading that medical student to buy a few plants to adorn his room. I know the fellow, he is an old hand at the business. I have bought many a pot of flowers of him."

The purchaser, who was quite a dandy, wore a girl's sailor hat perched on the top of his head and carried a cotton umbrella in a very jaunty manner.

"Ten *sen* for that," he said, glancing scornfully down at the *uye-kiya*, who squatted in a respectful position. "Do you take me for a foreigner? I will not buy your rubbish."

The dealer sucked in his breath and said, in a satirical tone, "Take you for a foreigner? No, indeed, I should never imagine such a thing. The honorable gentlemen-from-afar always give me the price I ask, and do not squabble about a few *rin* (mills)."

They left the student haggling with the florist, who, while extolling his wares, did not hesitate to make many sly hits at the expense of his customer.

"Here is another of those *kori-ya*" (street ice-seller), said Johnnie, pointing to a man, clad in a loud-patterned *kimono*, who was standing by the side of a neat little stall, under the awning of which was a framed sign inscribed *kori-midzu* (ice-water). The counter was ornamented with an octagonal

FLORIST.

bowl containing a little rockery, from whence sprouted young rice, a symbol of the month; near it were some clumsy-looking tumblers, and, upon a raised shelf behind, a blue and white bowl containing cracked ice. On his left was a low bench, furnished with a mat, for the accommodation of his customers.

"These *kori-ya* are a new institution," said Oto. "A few years ago none of our people used ice in any form, now, as soon as the weather grows warm, these vendors are to be found on every street-corner. Some quack has asserted that

ICE-WATER SELLER.

it is good to drink ice-water, as it corrects the hot principle."

While he was speaking, a young clerk came swaggering along, and said to the man, "Hurry up! I want to cool myself quickly."

He kicked off his clogs, sprang upon the bench, seated

VENDOR OF HATS.

himself in the peculiar Japanese fashion on his heels, and waited for the beverage.

"Ice-water, one cent," drawled Fitz, imitating a well-known character, who vends that luxury on the streets of Boston. "Would not that sight warm the hearts of our total abstainers? I see you are adopting our civilization, Oto."

"Yes, and our hats," said Johnnie, looking toward a *boshi-uri*, who knelt upon a piece of matting on the other side of the road.

"Suppose we go over and price his bean-pots?" said Fitz. "It is capital fun."

The hat-seller, a meek youth of nineteen, was chatting with a gentleman dressed in silk, who, on seeing the foreigners, bowed politely and walked away. The *boshi-uri* respectfully saluted the new arrivals, and said, pointing to some clumsy-looking head-coverings which rested on two boxes behind him.

"Do your honorable excellencies require any nice *boshi?*"

"Where are those made?" demanded Johnnie.

"They are not imported," suavely answered the man.

"I should think not," said Fitz, with a chuckle, adding in English, "Sallie, did you ever see such curiosities?"

"Yes, on a scare-crow," she quietly replied. "They are a very strange shape, are they not?"

Oto smiled, and said, "They are what you call in America, 'shocking bad hats.' I never could understand where our people got their models."

"I know," said Fitz. "Two hundred years ago they copied those used by the Dutch, and have never changed the style." Turning to the man, he asked, "How much do you charge for your wares?"

"For a superior quality of *taka-bo* (stove-pipe), two *yen* (dollars), for lowest, fifty *sen*. For a superior quality of

straw stove-pipe, two *yen*, fifty *sen*; lowest, fifty *sen*. Derby hats are about one *yen*, fifty *sen*."

"You call those wash-bowls Derbys, do you?" said Johnnie. "I am sure I did not recognize them."

"Then you do not want any of these?" inquired the dealer. "If you will tell me where you live, I will bring you some elegant Yankee hats. My partner has them of all prices, from ten *yen* down to two *yen*, fifty *sen*. We have kept them for a number of years, and he is anxious to get his money back."

The Jewett boys said they did not think the antique articles would suit them; then continued their walk until they came to a *ura-naisha* (fortune-teller) revealing the future to an innocent-looking countryman who stood before him like a soldier at attention.

"Watch that fellow," said Oto, "he is an old rascal."

On the right of the *ura-naisha* was a bamboo vase containing fifty little rods called *zei-chiku*, and before him, six pieces of black wood, like long dominoes, called *sangi*, which were divided by two red streaks. He was very mysterious and deliberate in his manner, and was not at all disconcerted by the presence of the foreign spectators.

"You say you want to know whether you are going to have large crops?"

The countryman nodded.

"Very good, very good," said the fortune-teller. "Give me five *tempo* to begin with."

"Here is the money," said a Tokio boy, who accompanied the rustic and carried his purse. "My cousin wants to know three things."

The fortune-teller took the coins and said, — "You stand back and do not breathe in my ear. If you do you will spoil your relative's luck."

He then took the rods from the vase, rolled the bundle between his hands and raised it to his forehead, after which he withdrew one splint and placed it on the book upon his left, saying,—

"I now select a portion of these," suiting the action to the word, "and reject the others. I count those I keep by fours, and according to the number left, move one of the *sangi* in a certain direction. This process I repeat twice, counting

JUNKS BECALMED IN THE GULF OF OSAKA.

them by threes and twos, and moving the *sangi* according to the results. The combination indicates a certain number, having ascertained which I consult this book and learn from it the reply to your question."

He said this for the benefit of the Americans, knowing very well that his customer understood his method of working.

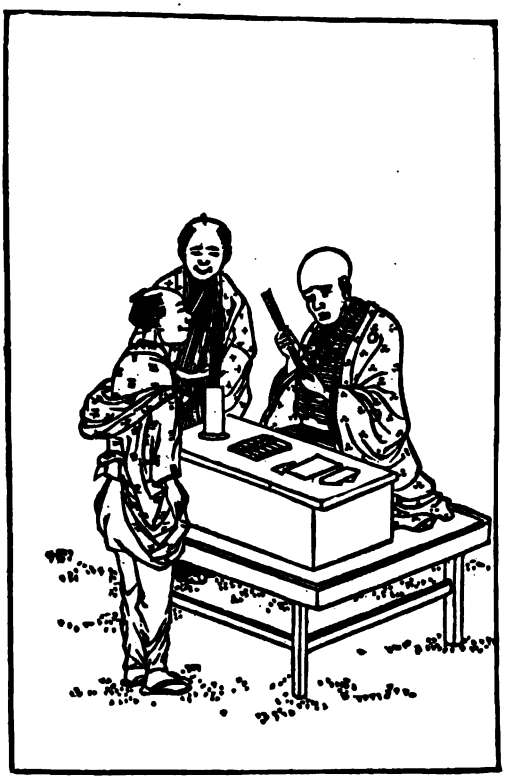
"Are you obliged to use those sticks and blocks?" inquired Sallie.

"Oh, dear me, no! honorable young lady," replied the fortune-teller, bowing and smiling in a self-satisfied manner. "I knew you were going to ask me that question. At a certain

hour I fall into a trance state, during which I learn all that is going to occur during the day. This morning I was informed that you were coming here and that you would make me a handsome present."

"Who told you so?" bluntly demanded Fitz.

"The spirits," was the answer. "They advise me of everything." (*Impressively.*) "Yes, honorable miss, you are about to give me at least ten *sen*. The spirits have told me so."



FORTUNE-TELLER.

"I am afraid they are not truthful," was her mischievous reply. "Come, boys, I want to go to the curio shop in Uyeno."

The fortune-teller, unabashed by her reply, chuckled and said to his customer,—"I was only joking with her. No respectable spirit will reveal anything about those foreigners. Give me three *tempo* more, and I will tell you what you want to know."

"I never like to encourage superstition," said Sallie. "Oto, I think your people sadly need missionaries to teach them not to believe in such persons as the *ura-naisha*."

"Ah! Sallie," was the gentle response, "you forget the text about plucking the mote from your brother's eye——"

"And not seeing the beam in my own. What do you mean, Oto? We certainly have not any fortune-tellers in America."

Young Nambo opened his pocket-book, took out a newspaper cutting, and handed it to her, saying, — "Will you kindly read that?"

She complied, then said, — "I never could have believed such a thing. After this I will be cautious what I say about your countrymen."

"What makes you look so sad?" asked Fitz.

She gave him the paper and he read, "According to the latest census, it is computed that over twenty thousand persons of both sexes earn their living as fortune-tellers and clairvoyants, and this in spite of our free schools, the press and the telegraph."

"That is true," said the boy. "Oto is right, Sallie. We see the mote in the Japanese eye, but are too conceited to acknowledge the beam in our own. Here we are at the curio man's."

The dealer received them politely and said to Sallie, —

"I have something unique to show you, honorable young lady, — two birds carved from a piece of ivory. They are very old, and I think there is nothing like them in the world."

Sallie admired the carvings, and, on inquiring the price, was told that they were worth three hundred *yen*.

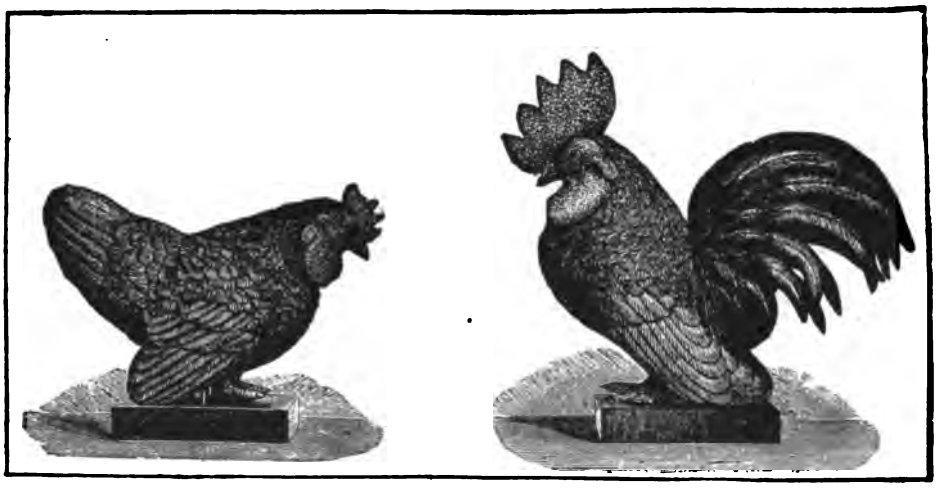
"That is a great deal of money to waste on curios," gravely remarked Johnnie. "It would keep a family for a long time."

"Honorable sir," respectfully replied the man, "it is not sinful to indulge one's taste for beautiful objects. The person who made those was probably poor and the money paid by the first purchaser very likely kept the carver's family for

a year. The profits that have many times been received from their re-sale have done good; therefore, if your honorable sister buys them, she will not waste her money."

"That is so," said the boy, in a thoughtful tone. "I understand money spent in this way does a great many people good, and encourages a taste for the beautiful."

"I will take those," said the girl. "Last mail I had a draft



FINE CARVINGS IN IVORY.

sent me by one of our friends at home, who desires to possess some really exquisite carvings in ivory. Send them up to the *yashiki* at once, and I will pay you."

"What does that picture represent?" inquired Johnnie, pointing to a lacquer panel.

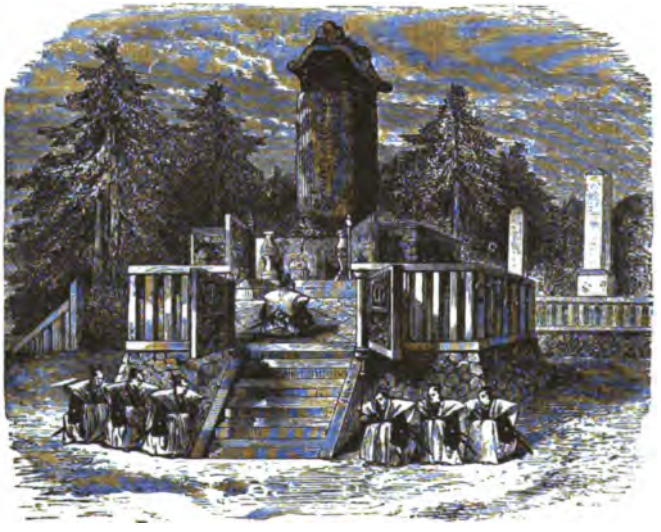
"That depicts one of the old lords worshipping at the tomb of his father, in Shiba," said the man. "Those six gentlemen, in full costume, are his *samurai*, who are assisting in the ceremony."

"Why, to-morrow is *Bon-matsuri*" (the feast of the dead), remarked Oto. "I shall have to order some *shikimi* for my

mother. Please excuse me from going home with you. My parent will feel grieved if I neglect to make the purchase for her. *Saionara!*"

On reaching home they found Mrs. Jewett waiting in the veranda.

"Come, children," she said, "you must hurry. The concert is to be a dress affair, and several Japanese nobles and their ladies are to be present."



TOMB OF A GREAT LORD.

About two o'clock the Jewett family went over to the College of Music, where they were welcomed by Professor Mason, a genial old gentleman, who, after shaking hands with them, said in a pleasant voice, "You are just in time; I was afraid you would not come. My pupils are all assembled, and there are only a few more guests to arrive. This way, if you please."

He showed them several apartments arranged for various classes, many little rooms in which pupils could practise the piano without disturbing one another, and the quarters for ser-

vants and the attendants of the young lady students. Then, ushering them into a large hall, he conducted the party to their seats.

All the foreign professors and their families were present, and the noise of conversation in English, German, French, and Japanese afforded great amusement to the fun-loving Fitz.

In a few moments one of the highest officials of the empire entered with his family and suite, and, after bowing to the assembly, seated himself.

He was a grave, highly intelligent, refined-looking gentleman, and spoke most excellent English. Addressing the head of the College, he said, "Professor Mason, will you kindly order the exercises to commence?"

The pupils, whose ages ranged from five to thirty years, were dressed in brilliant Japanese costume, and were seated with their lady tutors upon the left of the upper part of the hall, which was provided with a stage raised about two feet from the floor. The walls of the apartment were covered with the musical charts invented by the Professor, each note being numbered both in Japanese and English.

Professor Mason advanced to the front of the platform, inclined his head gracefully, and said, "The first part of the programme will consist of exercises on the piano, played by my senior scholars, then an exhibition of reading music at sight, vocal exercises, and an examination of the members of the younger class in the rudiments of music."

He motioned to a beautiful Japanese girl, who had listened with evident pleasure to his speech, and said, "Now, if you please, Miss, will you play the Moonlight Sonata."

When the performer seated herself, some of the foreign ladies looked as though they anticipated a painful trial of their

nerves. To their amazement, the girl played both correctly and with marked feeling. During her performance and those that succeeded, the young Americans watched the face of the kindly Professor, who regarded his pupils with fatherly interest.

It was wonderful to hear little mites of children singing Japanese words to familiar American airs, and Fitz whispered to his mother, "That is 'Old Folks at Home,' but our old folks at Cromlech would never recognize it, would they?"

The progress made by the students was marvellous, though, as a body, they naturally sang foreign music with less feeling than they did their own.

After a wee bit of a girl had turned her back to the piano, and correctly named every note struck by the professor, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, my pupil teachers will now give you some Japanese music."

A *hibachi* (fire-box) was then brought in by servants and placed upon the matted platform, a kettle and tea-pot set upon the bars of the apparatus, and cups placed near it. Then the attendants entered with the musical instruments, a *koto*, *samisen* and *biwa*.

A brief interval ensued, during which, Mrs. Jewett looked appealingly at her husband, after which, four Japanese ladies rose from their chairs and ranged themselves in native fashion behind the fire-box.

The one on the right at the *koto* slipped some ivory *tsume* (points) upon her fingers. The second sipped a cup of tea, and the third and fourth tuned their instruments. They bowed gracefully and looked at the professor, who inclined his head and said, "The first piece will be solely instrumental, it is called *Tsuru-no Sugomori*" (The stork and its young).

The leading performer swept the strings of the *koto* and

began a charming air, the others accompanying her at intervals.

After a few bars, the spectators, who, like Mrs. Jewett, had only heard very inferior Japanese music, began to glance at one another, and, as the air progressed, to really enjoy the delightful harmony, which is impossible to describe.

At the conclusion of the piece, the foreign guests heartily applauded the player, and the Japanese smiled and bowed their thanks.

"Now," said the Professor, whose face beamed all over with happiness, "will you, ladies, kindly sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' in English."

They once more bowed, then sang in excellent time, and very sweetly, Payne's well-known song.

The American and English visitors forgot that the musical instruments were quaint-looking, and no longer noticed the *hibachi*, or that the performers did not wear tight-fitting garments and diamond ear-rings. They only heard the heart-stirring words, sweetly and tenderly sung to a harp-like accompaniment, at once novel and charming, and, as the song proceeded, were convinced that, notwithstanding all that had been said, the Japanese can master our music as thoroughly as they have our language.

When the last note had died away, Professor Mason bowed, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, that closes the exercises."

The guests thanked and complimented him and his pupils, and, after chatting awhile, took their leave.

As the Jewetts crossed to their house, the lady said, "My dears, I am converted."

"To Buddhism?" asked Fitz.

"No," she replied; "but I will acknowledge that there is

a great deal of beauty in Japanese music, and that our esteemed friend has, by his patience and enthusiasm, accomplished what I believe no other man could have done."

"Yes," said Sallie, drying her eyes, "that is so, mother. Did not the last song make you think of home?"

The word "home" had a strange effect upon the party, for, though they heartily enjoyed their life in the wonderful city of Tokio, they, like J. Howard Payne, could not forget their beloved land across the broad Pacific.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISIT TO SOME SACRED PLACES.

"Although some travellers may not have much wisdom, they know more than persons who have never been out of their native place.

"After making a pilgrimage to the shrines of Ise, even the beggar holds up his head and considers himself better than his fellows."

I AM glad we are going to start to-day," said Sallie to her brother. "It is so warm here that I shall welcome the sea-breeze with a great deal of pleasure. Oh! how I enjoy being on the ocean."

"Not for the first few days, Miss Jewett," returned Fitz. "You kink up like a caterpillar and won't leave your berth, you know you do. It is no good saying you like it."

"You are a dreadful tease, Fitz," she answered. "What have you got in your hand?"

"These are lotus flowers, that old Sobei has procured from Uyeno," he replied. "He thinks a great deal of you, Sallie."

"I did not know the lotuses were in bloom," she said. "Let us go down to Uyeno and see the sight."

In a few moments the young Americans were *en route* for their destination. Upon nearing the pond, Sallie cried, —

"Oh! oh! do look at those flowers; are they not lovely?"

"Yes," answered Fitz, nodding, "they are delightful, and would be more so if the water were not so highly perfumed."

"How gracefully the blossoms lift their heads to the sun," said Sallie. "Do you remember the poem

'The beautiful lotus springs from the mud,
Loyalty knows no distinction of rank?' "

"Yes," answered Fitz; "but I like the lotus seeds when they are ripe. They are almost as good as square-nuts."

"Don't be so dreadfully prosaic," said the girl. "You ought to feel some admiration for such a beautiful sight as this. The place is perfectly glorified with the flowers."

"I do not think the Japanese lotus is as lovely as our pond-lily," remarked Johnnie. "Instead of the blooms floating on the water, they grow at the end of a rod-like stem."

"Oh! how much better the flowers would have been made if you had been consulted," slyly remarked Fitz, "I think the Japanese lotus is nice enough. You cannot eat pond-lily seeds."

"Come," said Sallie, "we must return home. I want to stop at the silk-weaver's on our way, to see if they have finished my dress piece."

On ascending the hill toward the *yashiki*, they heard the rattle of a loom, and upon looking into a house, from whence the noise proceeded, saw a woman weaving a piece of brocade.

"Why do you make such narrow stuff?" asked Sallie, "and when will you fill my order?'

The operator smiled, paused in her occupation and replied,—"Honorable miss, ever since the first person began to weave in Japan, we have had narrow fabrics. What would be the good of making anything else? A *kimono* (garment) takes so many yards according to the size of the person, and we never have to waste any of the stuff in cutting out, as you do. We could not make our clothes of your wide American fabrics. Your piece of silk will be ready to-morrow."

She bowed good-humoredly and once more starting her loom, sent the shuttle flying merrily.

"How the general introduction of steam will wake these

people up," said Fitz, as they walked homeward. "Just imagine, our looms can produce pieces of silk three times as wide as these and weave them ten times as fast."

Upon reaching their dwelling, they found Mrs. Jewett waiting their arrival.

"Come, daughter," she said, "we have no time to spare. As soon as you have dined, we will order our *jin-riki-sha*. The steamer starts at four o'clock and we do not wish to keep our friends waiting."

It did not take them long to eat their meal, at the conclusion of which they entered their vehicles and were driven to the Shinbashi railway station, where they met Mr. and Mrs. Nambo and Oto.

The gentle lady welcomed them, saying, — "It makes me so happy to think you are going with us. I believe the sight of the holy places will have a lasting effect upon your minds."

"Honorable mother, the train is ready to start," said Oto. "Will you take my arm? There is always a great crowd at the gate."

At sunset they embarked on board one of the Mitsu Bishi steamers and proceeded down the coast.

Early next morning Sallie was awakened by Fitz, who, knocking at the door of her state-room, cried,—

"Oh, sister, get up. We can see Fuji above the clouds; the sea is covered with white caps, and, oh! there are such lots of gulls flying round the ship."

Instead of replying, in her usual merry voice, the poor girl faintly answered, — "Please do not disturb me, Fitz. I doubt if anything would tempt me to rise just now. I wish we had not come."

"I thought you enjoyed being on the ocean," he slyly answered. "Come, Sallie, make an effort and take a look at old

Fuji. It is a glorious sight. I would not lie in bed when I could see such a thing: no, not even for candy."

On the morning of the second day, they passed through the Straits of Owadji, at the entrance to the Gulf of Osaka.

The sea inside was so calm that it looked like a mirror and there was not air enough to move the sails of the *fune* that were drifting slowly hither and thither.

"Look!" cried Fitz, "two of the junks have fallen foul of

VIEW OF FUJI-YAMA FROM THE SEA.

one another, and they are putting out their boats and endeavoring to tow them apart. How clear the water is! Why, I can see fish a long way down."

"How those sailors must wish they had steam aboard their crafts," said Johnnie. "Here we are, making a bee-line for the anchorage of Kobe, while they are drifting in all directions but the right one. It was a great thing for the world when we invented the steam-engine."

"I do not think you had much to do with it, brother," said Sallie.

"I thought a vapor-ship was first built by an Englishman,"

said Oto's mother. "That is what my son read in a paper the other day."

"Don't you believe such a statement, Mrs. Nambo," said Fitz. "Foreigners are always assuming the credit of our discoveries. We invented the sewing-machine, electric-telegraph, steam-engine, telephone, vulcanized india-rubber, monitor, reaping-machine, elevated railway, wooden nutmegs, and — and — what else, Sallie?"

"Baked beans," slyly responded the young lady.

"Are not those vegetables very dry eating?" gently inquired Mrs. Nambo. "We boil our *mame*, but until Oto returned from America I never heard of their being baked."

Fitz was about to give her a comical recipe for the Yankee dish, when his mother checked him, saying, "That will do, my son."

Although the boy was full of fun, he was always obedient to his parents, so, much as he would have enjoyed instructing Mrs. Nambo in American cookery, he yielded.

They landed in Kobe and saw the sights, then rode to the railway depot and took a train for Osaka, where they arrived late in the evening.

The next day was spent in viewing the principal objects in the place, including the castle, with its walls formed of enormous blocks of stone, and the mint with its perfect machinery.

At the latter establishment, Johnnie purchased a complete set of Japanese coins.

Gold.	*Silver.*	*Copper.*
20 yen,	1 yen,	2 sen,
10 yen,	50 sen (cents),	1 sen,
5 yen,	20 sen,	½ sen,
2 yen,	10 sen,	1 rin (mill),
1 yen,	5 sen,	

"We have some very fine temples here," said Mrs. Nambo. "I want you to visit this one," pointing to an archway, beyond which were seen some buildings. "The *Nio* (two kings) are very fine."

The Jewetts, wishing to please her, inspected the hideous images which, unlike those at Asakusa, were only protected by a low fence.

"I do not think this *In* figure looks much like a woman," said Fitz. "It has a moustache."

"Oh, that is not exactly a woman," said Mrs. Nambo. "Our gods constantly change their appearance and attributes. Sometimes they are male and at others female. Then again they are one person or two. You have to study these things, and must read the good books."

Oto came to her rescue, saying, "Honorable mother, it is the hour for our friends to take their dinner."

"Certainly, certainly," she answered. "Please excuse my talking so much. When I speak about religion I never know where to stop."

"She is like Aunt Hannah Jane Jewett," whispered Fitz to his sister.

"Hush!" murmured Sallie. "It is not respectful to make such remarks."

When they reached the inn, they found that Mr. Nambo had ordered a very excellent Japanese dinner, to which everybody did full justice. The Jewetts had lived long enough in Japan to heartily enjoy its cookery.

Oto's father presided with great dignity, and it was comical to see him and Professor Jewett bowing and sucking in their breath in the most approved native fashion.

"I think to-morrow we will visit Nara," he remarked. "There is not much more to be seen here."

THE FIGURE OF SILENCE.

Everything was arranged, and *jin-riki-sha* hired for the round trip. About twelve o'clock they started, a very merry party, over hill and dale.

"What are those things in the ditches for?" asked Johnnie.

"They are *midzu-guruma* (water-wheels)," said Oto. "If it were not for them, nothing could be grown on the hill-sides."

In several places they saw artificial mounds covered with

ANCIENT BURIAL-PLACE OF AN EMPEROR.

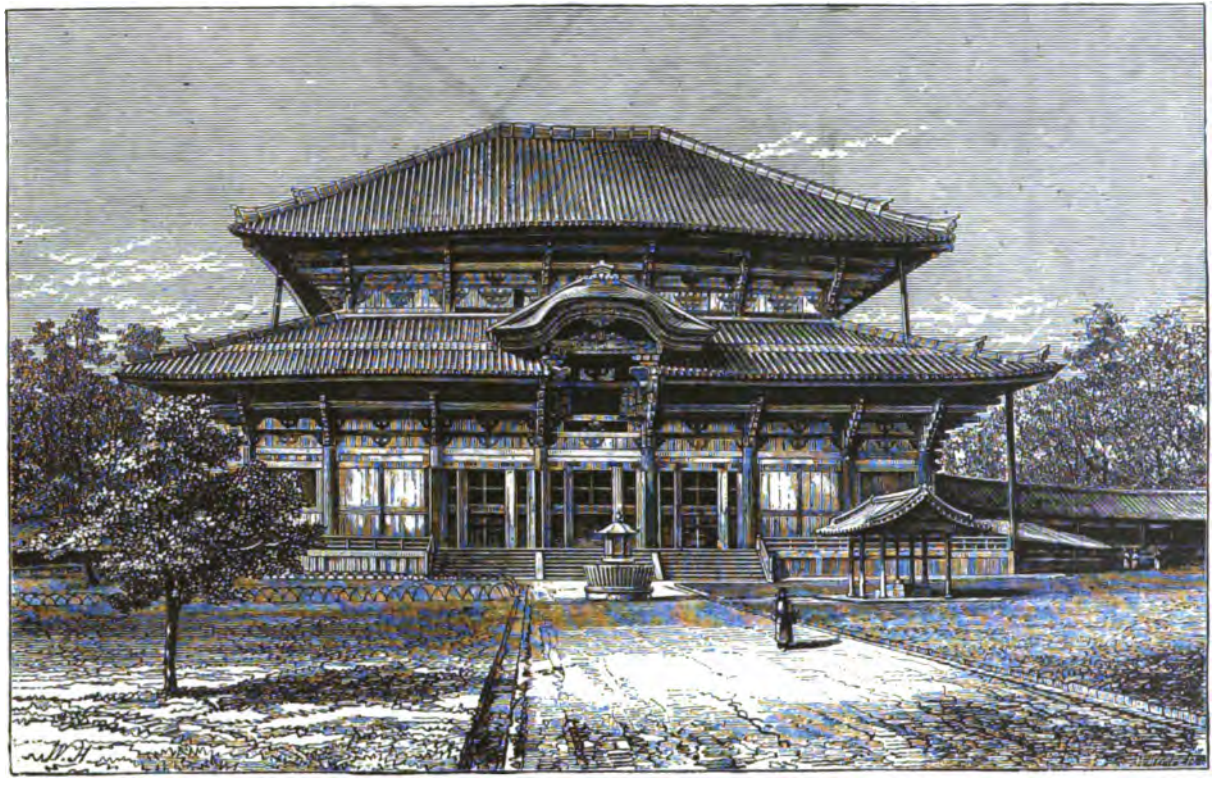
ancient pine-trees, which stood out very conspicuously on the level ground.

"Those hillocks are the resting-places of some of our Mikados," said Mr. Nambo. "The one you see there contains the body of Inkiyo, the twentieth sovereign, who reigned at the beginning of the fifth century."

"I thought *inkiyo* was a term for a retired old gentleman," said Johnnie.

"Well, those are retired old gentlemen," quickly answered Fitz. "What else do you make of them?"

"I should think this part of Japan was once under water," remarked the Professor, frowning at his son. "These gullies,



TEMPLE OF DAI-BUTSU, AT NARA.

between the hills, must have been the beds of rivers. This is a very interesting country."

Toward the afternoon they entered a district where orange and peach-trees were extensively cultivated.

As they neared Nara, the country became more hilly, and they saw many woods from which rose the smoke of the charcoal-burners' fires.

"We shall have the happiness of staying at a *bozu* house in the enclosure of the great temple," said Mrs. Nambo. "One always feels doubly pious when in the shadow of a sacred edifice."

"Hush, hush!" whispered her husband. "You forget that our friends do not think as you do."

The night had closed in by the time they reached their destination.

They were received by their friend, the *bozu*, who welcomed them, saying, "This is the most gratifying event of my life. I never expected to be thus honored. You will find everything you require in your rooms, and I will have a meal served for you at once."

As soon as the party had supped, they retired, feeling thoroughly worn out with their long ride.

At daybreak they heard the sound of a service in the temple, whereupon Fitz called them, saying, "Hurry up, everybody, — the performance is just going to begin."

"Fitz," sternly exclaimed his father, "do not let me hear any more such expressions. How would you like a solemn ceremony of our church to be designated as a performance? These rites have a deep meaning for our friends, the Japanese."

After the pilgrims had partaken of a simple breakfast of cold rice and vegetables, Mr. Nambo said to them, "Follow

me. I have been here many times, and can tell you everything."

He led the way up the broad path to the main temple, before which stood a very fine bronze lantern, over six feet in height.

"This," said their guide, "was presented to the gods by Yoritomo, seven hundred years ago, about which time the original building was destroyed. The main gateway, with its large figures, escaped the fire and is more than eleven hundred years old. Will you kindly put off your shoes; then we will go into the presence of the Dai Butsu."

They ascended the steps and entered the main building, in which they beheld a bronze figure of Buddha, over sixty-three feet high. The statue rested on the sacred lotus, and was gilt in patches. Above the head rose a halo fourteen feet wide, surmounting which was a forked glory, that formed an arch for the figure.

"My goodness!" whispered Fitz, "doesn't it look surly?"

"That image contains five hundred pounds of gold," said Mr. Nambo, "and weighs four hundred and fifty tons. It is considered very holy. In the seventeenth century its head was shaken off by an earthquake."

While he was speaking, his wife was devoutly praying and counting her beads, while the Professor minutely examined the gigantic statue through his opera-glass.

In front of the halo, around the shoulders and head of the god, were images of the sixteen *Rakan* (beloved disciples of Buddha), which, Mr. Nambo stated, were eight feet in height.

The temple was literally crammed with deities, bronze vases, and fine lanterns, that were the objects of the greatest veneration to the crowds that flocked thither from all parts of the Empire.

Dear old Mrs. Nambo was in her glory, and it was comical to hear her extolling the gods to Sallie and the boys.

The Jewetts were shown writings by very ancient Mikados, the bow of the Empress Jingu Ko-go, who invaded the Corea, and the door from the Mikado's palace, on which the famous Kusunoki Masashige, otherwise Nanko, wrote his parting words with the point of an arrow.

A *bozu*, who knew Mrs. Nambo, showed them the relics, among which was a flat stone that the custodian assured them bore the impression of Shaka's foot.

"He must have worn number eighteen boots, and trodden very heavily," whispered Fitz to Johnnie, in English.

"Hush," said his brother, "the *bozu* will think you are ridiculing the relics."

The priest then exhibited four pieces of Shaka's bones, and some incense-burners and articles said to have belonged to him. He also allowed them to see a very ancient bell, mirrors a thousand years old, and writing of the same age, which was asserted to be the most beautiful in Japan.

Mrs. Nambo regarded everything with a reverence that was most touching, while her husband and son looked at them as coldly and curiously as did the Americans.

The party next climbed some steps and inspected the great bell of Nara; after which they returned to the priest's house, where they dined.

At the conclusion of the meal they visited the *shojo* of the temple, Tsuzaka Senkai, who entertained them very graciously, and showed them an inscription written by the present Mikado.

"Is that not a wonderful specimen of caligraphy?" he said, bowing reverently. "Can you read it?"

"Oh, yes," said Johnnie. "It says, *Ku do*. *Ku* empty, *do*,

temple. I suppose it means that this residence is a pure place like an empty Shinto shrine."

"I do not think the Mikado writes a very good hand," said Fitz, who was critically surveying the inscription. "I can do better than that."

"Impossible," was the gentle retort. "No one can approach the Mikado in writing or anything else. Whatever he does is beautiful and right."

WRITING OF THE PRESENT EMPEROR.

"How would you like a republican form of government?" asked the unabashed boy.

"Every nation requires a permanent head," replied the *bozu*. "We cannot understand how you, in America, exist with a new Mikado every four years."

"We get along first-rate," returned the boy.

They took leave of the chief priest who accompanied them to the door, and, on parting, said, "You have formed your own opinions, still I hope your visit to this sacred spot will teach you to revere Buddha. Many unbelievers are converted here every year."

As they walked to their residence, Johnnie said, "Oto, your ministers appear just as anxious about doing us good, as ours are to save you."

"Yes, indeed, our *bozu* are very earnest," said Mrs. Nambo. "I hear that some of them are going to the States. Do you think they will make many converts?"

"Not in New York," said Fitz. "They must go West and grow up with the country."

Mrs. Nambo looked puzzled, the Professor frowned, Sallie bit her lips, and his mother shook her head, noticing which, Fitz held his peace.

The pilgrims remained four days in Nara, then started for Kioto, by way of Uji.

The journey to this old city, which is now officially called Sai-kio, or Western capital, was a most enjoyable one.

The party rested awhile, after which, they went to see the sights, their first visit being to the Mikado's former palace,

MIKADO'S OLD PALACE, KIOTO.

which they entered through what is commonly called "The Gate of the Sun."

The grounds inside were magnificent examples of Japanese landscape gardening.

"Before the restoration," said Oto, "the emperor seldom quitted this place, and when he did, was conveyed to his destination in a closely screened bullock-wagon. Our uneducated classes believed, if any ordinary individual looked at the sacred person, the profane wretch would immediately become blind. To-day, his majesty drives about the eastern capital and shows his people that he is, like themselves, human."

They entered the old palace, which was neither large nor handsomely decorated, and inspected the *Shi-shin-den* (throne room), that contained a curious chair and a pair of *Koma-inu* (Corean dogs), that very much resembled Pompeian lions.

From this building they went into the Mikado's private gardens, laid out with winding paths, stone bridges, little waterfalls, quaint stepping-stones, and trees distorted in a grotesque manner.

FIGURES OF KOREAN DOGS, PLACED AT FOOT OF IMPERIAL THRONE AT KIOTO.

Nearly the entire day was spent in seeing the spring, summer, winter, and other apartments formerly occupied by the emperor and empress, among the various buildings being an earthquake-house.

The bewildering number of edifices tired the Americans, who were glad to return to their inn and stretch themselves upon the matted floor.

"Sissy," shouted Fitz, from his room, "come here. I want you to see something. There is a *moji-yaki* (letter burner) outside, and it is fun to see him make his sweets."

The girl went to her brother, and found Johnnie, Fitz, and Oto watching an old fellow who was baking a kind of candy on an apparatus that looked like a small waffle-iron.

The man squatted on a box behind a little counter, upon which rested various utensils, above them being a frame-work for the display of his productions. He was protected from the sun by a very large umbrella made of oiled-paper, and his head was covered with a towel of coarse blue-cotton. Near the stall stood two boys, who alternately grinned at one another, and regarded him with admiration. The copper griddle was heated by charcoal, placed in a little earthen furnace beneath the counter, and his stock-in-trade consisted of a porcelain-bowl containing rice-gluten.

CANDY-MAKER.

He filled a dipper with the sweet mass and ran the stuff over the heated mould, where it sizzled and frizzled into a solid figure resembling a fish. This he dexterously peeled off and presented to his customer.

"Look at that *hon-ya*" (bookseller), said Johnnie, pointing to a young man squatted on a mat upon the other side of the way. "He is knee-deep in literature."

"Those fellows do a good trade," observed Oto. "They sell all manner of trash."

"Is that his pipe on his left hand?" asked Sallie.

WAYSIDE BOOK-STORE.

"Yes," answered their friend. "He looks as though he smoked from dawn to eve."

While they were chatting, a school-girl, dressed in a rather unusual costume, approached the man and inquired if he had a certain novel.

"Why, she has on boy's trousers," said Fitz.

"Oh, no," replied Oto. "A great number of our young lady scholars now wear *hakama*. I think they look very well in them. Any one can tell she is a girl by the way her hair is dressed. Do you observe the package she is carrying under her right arm? It contains her schoolbooks wrapped in cloth."

"I have not what you require," said the *hon-ya* to his customer, looking up from a catalogue he was perusing. "You already owe me eighteen *sen*. When you pay me I will procure the work; at present, I have not any money to invest in new stories."

"Oto," said Mr. Nambo, from the passage-way, "are you there?"

"Come in, sir," cried Fitz, "all of us are here."

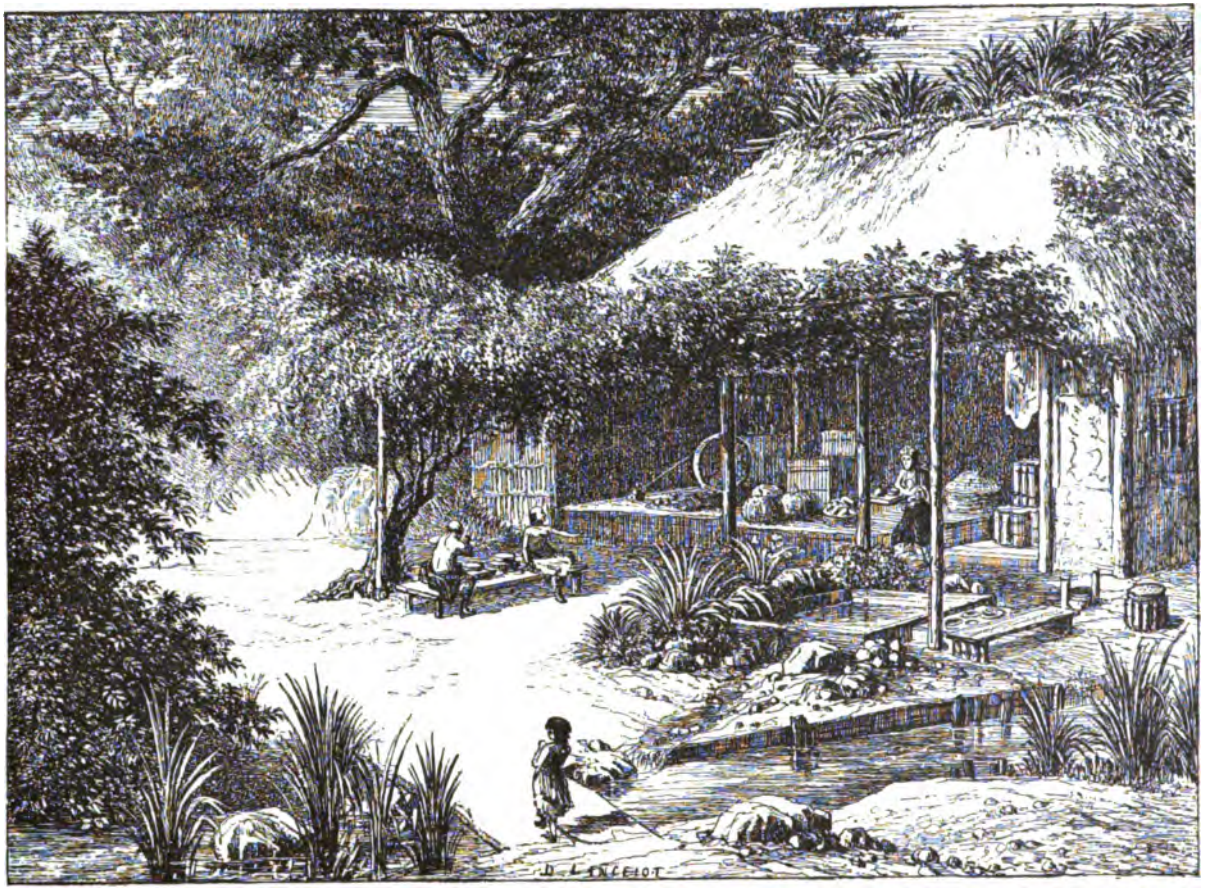
Mr. Nambo entered, and, seating himself, said, "I have been talking with Professor and Mrs. Jewett, and we have concluded not to remain any longer in this city. Although there are many temples and places of interest to visit, we prefer to shorten our stay, I having just now heard of several cases of cholera in the poorer quarters. Be prepared to start tomorrow at daybreak."

The boys bowed their acquiescence, after which the old gentleman retired.

They dined in a private apartment, overlooking a pretty garden. During the meal the party was watched by a number of visitors who had been admitted by the landlord to see the "Chinese eat with cooks' instruments," namely, knives and forks.

Early the next morning, they took the cars to Otsu, near Biwa, and after seeing the lake, engaged *jin-riki-sha* to carry them to Suzuka-toge.

At noon they arrived at Kusatsu and put up at a wayside



COUNTRY INN.

inn, the front of which was shaded by a magnificent wistaria, and the roof covered with a growth of irises that found moisture for their roots among the decaying thatch.

On beholding the travellers, the landlady said to some coolies who were seated on a bench under the tree, "Come out of that. Don't you see the honorable foreigners want your place?"

"Please do not disturb yourselves," said the Professor, "we will go indoors."

"The flies will eat you up if you do," answered the woman, adding to the men, "Move yourselves, and bring two or three benches. Do not stare in that absurd fashion. Have you never before seen honorable foreigners?"

The coolies did as they were commanded, grumbling all the time like children.

Notwithstanding the apparent poverty of the place, the cook served a very excellent repast; among other things, giving the new arrivals some broiled brook-trout.

While they were partaking of their meal, three men and a boy, with their heads shaven, approached the inn.

One of the strollers carried a pole on which was a lantern surmounted by a fringed umbrella and a *gohei*, the former bearing the inscription, "*Sumi yoshi odori.*"

"Those are dancers from Sumi-yoshi," said Mrs. Nambo. "Now you will see something very interesting."

The performers halted, rested the pole of their lantern on the ground and commenced to howl a dismal chant, one of them keeping time to the din by striking the staff with two pieces of stick, while the boy gracefully advanced and retreated, and waved his arms from right to left.

"Isn't his face painted?" remarked Fitz.

"That is to make him look like a girl," said Mrs. Nambo. "Does he not dance very beautifully?"

"We do not call such motions dancing," said Fitz. "Why does he have that towel on his head?"

"To make him look feminine," answered the kindly old lady. "Ah! when I was young, many people got their living that way."

"Now, honorable friends," said Mr. Nambo, as he paid the bill, "we will start for Seki. The country is hilly, and we shall not reach our destination until late."

About four o'clock that afternoon they began to ascend the mountain, and by five entered the pass.

"Oh! look up there, Sallie," cried Fitz, pointing to a man crossing the valley in a basket suspended from a rope. "My goodness, I would not like to be in his place."

"That is a *tsuri kago*" (hanging basket-bridge), said Oto. "There are many of them in different parts of Japan."

HAIR-DRESSER AT WORK.

Upon arriving at the summit, they halted at a wayside inn, near the Shinto temple of Se-hori Hime, and gave their men a rest. The landlady, a very good-tempered woman, ushered them into an apartment adorned with a large hanging-picture, representing Hotei, a famous Chinese priest, who was very kind to children, and who is now reckoned as one of the seven gods of Luck.

"Why is Hotei always depicted with a big sack?" inquired Sallie, as they seated themselves upon the matted floor.

Mrs. Nambo smiled, closed her eyes, and said, "That is to contain the presents he gathers for good children. He often uses it as a boat to cross the water. He has eyes in the back

STREET-DANCERS.

of his head, so that he is always watching the little ones. Have you any god like him?"

"No," answered Sallie, "but our Santa Claus is said to be endowed with similar attributes."

The landlady, who had listened with open-mouthed admi-

JAPANESE FLYING BRIDGE.

ration, bowed respectfully and said, "What can I offer your exalted excellencies?"

"Bring the best your house affords," said Mr. Nambo. "My friends want everything that is good."

Before the woman retired, she said, "We are building a flying-bridge to connect this place with a neighboring village. You ought to go and see the sight. It is a very wonderful one. The road passes the back of my garden."

HOTEI, PATRON OF CHILDREN.

They took her advice, and after a short walk found the structure, which the workmen were rapidly completing.

Seven strong rattan cables had been stretched across the valley, from summit to summit, and planks were being tied upon this elastic support.

The men worked as calmly as though they had been on firm ground, and did not seem to take any extra precautions. When one of the artisans on the opposite side required a light for his pipe, he coolly walked across the centre cables and returned, as though such an occurrence were a very common one.

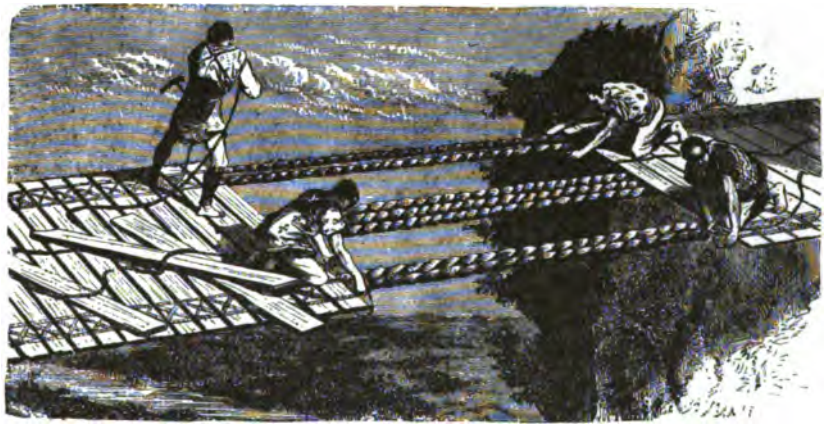
"Come," said Mrs. Jewett. "I cannot look at those men. How the bridge sways with their motion."

"Is it not marvellous?" said the landlady, who came to summon them to their repast.

"Will they provide it with a handrail?" inquired Sallie.

"No," returned the woman, "our people never want such things. When the wind blows it rocks the bridge, and folks do not care to cross it, at other times they walk in the middle and go over quite safely."

They returned to the inn and enjoyed their meal, during which, Johnnie said to the waitress, "What are those instruments under the shed there?"



SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

"A fan for winnowing rice," she replied. "A frame on which to rest a rice-huller, and mallets used for beating raw cotton into wadding. We clean all our own grain and make batting for our *fouton* (comforters)."

"Please order our *jin-riki-sha*," said Mr. Nambo, as he settled the bill. "I fear we shall not reach our destination before dusk."

In five minutes they were in their vehicles and *en route*.

The sun was setting as they descended the pine-clad valley, which was here and there glorified with parti-colored cryptomeria, and it was quite dark before they arrived at

Seki, where they put up at the inn of Aidzu, the landlord of which proved to be a connoisseur in old pottery.

After his guests had supped, he showed them a beautiful incense-burner (*koro*) of pierced white porcelain.

"This," he said, "was made fifty years ago, and although not as ancient as some pieces I have, is very exquisite."

"We can buy small match-boxes, pierced like that, for five cents each, in the States," said Fitz.

INCENSE BURNER, SETO WARE.

"I know," replied the man "some merchants have lost fortunes in exporting such goods."

"Hush, brother," whispered Sallie, "you always spoil everything."

The landlord, not at all disconcerted, exhibited a *hi-bachi* (small bowl to contain charcoal for warming the hands). Regarding it complacently, he said to Sallie, "This is shaped like the *tama* (jewel of the soul). Observe its beautiful buff ground and exquisite apple-green glaze. It was made nearly a hundred years ago, at Awata."

He called to a servant, who brought in a lovely *hana-ike* (flower-vase) of brown glazed stone-ware, ornamented with storks in white clay.

"This is a fine piece of Yatsu-shiro ware," said Mr. Nambo. "How old is it?"

"It was made over a hundred years ago," answered their

host, then glancing at Fitz, who had yawned several times, he added, "Honorable gentlemen, I will now retire, as I see you are weary. May you have good rest and may your souls remain in your bodies all night (not dream)."

"I am ready for bed, even though it be a Japanese one, a comforter spread on the floor," said Mrs. Jewett. "Oto, do you remember how I tried to make you feel at home the first night you were in the States?"

"Yes, I shall never forget it," laughingly answered the young doctor.

"You were very kind to my boy," said the gentle Mrs. Nambo. "I offered many prayers, and vowed never again to eat peaches if my son were safely restored to me. Dai-koku was very good, and we owe a great deal to him."

OLD AWATA BRAZIER.

Oto's face flushed, for he knew full well that Fitz was laughing secretly at the dear old lady's description.

"You must not mind my mother's little speeches," he whispered to Sallie, as they said good night. "Remember she has never been to America."

"Your mother is very amiable and good," replied the girl. "I love to hear her talk, she is so sweet and earnest. Do not ever again think of apologizing for her, Oto."

At daybreak the boys rose, and entering the veranda, seated themselves, in order to watch a barber whose shop was opposite the inn.

"What a queer idea it is to shave the top of the head," said Fitz. "He is telling his customer a funny story. Do you notice he saves all the hair and puts it in a box upon his left. For what do they use it?"

"As a fertilizer," said Oto. "It is said to benefit some kinds of plants."

YATSU-SHIRO VASE.

"What are those tallies on the wall?" asked Johnnie.

"Those are the scores of his regular customers," answered the doctor. "Each is inscribed with a peculiar design, in lieu of a name. Every time he shaves a patron he makes a stroke on the back of the tally, and when it is full, presents it for payment."

"For what are those shears?" said Fitz, "and those white strings behind the blank tablet?"

"The shears are to cut the hair with, and the strings are to tie the cue when it is dressed in the old style."

The barber was evidently a merry fellow, for though he sometimes pulled the hair of his customers until they winced again, they always laughed at his sallies, and, on taking their leave, paid him cheerfully.

"Boys," said Sallie, "breakfast is ready. We are going to travel as far as Nagoya to-day, so you had better make a hearty meal."

About eight o'clock, the party entered their *jin-riki-sha*

and set out for Kame-yama, the road passing between fields of fully-matured rice, that looked like a sea of gold.

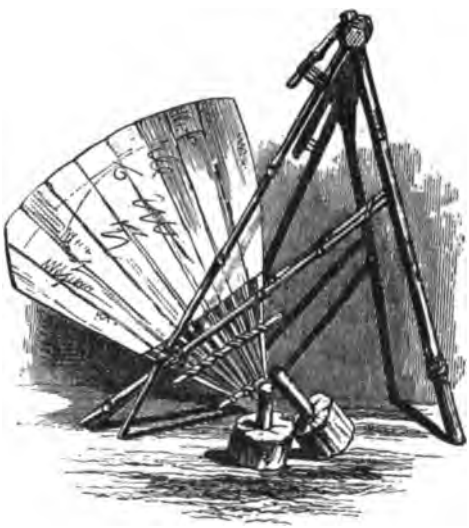
They rattled through the town without stopping and went on to Ishi-yakushi, named after a celebrated temple. While they were changing their runners, Mrs. Nambo said, "We ought to remain here long enough to see the miraculous image of Yakushi. It has power to protect one against earthquakes."

"That would be jolly," said Fitz. "I would like to see the show."

"Fitz, Fitz!" whispered his mother.

"Oh! I forgot," murmured the boy.

Mrs. Nambo again proposed to visit the deity, when her son said, "We shall not have time, honorable mother. We want to stop at Kuwana for lunch."



AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Away they went as hard as the men could tear, halting for a few moments at Yokka-ishi, from which place large quantities of tea are shipped to Yokohama.

The day was warm, and the men who drew the vehicles panted like hunted deer, noticing which, Mrs. Nambo said, "It would be a merciful act to rest until to-morrow at Kuwana, where there are beautiful temples of the god of Kusuga. You ought to see the bronze *toru* and other curious sights of the place."

"I do not think the men are suffering, mother," said Oto.

"They will have a good rest while we are taking our meal. We must keep on and reach Nagoya by nightfall."

Kuwana boasted of three inns, the best of which was that of Kio, where they stopped.

At two o'clock the party crossed the river and followed the To-kai-do until they reached Tsushima, when they turned into a country road that led to their destination.

Nagoya proved to be quite a place, it having once been the seat of the powerful princes of Owari, who were one of the *Go Sanke* (three august families), related to the Tokugawa clan.

The stores contained excellent collections of *Shippo* (Japanese cloisonné), fine curios, and old Imari ware.

It was dark before they reached the city, so the boys did not see the castle until the morning, when Fitz awakened his party by shouting, "Get up everybody. My goodness! Here is a five-storied building with whacking great gold-fish on the gables. It is a sight worth looking at."

They joined him in the veranda, and saw the Ten-shu, donjon of the castle, which was ornamented with the celebrated *shachi-hoku* (golden dolphins), made by the order of Kato Kiyomasa * two hundred and seventy years ago.

"Those figures are eight feet seven inches high," said Mr. Nambo. "They are of solid gold and are worth thirty thousand dollars each. Seven years ago one of them was taken down and sent to the Vienna exhibition. On its way back it was wrecked, and the government went to great expense to recover it. What are you looking at, Fitz San?"

The boy sighed, made a comical gesture, and said, "You are ahead of us in one thing. We have the biggest snakes, the tallest men, and the handsomest women in the world, but you beat us in gold-fish. Yes, you are ahead of us in this."

* For Kato Kiyomasa, *vide* "Young Americans in Japan," p. 179.

"Have you ever read how a man attempted to steal those?" said Mrs. Nambo. "He made an immense kite and mounted it one night in a gale of wind, but, on landing upon the roof of the castle, was captured. He was a very daring thief, and was well punished for his crime."

"Did they make a hero of him and put his name in the newspapers?" asked Fitz.

"No," was the gentle response. "They boiled him in oil."

"Like a sardine," murmured the irrepressible.

"The story has been delightfully told by Professor Griffis," said Sallie. "When we read it at home, we little thought we should ever see the famous gold-fish of Owari castle."

TOWER OF NAGOYA CASTLE.

"Ah!" exclaimed her father enthusiastically; "no wonder the inhabitants desired to have those beautiful objects restored to their proper positions. They are things of beauty, and 'bathe the city in their brightness.'"

After breakfast they set out to inspect the castle, which is still kept in tolerable repair. It is very large, and with its outbuildings covers about four hundred acres of ground.

"This place," said Mr. Nambo, "was built in a few weeks, and it is said that two hundred thousand men were simultaneously employed upon the works."

"It must have looked like a bee-hive," said Fitz. "Just imagine such a number of people occupied upon one building." Once more looking up at the gold-fish, he added, "Yes, those are very fine, they beat the dome of the State House at Boston. They shine splendidly."

The castle officials were exceedingly polite to the visitors, and took them all over it.

Upon ascending to the top of Kato's tower, they saw that some of the old drill-grounds inside the castle were under cultivation, noticing which, Mr. Nambo said, "Ah! in the old times those places were crowded with brave *samurai*, now they are full of *dai-kon* (radishes). How the noble ghosts must grieve when they regard that sight."

"I reckon they wish they could eat some of the *dai-kon*," said Fitz. "They must be like the ghost of Benjamin Franklin looking at a pot of beans."

At first Mr. Nambo did not understand the simile, but when it was explained by Oto, he began to chuckle, and presently remarked, "Fitz San, I fear you have no reverence for anything."

"I am afraid that I do not exactly know what the word means, sir," respectfully answered the boy.

The Professor shook his head reprovingly, and said to their friend, "I would like to see the shrine containing the sacred sword. Is it not somewhere hereabouts?"

"Yes, it is in Miya," said Mr. Nambo. "We can visit it to-morrow. If you have seen enough of the castle, we will return to our inn, as I fear your wife and daughter are becoming weary."

On their way back they passed some images under the trees, and Mr. Nambo said, "Those are *nure-botoke* (wet saints). We call them so because they are exposed to the rain."

"Not because they drank," said Fitz.

"Oh, no!" was the innocent rejoinder. "The one there with the tablets on his dress is Ji-zo, but I do not know the name of the other. I suppose the people have forgotten whom the figure represents."

"One is riding a hobby-horse," said Fitz. "Somebody has chipped off its ear. Anyhow, I would rather be a wet saint than a dry one. It is more pleasant to be out in the sunshine than cooped up in a temple."

They stayed in Nagoya two days, then proceeded to Miya, and visited the Shinto temple of Atsuta, which stands in a beautiful park of grand old trees.

Before the buildings were gateways, hung with white curtains, looped apart, in order to allow the pilgrims to see the

SHINTO SHRINE.

shrines, which were simple, barn-like structures, covered with thick thatch. None of the people entered the edifices but contented themselves with dipping their fingers in water, throwing some money on a white cloth in front of the shrines, and in kneeling, rubbing and clapping their hands, and saying their prayers.

"The sacred weapon, *Kusagani-no-mitzu-rugo* (grass-cutting sword) is never exhibited," said Mr. Nambo. "It is kept in the central building, and is one of the three emblems of the Shinto faith."

The party remained at Miya until the next morning, then sailed down the river and across the bay to Yamada, where they remained one day inspecting the sacred shrines, which were very much like those of Miya.

After passing under a *toru* of unpainted timber, they entered a space containing many grand old trees and some stables for the accommodation of the sacred horses, then came another *toru* and they beheld the outer gate of the temple that enshrines the sacred mirror.

The gate was curtained with a white drapery which was partly raised, beyond it were two other gateways, and the sacred shrines, that looked like a group of well-thatched barns with wing-like gables.

SACRED SHRINES OF ISE.

Mr. Nambo performed his ablutions, threw some money upon a white cloth, knelt, rubbed his hands together, clapped them twice, and prayed; his wife following his example at a respectful distance.

When the party returned to the inn, she said to Sallie, "You no doubt observed, that, although I am a Buddhist, I prayed in the same manner as Mr. Nambo. I did it to show my respect for him. A wife should always reverence her husband's faith. Ah! if you only could think of Buddha."

"Mother," said Oto, "we propose after resting awhile to go to Futami and spend a few days on the sea-shore."

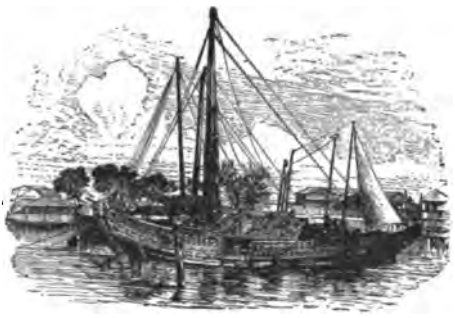
"That will be delightful," she answered. "I love to look at the water and to see the *fune* sailing backwards and forwards. I was born in sight of the ocean, so the roar of the waves always makes me think of my childhood."

BOYS FISHING.

The next afternoon they started, and by nightfall were in a delightful little residence overlooking the bay.

They remained in this lovely spot for nearly a fortnight, and spent many hours in watching the children wading in the shallows near the rocks, and fishing for *ai* (whitebait) and crabs. On the left, near a *hatoba* (pier), on which were many warehouses, was a fleet of junks that Oto said came from away down South, laden with coal and pottery.

The days passed so pleasantly, that one morning the young Americans were very much surprised when their father said, "This is the twenty-eighth of August. It is time we started for home. The Yokohama steamer touches here to-morrow, and we will return in time to get comfortably settled before the beginning of the college term."



COASTING JUNKS.

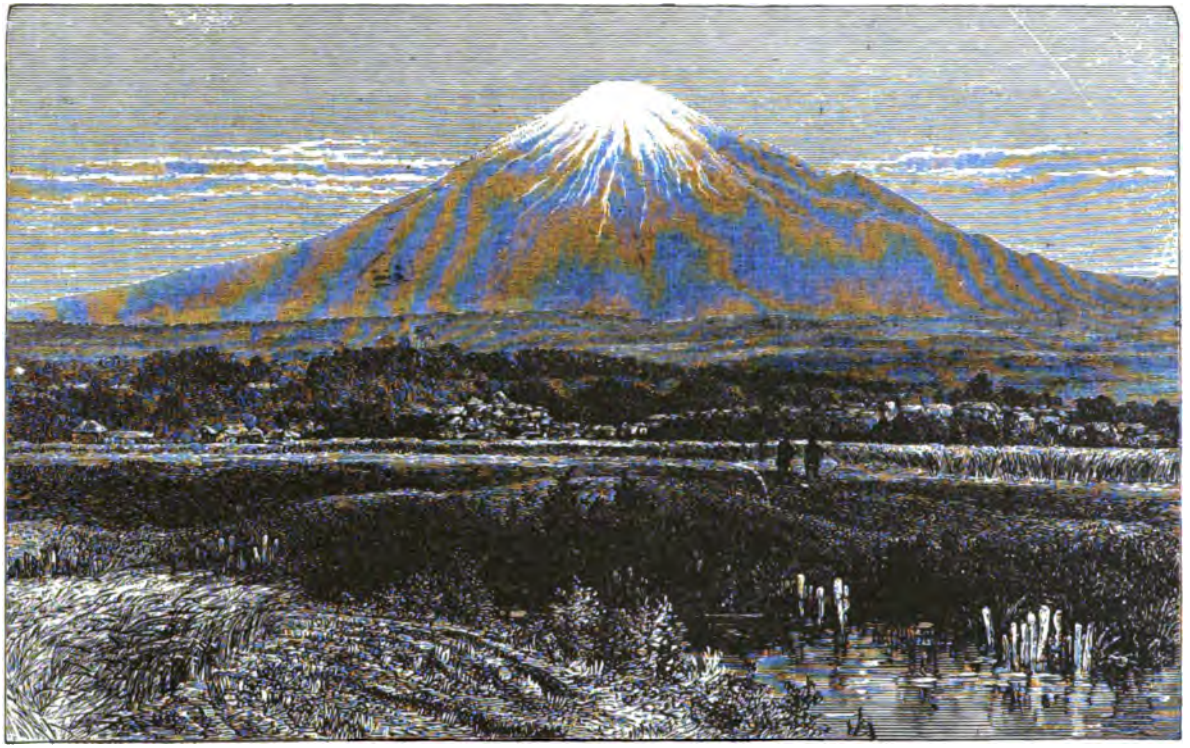
At noon the next day they embarked on board a Mitsu Bishi steamer, and reached their destination the following evening.

They were very glad to get back, and on entering the Yokohama railway station, Fitz cried, "Hurrah! In an hour we shall be in the wonderful city of Tokio!"

They had a car all to themselves, and enjoyed the ride immensely.

"Look at Fuji," said Sallie, pointing to the mountain, which was bathed in the glories of a summer sunset. "There is not much snow left now, is there?"

"The rice is coming on well hereabouts" remarked Mrs.



FUJI-YAMA, AS SEEN FROM A RAILWAY CAR.

Nambo. "It will soon be fit to cut;" adding, as though talking to herself, "Inari has been very benevolent this year. He has given the farmers good crops."

Upon reaching the Shimbashi depot, they were greeted by Choso, Gosuke, Sobei, and their other *jin-riki-sha* men, who bowed and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes! We salute you respectfully on your return home."

GOLD FISH OF NAGOYA CASTLE.

CHAPTER IX.

A JAPANESE DRY-GOODS STORE.

"The rain descends steadily. Only the umbrella men and the frogs feel cheerful. In the ninth month, every dry day can be taken for a holiday."

"THE continual rain is dreadful," said Sallie, one morning, as she ruefully regarded the downpour. "I do not believe we have had twenty-four hours' sunshine since we returned home."

"Oh, I like it!" said Fitz. "I have written to all my old schoolfellows, and have studied very hard. I think the weather is just splendid."

"Don't tease so, Fitz Jewett," retorted the girl. "I want to go down to the Dai Maru and buy some crepe cotton, as a present for Cho. This weather is very annoying. You know you dislike it as much as I do."

"What is the Dai Maru?" bluntly demanded the boy.

"I thought every child in the empire knew that celebrated *Gofuka-ya* (dry-goods store). It is the Stewart's of Tokio."

"The weather will clear presently," said Johnnie, entering. "Why do you annoy Sallie so, Fitz?"

"I do not annoy you, do I?" said the boy. "Now, as soon as breakfast is over, I will order our *jin-riki-sha* and will accompany you anywhere. I know a store in Uyeno where you can buy beautiful things."

"I will go, too," remarked Johnnie.

The lad proved to be a reliable weather prophet, for, by the time the meal was over, the rain had ceased and the sun was shining brightly.

"Where to, Ojo San?" said old Sobei, as Sallie entered her vehicle.

"To the Kadzusa dry-goods store in Uyeno," replied Fitz.

Away they went, and on quitting the gate, encountered Oto, whose *jin-riki-sha* was spattered all over with mud.

"Come with us," said Johnnie. "You are just in time."

After riding awhile they reached an imposing establishment on the corner of a street.

The little white awning under the eaves of the store, bore three characters, *Kadzu-sa-ya*, and a vertical sign projecting on the street was inscribed on the top in small letters, *Genkin* (one price), and in larger, *Go ffuko ffuto-mono rui o-yasui uri* (Dry goods and cotton cloth of various kinds sold here cheap for cash). At the right of this, shading the corner of the house, was a sloping curtain, marked at the top with the same inscription as the board, and stamped with a large circle in which was the character *Hisa* (long established), and beneath it the title Kadzusa store. This curtain was held upon the ground by two weights, secured to the ends of a bamboo run through its lower loops.

A girl was seated, buying cotton cloth, the merits of which were earnestly explained by a clerk, who, in his endeavors to be respectful, craned his neck in a very comical fashion. Behind him knelt an assistant, measuring goods with a bamboo stick.

The shelves were filled with fabrics, the better kinds of which were wrapped in paper or covered with yellow muslin.

The customer paid for her purchase, and, balancing herself on her high clogs, started homeward.

Sallie and her party quitted their vehicles, and seating themselves on the edge of the shop-board, asked to be shown some goods.

"They have no saleswomen here," said Sallie.

"Salesladies," said Fitz, correcting her. "That is what you ought to call them. The advertisements always run, 'Wanted a saleslady, must be a good dresser, salary four dollars a week.'"

"Woman is an honorable term," answered his sister, then, turning to the clerk, she inquired, "Why do you not employ girls?"

The man bowed, sucked in his breath, and said, "That would be impossible. In order to acquire this business one has to begin very young by serving tea to customers, then gradually we learn how to show goods to advantage, and to describe their qualities. For fifteen years we only receive our board and clothes. After that we get a present and are allowed to have goods on credit, and to start as peddlers, always announcing from what store we come. If we were to steal one *rin*, we should be dismissed without receiving any pay, but this seldom occurs, hence the saying, 'As honest as a dry-goods man.' Girls are not employed, because nearly all our customers prefer to be waited upon by salesmen."

"Salesgentlemen," said Sallie, glancing at Fitz.

"Why not?" he replied. "Please go on with your shopping, Miss Jewett. The citizens of the United States are all supposed to be gentlemen."

The attendant served each visitor with tea, then the young man who was waiting on Sallie bowed, and inquired, "What would your honorable excellency like to see?"

When he had ascertained, he called to the junior clerks, who went into the fire-proof warehouse, and returned, bearing immense piles of cloth pieces, each of which was wrapped in a paper.

"What a bewildering variety of patterns," observed John-

nie. "It is a pity the stuffs are all so narrow. I have seen lots of yard-wide silks in some of the stores."

"Then they were not made in Japan," replied the shopman. "We have no demand for wider goods than these."

DRY GOODS STORE.

Sallie selected quite a number of pieces, and as she paid the bill, said, "Are you much troubled with thieves?"

"Yes," was the reply. "We call them *ban-biki-jin* (ten thousand pull men). They are a great nuisance."

"What do you say when you summon your boys?" asked Johnnie. "I cannot understand you."

"We have a way of shouting, and each shop has its own

slang," answered the man. "For instance, if our customers want speckled cloth, we call for hoar frost."

"The waiters in some American restaurants do the same thing," said Fitz. "I once went into one and ordered fish-balls, when the man called for two sleeve-buttons. I was some time before I understood what he meant."

While they were waiting for their package the boys noticed a *kuda-mono uri* (fruit-seller), on the other side of the street.

The stall consisted of a board laid on half a barrel, and the fruit was decorated with pine branches, each kind being ticketed according to its value, one *sen*, two *sen*, three *sen*, etc.

By the side of the stall was a bucket of water and a dipper, which the fruit-seller, from time to time, used to moisten his commodities.

"Nearly all of that man's stock is unripe," said Oto. "The pear yonder boy is eating is as hard as a turnip. The peach the dealer is paring is as green as grass, and those long melons are totally unfit for consumption."

"I never found green apples disagree with me," said Fitz, smiling significantly. "Have you, Sallie?"

"I am sure you never eat such dangerous things, did you?" inquired Oto.

The young lady bit her lips and looked reproachfully at her brother, but did not reply.

"Why do your people not allow the fruit to ripen?" said the unabashed Fitz.

Oto, who was laughing to himself, said, "Our country folks are afraid of the thieves, so they gather their peaches, etcetera, as soon as they show a tinge of color."

"Yes," cried Johnnie, "only the other day I saw Cho eat-

ing green plums that had fallen from the tree in front of our house."

"And — she — still lives," drawled Fitz.

FRUIT PEDDLER.

"It is the principal cause of cholera among our people," gravely answered the young doctor. "You may laugh, Fitz, but green apples have been the death of millions of boys and girls."

"I am sorry," said the boy. "Look over there at that *kichibei* (lucky rice-cake seller). He is the first I have seen since we returned to Tokio."

The individual referred to wore a mask of Uzumé, and was attracting an audience by dancing, shouting, and singing, —

Ame-no naka kara Otasan to Kintasan ga tonde deta yo (candy, which if cut one way shows the puffed face of Uzume, and if cut the other exhibits the red features of Kintaro).

LUCKY RICE-CAKE MAN.

The street children gathered round him, and laughed at his comical gestures, every now and then clapping their hands to encourage his efforts.

He stamped alternately with his right and left foot, twirled round and round, crouched, waved his fan and wagged his head, then, exposing his wares, renewed his song.

Money came in plentifully, and he soon lowered his stock. When the demand slackened, he shouldered his box, and went off, shouting, "*Karintoya! Karintoya!*" (Quince candy-seller).

"Brothers," said Sallie, "we had better be moving home, I think it is going to rain again."

Their *jin-riki-sha* men started as hard as they could, and the vehicles were soon in sight of the *yashiki*, when the boys saw a *Kusuri uri* (street medicine-seller), whereupon Fitz insisted on stopping to watch him.

"This is an *al fresco* drug store," said Johnnie. "What medicine is that shock-headed individual putting up?"

"Hush," said Oto. "The man studied his profession in a soda water-seller's in the States, and thinks he knows as much as any physician in the Imperial Hospital. Do you not observe that he is dressed in foreign style?"

"It would have escaped me if you had not mentioned the fact," said Sallie.

The quack, who must have overheard their conversation, gravely weighed out powders, then said to his customer, "These are very good for the cholera. They were invented by the great American physician, Dr. B. Q. Tompkins, and are infallible. Now is a good time to sell such things, as there is a talk of cholera being about," — adding, as he handed him the package, "Have you anything to give your patrons with this preparation?"

The peddler nodded, and replied, "Yes. If any one buys five *sen* of medicine, I give them a one *sen* package of tooth-powder. If they buy ten *sen* worth, I make them a present of an elegant two *sen* fan." Bowing and sucking in his breath, "Honorable doctor, I will, without fail, call and pay you for this to-morrow morning."

"That is like our store-keepers giving away a chromo with a pound of tea. After all, there are very few new ideas in the world."

"Let us hurry home," said Johnnie.

"Here it comes again," exclaimed Sallie, as she sprang out

OPEN AIR DRUG STORE.

of her *jin-riki-sha* and ran up the steps of the veranda. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! what a month this is for rain."

Oto regarded her good-humoredly, and answered, "If we did not have such weather in September, the rice would not be worth anything. Have you heard the saying, 'When the ninth month is a dry one, the next nine will be hungry ones.'"

CHAPTER X.

HARVESTING THE RICE.

"When the benevolent Inari (God of Rice) smiles upon the husbandmen, the farmer's son says to his companion, — 'Shobei, I am soon going to have a new *kimono* (coat).'"

ONE morning in October, Professor Jewett sat in the veranda of his home, watching a *sakana-uri* (fish-seller) who was offering his wares to a Japanese lady living near them.

The man was dressed in coarse, blue cotton clothes, with the inevitable pipe and tobacco pouch slung at his girdle, and carried a shallow tub filled with various kinds of fish, the qualities of which he explained in a loud voice.

The approach to all Japanese houses is provided with stepping-stones or blocks of wood, that rise like islands out of an ocean of mud or a desert of dust.

"No doubt those are exceedingly fresh," said the lady, "but my husband now only eats meat. Since his return from foreign countries, he will not look at fish. I find beef a very good thing for my complexion."

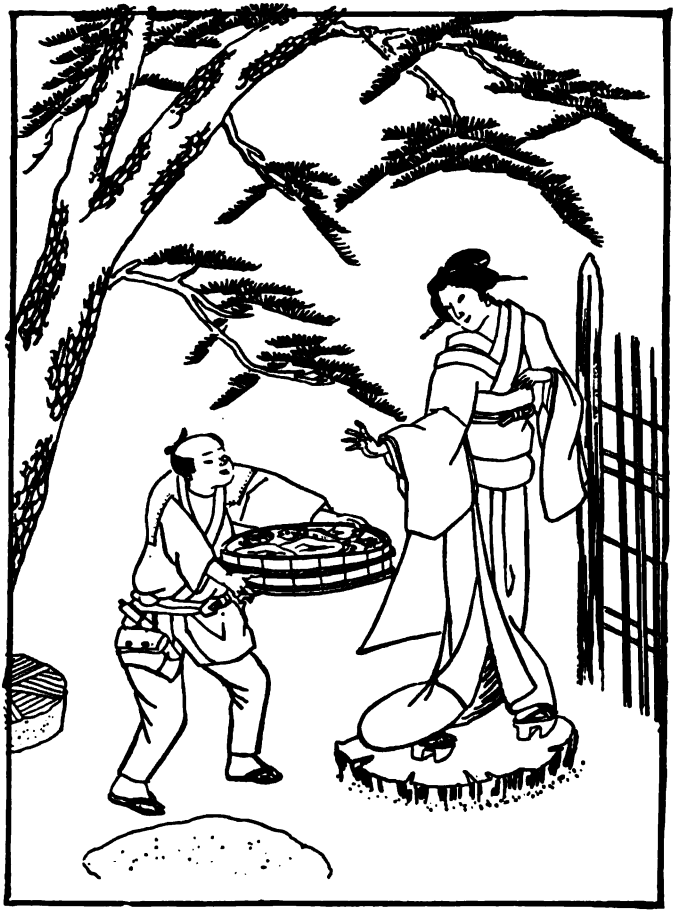
The dealer regarded her impudently and replied, — "Beef is all very well for wrestlers. Ladies do not want to have red faces. I will take my fish where they will be appreciated."

"Is he not saucy?" said Sallie, joining her father. "Mrs. Hana has a right to eat what she pleases. Have you seen the boys?"

"Here they come," answered the Professor.

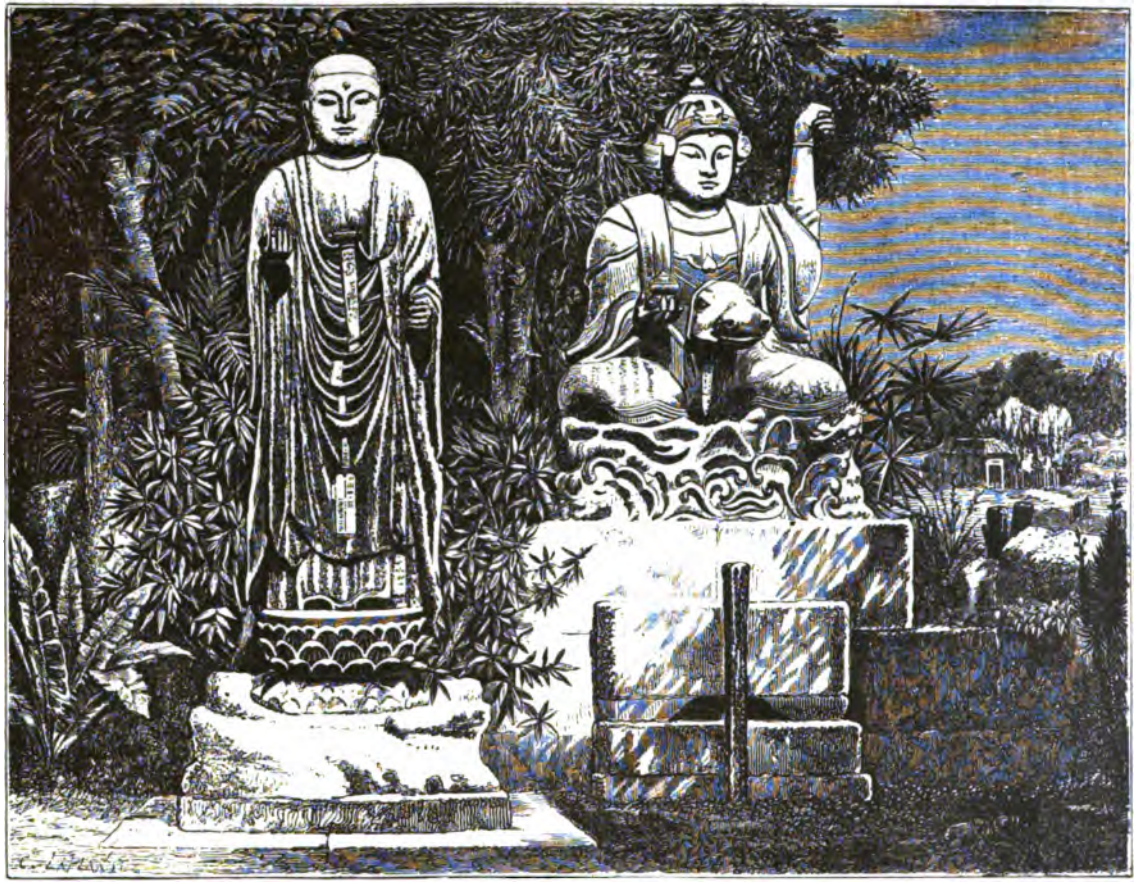
"Oh, sister!" exclaimed Fitz, "you have missed something. We have been for a walk and encountered several very comical objects."

"Yes," remarked Johnnie, "we saw an *amai saké-uri*



FISH-SELLER.

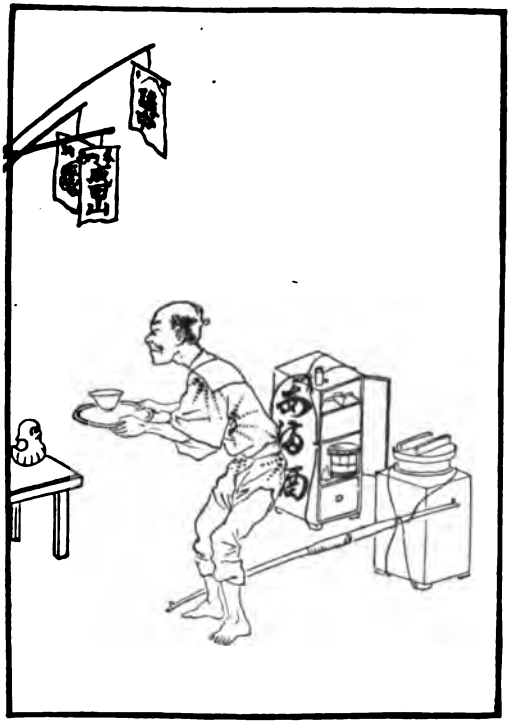
(peddler of sweet wine) outside a restaurant near Suruga dai. Some pilgrims had just arrived from Fuji and had given their flags to the keeper of the refreshment place. One of the banners bore a picture of the mountain, and was inscribed with



WET GODS.

the characters *Narita san*, and another hung just below it bore the legend Ko-gu Guild."

"Yes," said Fitz, with a nod, "but the *amai-saké-uri* was a curiosity. He had two boxes, one of which contained a little furnace, surmounted with a copper vessel full of sweet wine, while the other was inscribed *amai-saké*, and held his cups, trays and other articles. He was very thin, and was so polite to his customers that he crouched even when he walked. Johnnie and I patronized the old fellow, but we only tasted the stuff. He charged three *sen* for a big cupfull."



PEDDLER OF SWEET WINE.

"We also saw the *dai-ku-gora* (street-jugglers)," continued Johnnie. "They were outside a fashionable tea-house and were attracting the attention of its patrons. The elder performer was a very big man with nostrils that appeared to have quarrelled with one another, they were so wide apart. He kept three balls in the air at once and sent them whirling through a bamboo basket. Then the dancer held up a bag and caught them, which so overjoyed the ball-player's son that he raised his hands above his head and hopped round and round, shrieking, — 'Oh, very good! Oh, very good!'"

STREET JUGGLER.

"We met another *kappore*," said Fitz. "He was exceedingly funny, and wore a domino and a curious white head-dress decorated with a mask of Uzumé. He played a *samisen* and as he danced sang and hopped first on one foot and then on the other. A boy, who was passing, said to him, —

KAPPORE.

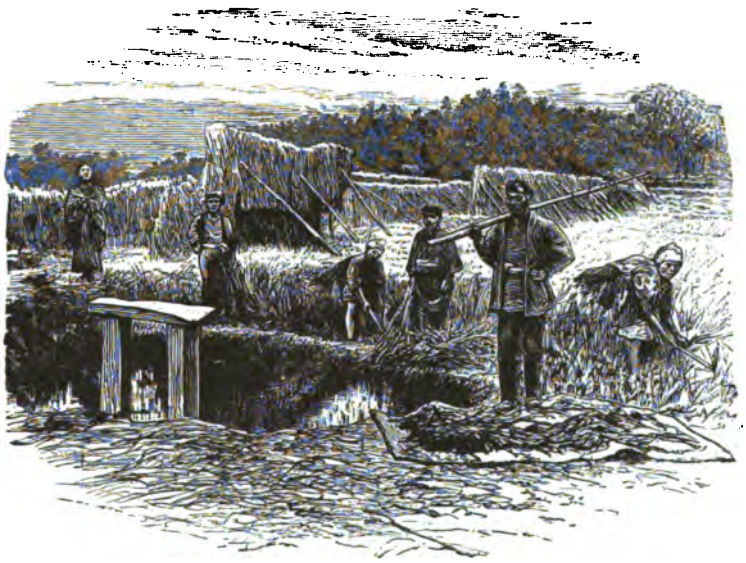
'Why don't you move quicker? In my part of the country, even the bears caper more rapidly than you do.'"

"'*Yeh!*" shouted the *kappore*, tuning his instrument. "Any one can see you came from Yeso."

"Dr. Nambo is at the gate," said Cho.

"I am glad he has arrived," exclaimed Sallie. "Boys, go and bring him here."

In a few moments Oto made his appearance, and, after saluting his friends, observed, —"What do you say? Will you run down to Kamakura? Do you not want to have another look at the Dai-Butsu? If you hurry up we can catch the next train to Yokohama and take *jin-riki-sha* from there. My father and mother wish to join us. Why cannot your parents go too?"



HARVESTING RICE.

Everything was soon arranged and the party started. There are many rice fields between Tokio and the port, so the young Americans had an opportunity of seeing the crop harvested.

Women and men, armed with quaintly shaped sickles, were cutting the partly ripe grain or tying it into bundles, which they fastened to high racks, in order that it might dry and harvest.

As the train passed, the laborers would pause in their occupation and gape at the swiftly moving carriages, then resume their work with a will.

In some places the land was so wet that the rice had to be carried a long distance to the drying frames or was laid on coarse matting upon the ground.

CUTTING THE RICE.

"There is a *kome-tsuki* (rice-cleaner) at work," said Mrs. Nambo. "What strength he must have to use that heavy mallet. Do you observe the cord round his waist and that stout loop of cotton cloth in which he rests the butt of his pounder?

"He wears an apron," remarked Sallie.

"They all do," answered the old lady. "See the chicken near him. We have a saying, 'If you want to find your hen, go to where the *kome-tsuki* is working.'"

RICE-CLEANER.

"How do they clean the grain?" inquired Fitz.

"They put the rough *mome* into the mortar," answered Mr. Nambo, "then pound it with that heavy mallet and the friction separates the husks from the rice."

"Here we are at Yokohama," said Sallie. "How beautiful the bay looks."

"Our *jin-riki-sha* are waiting for us," said Oto. "I have ordered you some good strong runners, who can make the journey quickly."

They entered the vehicles and started at a rapid pace, only stopping for a short time at Kanazawa to give their men a rest.

When they arrived at the boundary line between the provinces of Musashi and Sagami, Fitz pointed to a stone figure, carved in the rock by the wayside, and said, — "What do you call that?"

"*Hanakake* Jizo" (the noseless Jizo), said Mrs. Nambo. "Would you like to make a little offering to him?"

The boy shook his head, noticing which the good old lady sighed and did not volunteer any more information.

The friends arrived in Kamakura as the sun was setting, so had no time to see the Dai-Butsu that night.

The next day they were up bright and early, and visited the temple of Hachiman, where Fitz almost ruined himself by his lavish patronage of the *mame-uri* (bean-seller.)

One old woman. who kept a stall near the main temple, was chatting with a nurse and two children who were watching a fat rooster filling his crop with the grain intended for the opal-breasted doves. The boy on the servant's back was in a high state of excitement, and his brother, who was mounted upon thick clogs, jumped backwards and forwards and yelled, "Oh, go away! go away, greedy bird! Let the pigeons come."

He had a red fringed purse suspended from his girdle, which was tied in a big knot behind his back.

The *mame-uri* doled out her stock in trade in small saucers and kept her receipts, consisting of brass cash and tempo, on skewers inserted in a little slab of pine wood.

While the strangers were watching the scene, they heard a whirring sound, and presently a flock of pigeons alighted all around them.

"Why do they always have so many doves in the temple of the god of War?" asked Sallie.

Mrs. Nambo inclined her head and replied in her gentle way,—"Those birds are Hachiman's messengers. When he wishes to communicate with another god, he dispatches one of those beautiful creatures."

SIDE VIEW OF DAI-BUTSU.

They ascended the hill and visited the grave of Yoritomo, before which they found an offering of lovely flowers.

"I wonder who brought these here," said Fitz. "I do not see why they should make such a fuss about Yoritomo. No doubt he was a great man, but one can never forget that he caused his brother, Yositsune, to be assassinated. He did not gain the decisive victories over the Taira, and he killed both the men who did, one of whom was his own brother."

"He was successful," said Johnnie. "I suppose that is why he is not forgotten. Nothing succeeds like success."

About five o'clock they once more visited the Dai-Butsu*

* *Vide.* — Young Americans in Japan, p. 377.

(image of Buddha). The sun was setting as they regarded the grand statue from the hillside on its right.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Professor, "there it sits, calm and majestic, the embodiment of the faith that has enchained millions."

"Yes," added Fitz, to the amusement of his mother, "and that pilgrim is walking over the majestic bronze and sounding

GRAVE OF YORITOMO AT KAMAKURA.

it with his staff, as a railway employee does the axles of the car-wheels. Hear how it chinks."

"Brother, I am afraid you will never be a poet," said Sallie.

"I hope not," was the unabashed reply. "I intend to be a lawyer. I wonder how much money it cost to make that figure? Oto, I suppose you call it one of the wet gods."

While he was speaking, they saw a number of foreigners ascend to the lap of the statue and group themselves on Buddha's jointed thumbs.

Presently a quavering sound of singing proceeded from the new-comers, on hearing which Mrs. Nambo innocently inquired, — "What is the matter with those people?"

"They are worshipping," said Fitz. "Do you know, some travellers think the correct thing to do at Kamakura is to mount upon Buddha's thumb and sing the doxology?"

The good old lady, who was puzzled at this reply, regarded the eccentric group and murmured to herself,—"I suppose it is one of their religious ceremonies. What strange beings these Americans are!"

CHAPTER XI.

A RAMBLE IN THE STREETS.

"When the gods created the flowers, they chose the most superb.
Among which were the lotus, the tree peony, and the chrysanthemum;
The last, the emblem of the sun, unfolds its glory in the eleventh month."

ONE November morning, Sallie Jewett stood at the window of her room, watching a man who was moving stealthily about the grounds of the *yashiki*.

He was comfortably dressed, in well-worn cotton clothes carried a pipe and tobacco-pouch, suspended from the right side of his girdle, had a basket with a trap mouth tied about his waist, and wore the left sleeve of his dress looped up with a towel. He also had a mushroom-shaped sun-hat on his head, and carried in his hand a long, light bamboo, which he manœuvred in a very peculiar way. He slunk along as though ashamed of what he was about, peeped round corners with a furtive air, and conducted himself like one who is engaged in a disreputable business.

"I wonder what he is after," murmured the girl.

"Don't you know, Sallie?" said Fitz, who, with his brother had silently joined her. "That is a *tori-sashi*. You will hear him call presently."

As the boy spoke, the man put an instrument between his lips and twittered just like a sparrow. A number of the birds answered him and flew down from the trees to attack the newcomer, when, quick as thought, he made a pass at them with his bamboo and entangled the feathers of one of the plump little fellows in the *tori-mochi* (bird-lime), with which the rod

BEAN-SELLER.

was tipped. As he removed the trembling prisoner and transferred it to his basket, he noticed the young Americans, and said, "Honorable master boys, do you want some nice

sparrows for your breakfast? I can sell you a lot of beauties at three *sen* each."

"You wicked man," indignantly answered Sallie. "I thought you Buddhists never ate anything that had lived?"

The bird-catcher smiled, bowed and politely replied,

BIRD-CATCHER.

"Honorable young lady, I am not a Buddhist, though, for the matter of that, everybody likes a nice broiled sparrow."

"Yes, and we are going to have some for breakfast," said Fitz. "Come along, sissy, and let the man pursue his honorable occupation."

SQUASH SELLER.

At first Sallie protested that she would never eat the poor little creatures, however, when some of them were placed upon the breakfast table, she forgot all about the way they had been captured, and enjoyed them as much as any one.

After the meal was over Oto came in, and proposed they should go to the Hana yashiki at Asakusa, and see the chrysanthemums.

"Will you accompany us, mother?" asked Fitz.

"No, we will go later in the month," replied Mrs. Jewett. "I have something to do to-day, and your father will not return from the college until late."

The young people bade her adieu and soon were on their way, laughing, chatting, and enjoying the beautiful cool morning.

"My gracious!" said Johnnie, as they descended the hill, "look at that *tonasu-uri* (squash-seller). What a queer shape the vegetables are."

"Only the very poorest of our people buy those things," said Oto. "They are considered to be inferior food. Gentlemen seldom partake of them."

"Of course you never make pumpkin-pies," said Fitz, adding to his brother, "What are you staring at, Johnnie?"

"At that octopus the woman is carrying. It is laughing," he replied. "Although she has run a cord through its body, it is moving its tentacles."

"Did you ever see such ankles as hers?" whispered Fitz.

"Hush," said Sallie. "Let us hear what the man is saying."

"Honorable wife," derisively exclaimed the *tonasu-uri*, "stop one moment and look at my stock. It is no use pretending that you don't like pumpkins. Why, you have a pumpkin face."

"*Yeh!*" she replied. "Go home. I have no pumpkin money. If you choose to give me one I will take it."

They left the pair bantering each other and indulging in loud laughter.

MAKER OF BROILED BEAN-CURD.

"See," said Johnnie, "there is a *tofu-yaku-ya* (broiled bean-curd seller). Let us stop and buy some."

The shop consisted of one room, divided by a screen, and was occupied by the tradesman and his wife, who worked together and seemed to be very happy and prosperous.

The party halted, and Sallie asked the woman, "How do you make that food?"

The proprietress bowed until the child on her back almost slipped over her head, then said, "We soak the best white beans in yonder tub," pointing behind her. "My husband grinds them between those circular pieces of wood, and as the soft paste runs out, he collects it in the ladle he holds in his left hand. We strain it through a sieve and boil it, then turn the mass into a cloth and press out the water. The *tofu* (bean cheese) which is left is very tender and nice. Some people prefer it cold, like this in the baskets on my right, others want it broiled. You see I am cooking a number of slices. When one side is done I turn it over."

VENDOR OF A HOT INFUSION OF LOQUAT-LEAVES.

While speaking, she pointed to some oblong cakes of *tofu*, resting upon the iron bars of a trough-like fire-box, upon the counter before her.

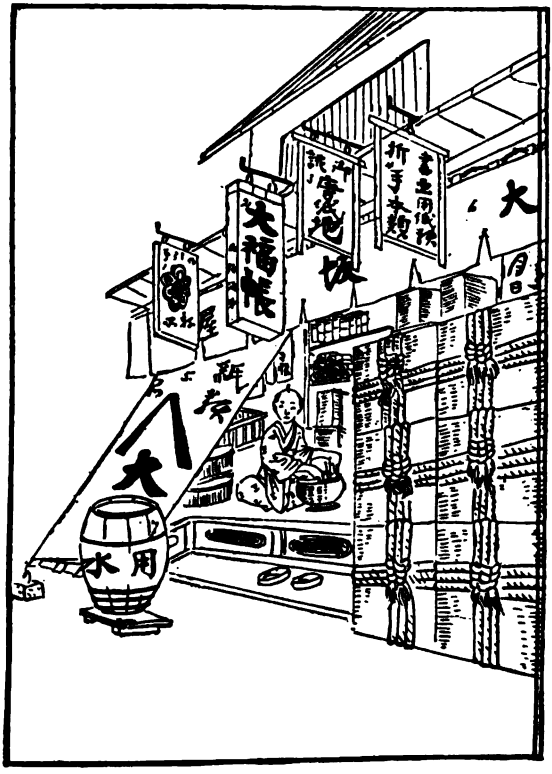
"Why do you use that fan?" asked Sallie.

"To keep the charcoal in a glow," replied the woman. "Your *tofu yaku* is now ready. Eat it while it is hot."

The young Americans partook of the food, but, as Fitz said, did not hanker after more than one portion each, the article not being as tempting to them as some other Japanese preparations.

A little farther on they encountered a jovial-looking Japanese, who, as Johnnie observed, was carrying his store about with him.

The apparatus consisted of two oblong lacquer boxes connected by a wooden bar, and holding tubs, bowls, and other appurtenances of his trade.



PAPER STORE.

Sallie read the inscriptions on the cases which ran as follows: In front, written horizontally, were two characters, *kan kiyo*, signifying licensed. Then a circle in which was depicted a three-legged crow (a mythical bird) regarded as lucky by the Japanese, who say when you meet a three-legged crow, you will be fortunate. Below this picture was inscribed

Kioto Hon-ke (original house of Kioto). The sides of the box bore the inscription *Biwa-yoto* (loquat-leaf tea).

On seeing the foreigners, the man placed his boxes on the ground and bowing, said,—"Honorable strangers, will you try some of my delicious beverage?"

"Yes, go ahead and serve us," said Fitz.

The fellow quickly produced some little cups and fanning the charcoal fire that warmed the liquid, suavely remarked,—"It is getting late for my business. I come up from Kioto with the butterflies. Now that the weather is growing cool, people do not want medicine to correct the hot principle. Still, Biwa tea is a very good thing at any time."

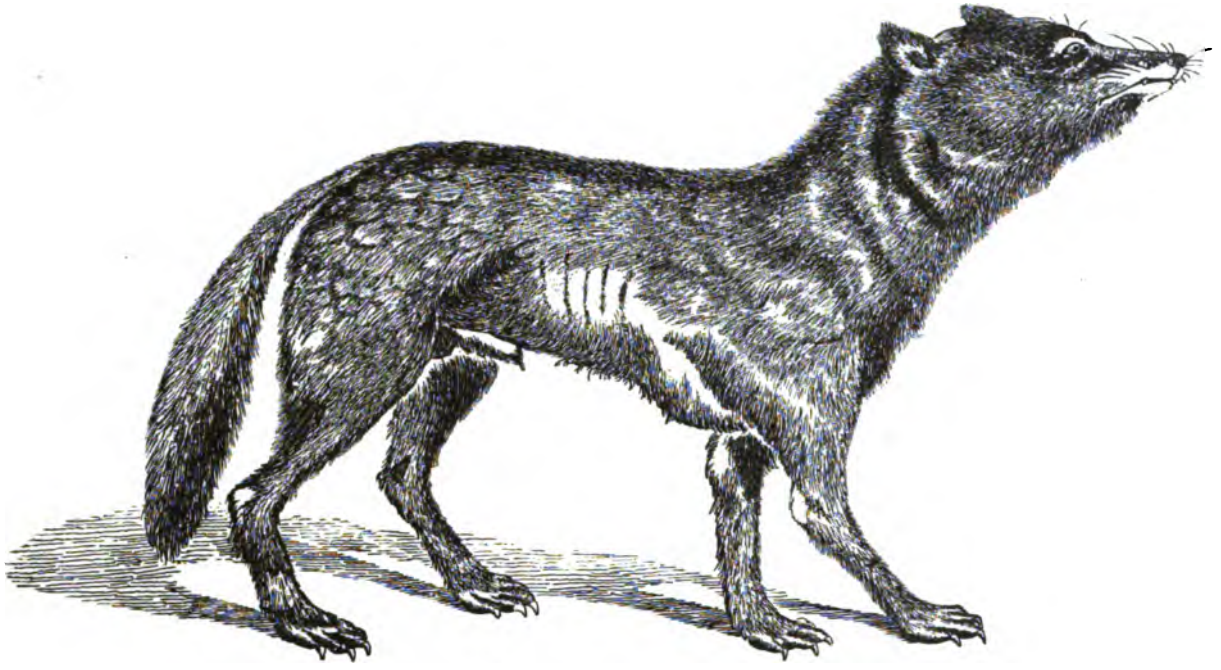
As he spoke, he ladled out some of the beverage, and bowing, said,—"Everything is now ready for your honorable approval."

His customers sipped the tea and Sallie said,—"It tastes like orange-flower water."

"There is a fly in mine, so I cannot tell what it might taste like without it," said Fitz, pointing to something black among the dregs in his cup. "Oto, I do not think your hot drinks amount to much."

"You do not come from Kioto," said the young doctor to the man.

The fellow grinned, bowed and replied,—"Honorable Sir, I am afraid you recognize me; my name is Goro. You were very kind to me when I was in the hospital. I have an honorable mother and a wife and family to keep, so I am sometimes obliged to pretend to be what I am not. In the spring I sell an infusion of ginger, to warm people; in summer, biwa-tea to cool them; and in winter I do anything. As to Kioto, my honorable mother left that place when she was first married, so I consider that I came from there."



JAPANESE WOLF.

"With the butterflies?" slyly inquired Fitz.

They paid him a few cash and left the merry fellow shouting,—"*Biwa-yo! Biwa-yo!*"

When the party neared Asakusa, they halted before a *kami-ya* (paper store), in which sat a man warming his hands at the *hibachi.*

In front of the establishment were bales of paper, strongly bound with rattan cords and from the eaves depended four signs.

Number one bore a picture of the copper handles used on the paper inner doors and sliding screens of the Japanese houses, and was inscribed,—"*On hiki te Suhin*" (all kinds of door handles sold here).

Number two had on its sides, "*Dai fuku chio*" (cash books), and on its front edge was "*Atsu surai*" (made to order).

Number three read "*Atsu raion,*" beneath which were the characters "*Kara kami ji*" (all kinds of paper for sliding doors).

Number four had two vertical inscriptions, namely "*Shio-ga-yo shi-rui*" (all kinds of paper used for writing and painting), and "*Oni te hon-sui*" (all kinds of copying books).

Number five, the sloping awning which shaded the storekeeper from the sun, bore the trade-mark and an inscription *Kami rui*" (all kinds of paper). The narrow strip of white cloth under the eaves was marked with three characters "*Saku-ya*" (manufacturer's store).

Before the place was a barrel marked. "Water stored for use in case of fire."

"That is a manufacturing stationer's," said Oto. "He is well-known and does a very large business. Whatever you buy of him is sure to be of very good quality. Let us go on, we are close to Asakusa."

They entered the temple grounds and spent three hours in viewing the chrysanthemum blossoms, then wandered toward the exhibitions of the so-called wax-works and the shows containing various rare animals.

"Walk in, honorable foreign gentlemen," said one of the proprietors. "I have on view a genuine Okami (Japanese wolf) *Canis Hodophylax*. It has eaten five hundred men and is one of the most wonderful creatures in existence."

"Are you afraid to go in, Sallie?" asked Johnnie.

"Not with you," she replied. "I hope the Okami will not want to make a meal of us."

Outside the booth was the picture of an enormous creature with a tail shaped like an Indian club, and inside was a cage among the straw of which was coiled a miserable cub not much bigger than a cat.

On seeing the young Americans the exhibitor stirred up the poor brute with a stick and pompously exclaimed,—"This *okami* was captured in the island of Yeso, where it had killed and eaten over one thousand people."

"They must have been pigmies," said Fitz, as though thinking aloud.

"You may imagine that I am asserting a fiction," said the man, affecting indignation. "This monster was the terror of the country for miles around. Now, honorable gentlemen, after inspecting this ferocious animal, perhaps you will kindly walk out and make room for some one else."

The half-starved *okami* gaped wearily, coiled itself down for another brief doze and pretended to slumber, and its keeper squatted in a corner of the room and attacked a bowl of cold boiled rice.

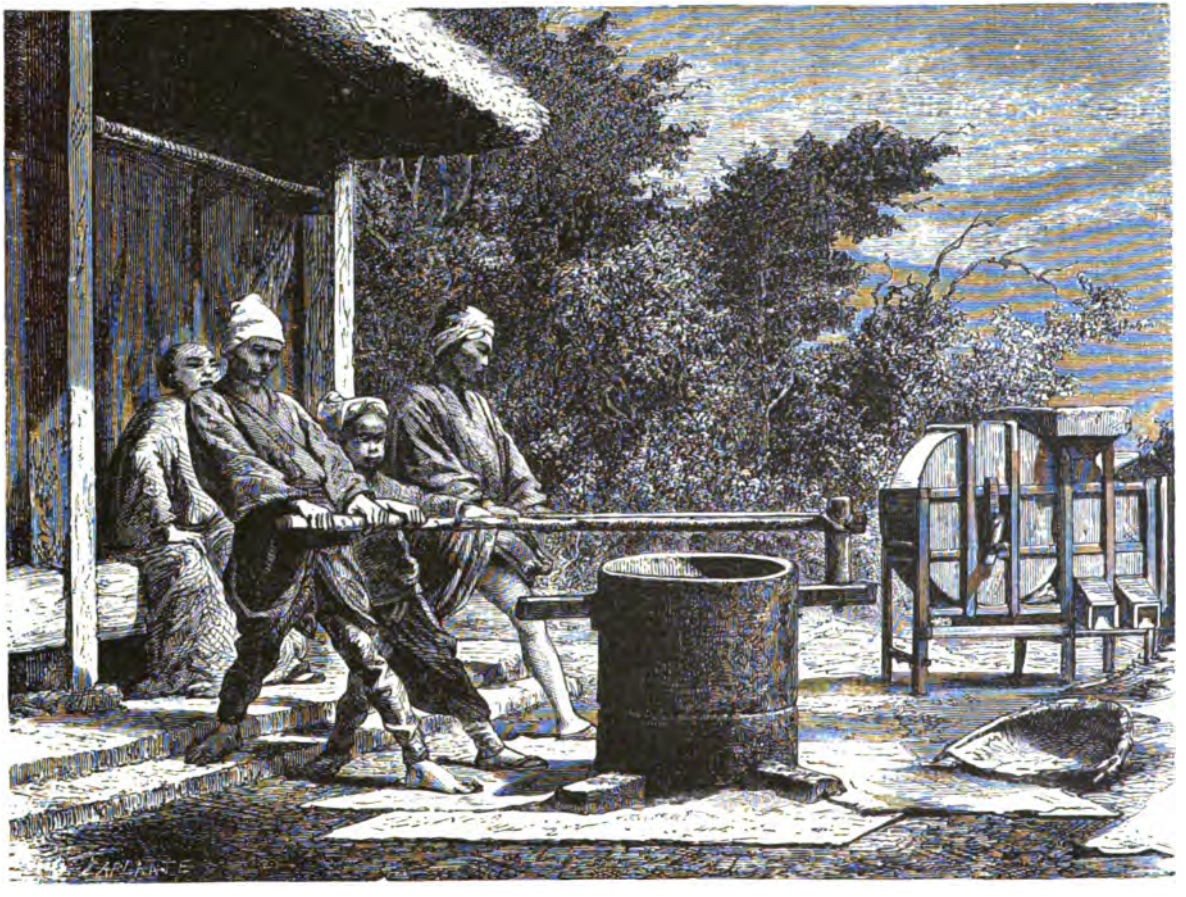
Oto and his friends then inspected the wax-works, which proved to be exceedingly life-like figures of the miracles of Kuwannon, the goddess being modelled in various shapes.

The men who had charge of the groups gabbled their formula so comically that Fitz made them repeat it several times; however, they soon discovered he was making fun of them, and sulkily declined to comply with his request.

FARMERS WINNOWING RICE.

"Sallie," inquired Oto, "would you like to visit a farmhouse in the suburbs. I have a patient who lives beyond the river, suppose we pay him a visit?"

They found their *jin-riki-sha* waiting at the entrance to



FARMERS GRINDING RICE.

the temple grounds, whither they had been sent by Mrs. Jewett. In a short time the friends were seated and *en route.*

After crossing the Obashi, they found themselves in quite a rural district, where the farmers were busily occupied preparing the grain for market.

Large mats were spread upon the ground, and piles of rice were heaped on them to sun and dry for the mills. The *hiyaku-sho* (farmers), who wore artistically-patched clothes, had wide, scoop-like baskets which they filled with the grain, then raised high above their heads and emptied upon the mats. As the rice descended, the wind blew away the chaff and thus prepared the cereal for the huller.

The young people rode some distance, then turned into a private road, and presently stopped before a shed where two men and a boy were grinding rice. The farmer, who was superintending the operation, bowed to Oto and said, "Honorable doctor, excuse me from rising, my rheumatism is still so bad that I feared I should again have to come to you for advice. You did me so much good last time, I have no longer faith in our quacks."

Oto introduced his companions to the man, who, when they were seated, said to his employees, "Now, show these honorable foreigners how you make rice-flour."

The head laborer took some of the hulled grain in a wicker-scoop and filled the funnel-shaped hole in the top of the mill, then with his companions grasped the bar and walked round and round with it, thus moving the upper section. In a few seconds, the coarsely ground flour began to drop from between the surfaces, and soon it poured out in little streams. The men sang as they worked, and made more noise than a hundred American laborers.

When they paused to rest, Sallie asked, "What is that apparatus on our right?"

"A rice-winnower," replied the farmer. "We are not like the poor *hiyaku-sho* in the village. We clean our grain thoroughly. Have you any agricultural machines in your honorable country?"

"You make me smile," said Fitz. "Why, we prepare our ground, plant our cereals, weed, cultivate, cut, harvest, and clean them by machinery driven by steam."

"How do your farmers employ themselves?" queried their entertainer.

"They walk round and boss things," merrily answered the boy. "You ought to go to America, you would be astonished."

The man thought a while, then said, "I suppose we, who have never been in your honorable land, cannot quite comprehend the difference between your ways and ours. You appear to have machines to do everything, so of course your people have no need to work."

"Indeed they have," returned the boy. "They work the machines. Ah! our country is a wonderful one. We have bigger farms, broader prairies, more extensive forests, enterprising men and talented women, than any other land in the world. You can have no idea what it is like, and you have much to learn from us."

Their host smiled, and, bowing, answered: "Although we are very ignorant people, still we have been permitted to live, and have somehow contrived to exist without all your wonderful improvements. If I were to use the machinery you tell me about, what would become of my poor workmen?"

"They could turn farmers," said the boy. "We want good men in the States, and could take a few thousands of your surplus population. How much money do you make a-year?"

"About one hundred and eighty dollars," was the reply.

"Buy a passage-ticket, and go out and settle in South Carolina," said the boy. "You would make your fortune in two years."

The man listened respectfully, and said, "My father taught me to work in one way. I am now too old to learn new things; but if my son chooses to go abroad he can. As for myself, I shall continue to plod along as my ancestors have done."

He entertained them with tea and cakes, and at the conclusion of the meal accompanied them to the high road.

"I am afraid your agricultural class is not progressive," remarked Johnnie to Oto. "That man did not seem to understand what we said to him."

The young doctor laughed quietly, and answered, "When I lived in New England I met several of your farmers, who were almost as far behind your Westerners as ours are. We are going fast enough, Johnnie. A hundred years from this our people will be sending agricultural implements to your State fairs. Have you ever heard our motto:

'He who progresses slowly generally wins the race.'"

CHAPTER XII.

PREPARING FOR NEW-YEAR'S FESTIVITIES.

"The last golden glow lingers on the maples of Meguro;
The *mochi* men are beginning to appear on the streets;
These things are signs of the twelfth month."

THE young Americans, like all the people of leisure in Tokio, went out to Meguro to see the glorious foliage of the maples. As they viewed the sight, Sallie said, "Oto, this reminds me of home; however, I think the colors of your maples are more brilliant than ours. The woods look as though they were on fire. I shall try and secure some young trees to plant at Cromlech."

"Do you tap your maples for syrup?" inquired Fitz.

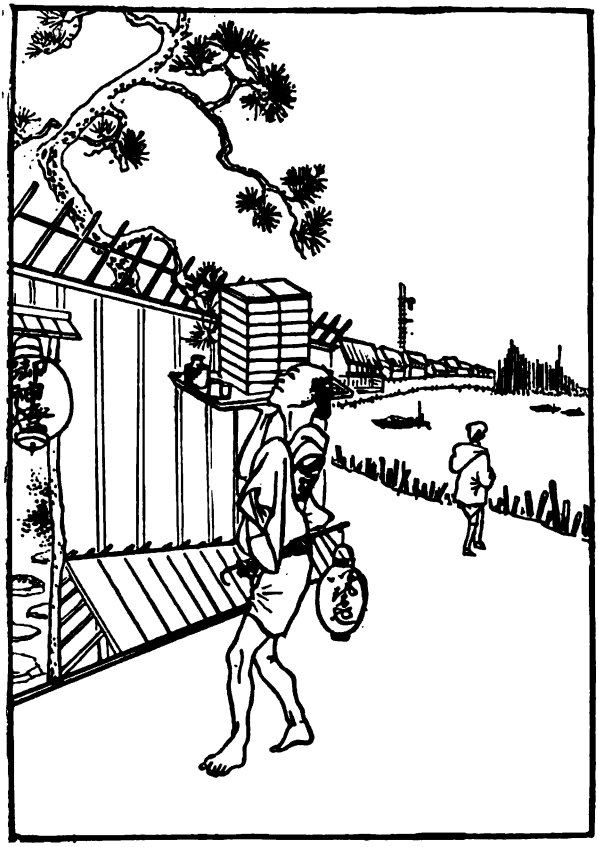
"No," answered Oto, "but we have imported a vast number of sugar-maples and they are doing admirably. We can grow almost any of your trees here."

The friends spent nearly the whole day in the lovely spot, and saw many devotees performing penance by standing for a long time beneath a stream of water, that flowed from the mouth of a brazen dragon near the temple of Kuwannon.

As they returned homeward they met a waiter on his way to a restaurant, at the entrance of which was suspended a lantern inscribed with the characters *Go-shin-to* (God's light). The man carried on his left hand a lacquer tray piled with boxes of buckwheat-vermicelli, which he balanced with the dexterity acquired by long practice. In his girdle was tucked his lantern, bearing the name of his employer's house, *Ise ya*,

and on the back of his coat was a circle containing his name.

"Let us follow him in and order some vermicelli," said



WAITER BRINGING BUCKWHEAT VERMICELLI TO A RESTAURANT.

Oto. "I know that fellow, he belongs to a first-rate establishment."

"I do not care about *soba* (buckwheat)," said Fitz. "It reminds me of cold tripe. Besides, the light is failing and our parents are expecting us."

"You are right," said Oto. "To-morrow I shall have another holiday, and we will go for our last stroll this year."

The next morning Oto called for them early, and they started out for a long walk. After quitting the *yashiki*, they noticed that the entrances of many houses were decorated with green bamboo and branches of pine-tree, emblems of the new year.

"Hello," said Fitz, as they watched a boy flying a kite, on which was depicted a cuttle-fish. "Here comes a *man-zai*" (New Year's dancer).

MANZAI.

Presently a melancholy-looking vagabond, who wore a *yeboshi* (ceremonial hat), perched on the top of his head, came striding toward them, making a great clacking with his clogs in order to attract attention. His dress was marked with the sign *san* (three), he had a toy sword thrust in his girdle, and, though the weather was quite cool, he carried a large fan.

Behind him came his assistant, bearing a heavy weight of properties tied up in a cotton cloth.

"What is the meaning of *manzai?*" inquired Johnnie.

"Literally translated, it means ten thousand years, while

really it is a form of congratulation. That fellow is evidently going somewhere to give an entertainment, and will not condescend to stop and amuse us. Which way shall we go?"

"Towards Asakusa," said Sallie. "Cho told me that this is the festival of *tori no machi*, the last day of the rooster in the month. I want to buy a *kumade* (bamboo rake)."

Oto laughed, and replied, "So you wish to rake in good fortune next year. Well, you shall have one, Sallie."

On their way they heard a drumming noise, and, looking into a house, beheld two children at play. One, who wore a fox's mask, was dancing and waving a *gohei*, while the other beat a drum. Seeing the strangers they stopped their performance, and the elder boy said to the other, "Look at those Chinese. Are they not comical?"

"Don't be rude," said Johnnie. "Go on with your dancing."

"He can speak our language," said the drummer to his companion. "I thought those barbarians never had sense enough for that."

"Excuse his impudence," whispered Oto to Sallie.

"He is not as bad as the Cromlech boys," answered the girl. "For one rude speech made to us in Tokio, fifty were addressed to you in our native place. What people are those coming towards us?"

"Those are folks who have been to buy the *kumade*," said the young doctor. "The one on the right bears a picture of the *Takara-bune* (treasure-boat), the boy is carrying a rake decorated with a picture of *Ota fuku men* (goddess of good fortune) and the one borne by the man on his right represents a *kane bako* (money safe.)"

"How pretty that woman looks in her winter hood," said

Sallie. "It is much more becoming than those worn by the men, it gives the latter a ferocious appearance."

"Why do some people buy only plain rakes?" inquired Johnnie.

BOYS AT PLAY.

"It is all according to the state of one's purse," answered their friend. "Persons who are not well off can only afford a plain *kumade;* others, like those men who have just passed us, spend quite a sum, thinking to attract good fortune for the next year. I have seen rakes that cost as high as twenty-five dol-

lars each. On New Year's day every house in Japan will be decorated with one or more of the articles. It is a quaint superstition, that gives employment to many thousands of people."

The streets about the temple of Asakusa were lined with peddlers selling the toys, and all of them drove a brisk trade.

The young folks amused themselves by watching the interesting scene and did not return home until dusk. On their way they encountered a *yomi-uri* (pamphlet peddler), vending news sheets containing sensational accounts of imaginary incidents. These men are something like our sellers of extras, and afford great amusement to the Tokio street boys.

He carried a lantern over his shoulder and read off the contents of his papers in a comical sing-song.

"Come," said Oto, "I promised my parents to take you home to supper with me."

"Very well," said Fitz, "we will go, and I will buy a nice *kumade* for your mother. She would not be offended, would she?"

"No, indeed," answered their friend.

They invested quite liberally in the lucky toys and then proceeded to Oto's house, where they arrived as the lamps were being lighted.

Mrs. Nambo received them in her usual kindly manner, and said,—"You have come just in time to see my husband make his first offering to Yebis and Dai-koku. We have long wished to have those figures in the house, and now he has treated himself to them. Come this way."

The young doctor did his best to conceal his annoyance, then, with his friends, followed his mother.

They found Mr. Nambo in a little room on one side of which was a raised recess, supporting two carved figures, Dai-koku, the god of wealth, and the luck-bringing Yebis.

TORI-NA-MACHI.

In front of the figures were three *sambo* (stands) supporting respectively two cakes of *mochi*, two cooked fishes, and two bottles of *saké*, the necks of which were stopped with rolls of paper. Two candles, on tall sticks, and two oil lamps flared and flickered, partly illuminating the quaint scene.

PAMPHLET-SELLER.

Mr. Nambo, who was kneeling, filled a cup with *saké* and extended it towards the gods, then drank, which ceremony he repeated thrice. Having accomplished this he rose and saluting his visitors, said, —

"What I have done has comforted me very much. I feel sure that both of the gods will extend their benevolent protection over my house for the next year."

"Yes," said his wife, "if Oto would only follow your example, how happy I should be."

The doctor shook his head and quietly replied, —"Honorable mother, although it would afford me great happiness to give you pleasure, still I could not perform an act so distasteful to me as the one you have suggested. After living so long in

the States, I do not feel very much veneration for the seven gods of luck."

Mrs. Nambo thought a while, then said, "Ah! my son, how pleasant it would be if I could feel as you do. You only worship one God, while we have a dozen. I suppose that you really know more than we do."

"Yes," said Mr. Nambo, "you are right, wife. I wish I

MR. NAMBO AT PRAYER.

could be like our son, but I have believed in the gods of my ancestors too long to be able to turn my back upon them."

A few evenings after this conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Nambo and Oto visited the Kaga Yashiki, and spent several hours with the Jewetts.

As usual, the dear old lady was exceedingly chatty, and afforded the mirth-loving Fitz great amusement. When the

clock indicated the approach of the hour of midnight, she turned to them and said, "The *Takara-bune* (treasure-ship), manned by the gods of Luck, Dai-koku, Yebis, Benten, Bishamon, Hotei, Jiuro, and Fuku-roku-jin, is entering the Bay of Yedo, laden with all manner of good things for everybody. May it bring you health, wealth, happiness, and all that your hearts can desire in the New Year, and may you enjoy many more delightful holidays with our dear son Oto."

"I heartily echo your wish," said Mrs. Jewett.

"And I," added her husband. "Our young people have spent their time both pleasantly and profitably. Now, Sallie, what would you like me to promise you for the coming year?"

The girl looked at her brothers, then replied, "We have been talking about something, but fear you will not grant our request."

"Go on," said her father, smiling at her.

"Tell him, brother," she whispered to Johnnie.

The latter hesitated, whereupon Fitz said, in his off-hand fashion, "Well, it is just this, sir. We have all heard a great deal of Yeso, and would like to visit that wonderful island. Will you promise to take us there?"

The Professor laughed, and after thinking a while, said, "Nothing would give me greater pleasure. The government has requested me to visit Northern Japan, to make a special report upon certain of its productions. If all goes well I will take you, and Oto must accompany us as our medical adviser."

"Good!" cried Fitz; then turning to the young doctor, he slyly added, "Oto, mind you do not forget to bring a supply of your honorable plasters. We hear extraordinary stories about the wild men, the ferocious bears, the primitive travelling, and the monstrous size of the mosquitoes of that mysterious land,

so it will be as well to take every precaution. Say, won't we have fun! We can fish for salmon, visit the bear temples, see them worship their live gods, and learn a language that consists of a gamut of grunts. Just fancy, — we shall be among a people who still use the bow and arrow, and are more primitive than our Indians. Won't we have a rattling good time! Come, wake up, Johnnie, what do you say?"

"I believe we shall thoroughly enjoy our holiday," quietly answered the boy. "Don't you think so, Sallie?"

The girl smiled, and, nodding, replied, "Yes, brother, I expect to behold something entirely new. Still, I do not imagine anything can be much more interesting than the sights we have seen in the wonderful City of Tokio."

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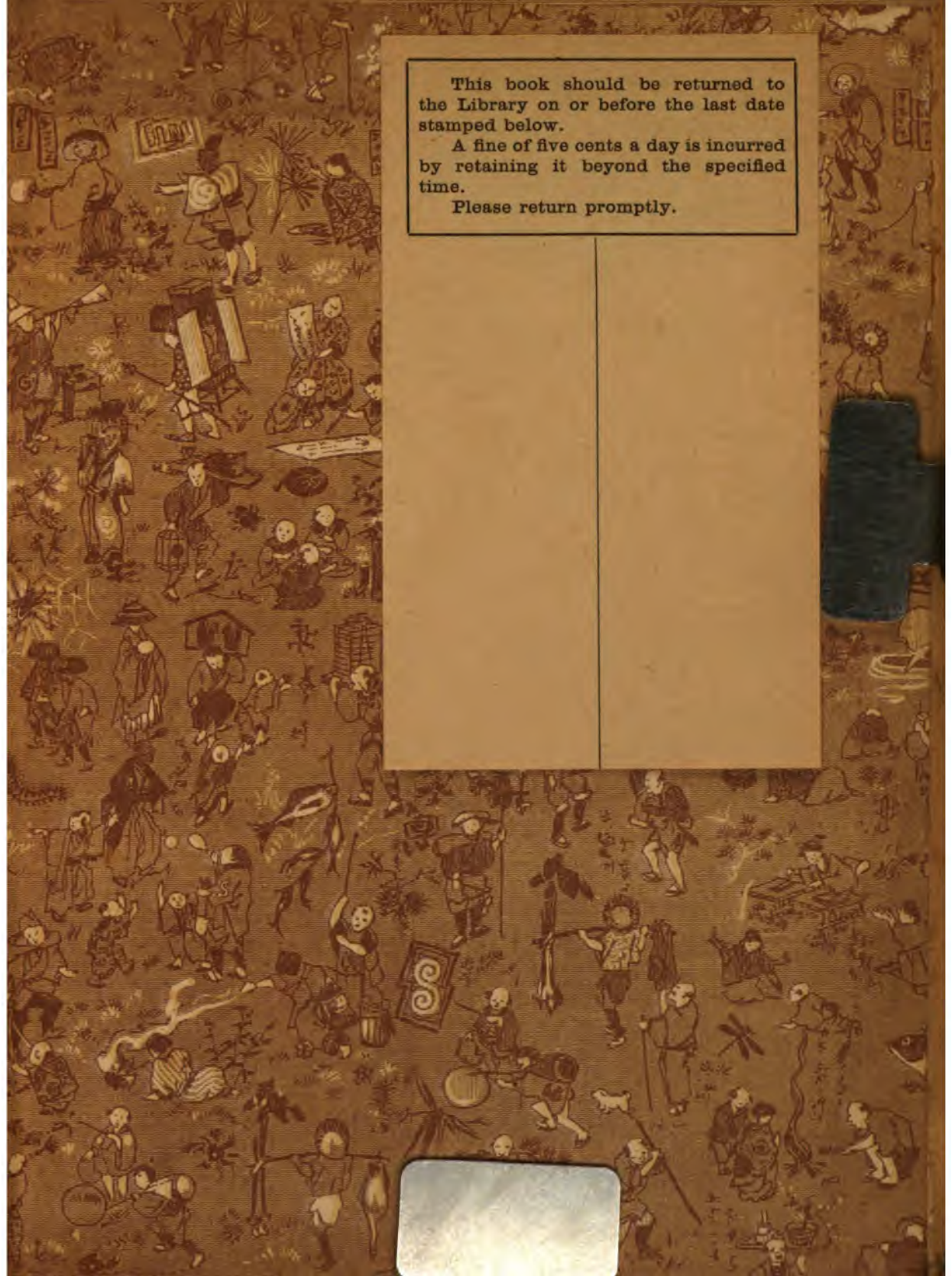

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